ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LODOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH NOTES:

By JOHN HOOLE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

VOL. IV.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the mad feats of Orlando. The poet takes leave of Angelica. Differntions in the camp of Agramant renewed. Rogero and Mandricardo first named by lot to decide their quarrel for the shield of Hector. Description, and issue of their combat. Bradamant laments the absence of her lover, and hears tidings of him by Hippalca. Rinaldo arrives at Mount Albano, and prepares with his brethren Guichardo, Richardo, Richardetto, and Alardo, and his kinsmen Vivian and Malagigi, to go to the assistance of Charles. Bradamant remains behind at Mount Albano.

ORLANDO EURIOSO.

Yet, ever-courteous dames! I hope I out you

And to my beauteout for transfer the blome

Not Jefs niv mainell (bit) Orlando s 189 ..

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THIRTIETH BOOK

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

HEN Reason, that should still in bounds restrain

Each sudden warmth, to Passion gives the rein;

And blindfold Rage our hand or lips can move.

To injure those who merit most our love;

Though we with tears our errors past bemoan,

Such tears can never for th' offence atone.

In vain, alas! I forely now repent

Those words in which I gave my anger vent;

Since like a wretch I fare, who while distress'd.

With slow disease, has long his plaints suppress'd, to

Till hopeless grown, to wild impatience driven,

He arms his tongue against dispensing Heaven:

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Look

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

His health reftor'd, he owns his crime with grief, But words once spoke admit of no relief. Yet, ever-courteous dames! I hope from you 15 To meet that grace for which I lowly fue; Forgive, what from a lover's frenzy came, And to my beauteous foe transfer the blame; She plunges me in ills, she bids me burn With fierce resentment, that indulg'd must turn 20 On my own head-Heaven only knows if love So true as mine deferves fuch fate to prove. Not less my madness than Orlando's rage, And fuch as well may pity's ear engage; Like his, who wandering now from hill to plain, 25 Had travers'd o'er Marsilius' wide domain.

Day following day from place to place he flew, While at his back the lifeless beast he drew. At length he reach'd a stream whose ample tide Pour'd to the sea; there on the turfy side The carcafe left, and swiftly plunging o'er, He gain'd by stress of arms the further shore: When near the banks a village swain he view'd, Who brought his horse to water at the flood, And onward held his way, nor thought of fear 35 To fee one naked like Orlando near. Let me (the madman cry'd) thy courfer take, With my good mare I mean th' exchange to make : Look

B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO,

Look if thou wilt—behold she lies at hand,

For dead I lest her there on yonder strand.

I lest her dead—but well I know thy care

Will bind her wounds and every hurt repair.

Give me thy steed—and with him surther pay

For such a fair exchange—dismount, I pray,

In courtesy to speed me on my way.

45

Loud laugh'd the swain, but answering not a word
The madman left, and turn'd him to the ford.
Thou hear'st me not (enrag'd Orlando cry'd);
Give me thy horse—and with a lengthen'd stride
Advancing swift, a staff the herdsman shook
Of knotty oak, with which the earl he struck:
At this the Paladin was rous'd to ire,
He gnash'd his teeth, his eye-balls stash'd with sire.
With hand unarm'd he dealt a crashing wound,
And stretch'd the peasant lifeless on the ground.

And towns and villages in ruin lays:
No rest, no provender, the beast he gives,
But in a few short days disabled leaves.

Ver. 54. With hand unarm'd—] The Italian is,

Sul capo del paffore un pugno ferra

Che spezza l'osso—

Literally,

k

He struck the shepherd a blow on the head with his fift, and split his skull.

B 3

Nor

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6 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

Nor will Orlando long on foot remain, 60
But foon by force another steed obtain:
Whate'er he meets his lawless prize he makes;
He kills the rider, and the courfer takes.
Arriv'd at Malaga, the frantic knight
Fill'd every part with tumult and affright: 65
Such was the ravage of his fearful hand,
Two years fuffic'd not to recruit the land;
Such numbers slain he left where'er he pass'd,
Such buildings burnt, to earth fo many cast,
That half the country look'd a dreary waste. 70
To Zizera he thence pursu'd his way,
That near the straits of Zibelterra lay.
There loofen'd from the ftrand a bark he view'd,
In which a troop for folace on the flood
Enjoy'd the freshness of the morning breeze, 75
And skimm'd the surface of the tranquil seas;
On them Orlando call'd aloud to ftay,
And him their partner in the bark convey.
In vain he call'd, when none to hear inclin'd;
A guest like him could little welcome find, and 80
Swift o'er the level tide the vessel slies,
As fails the swallow through the liquid skies.
At this, with blows on blows Orlando drives
His freed though lath and at the fea arrives.

B 3

The

B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

1

The steed reluctant enters in the waves, Long vainly struggling: now the water laves His knees and breast; now swells on either side, Till scarce his head appears above the tide. No more returning shall he quit the furge, While o'er his ears the madman waves the fcourge. Ah! wretched steed! whose life must soon be lost, 91 Unless thou swimm'st to Afric's distant coast. Now more and more withdrawing from the land, Orlando loses fight of hills and strand. Far in the fea he wades; between his eyes 95 And objects loft the billows fall and rife: Till now unequal to the watery strife, The beaft concludes his fwimming and his life: He funk, and with the steed had funk his load, But felf-supported on the heaving flood, His nervous arms and legs Orlando ply'd, And from his mouth expell'd the briny tide; While Fortune, that o'er madmen still presides, From death preserves him, and to Setta guides: Then lands him fafe, where near arofe in fight 105 The walls in distance twice an arrow's flight: At length he found along the tented coast Encamp'd in swarthy bands a countless host.

Gradaffo

B 4

But

8 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX

But let us leave the earl, till better time

To him again recal the wandering rhyme.

What next to fair Angelica befel,
Who late escap'd the madman's hand so well,
And how she found a ship in happy hour
To bear her safe for India's spicy shore;
There gave Medoro o'er her realms to reign,
Others may sing in more exalted strain:
I hasten to the Tartar knight, who gain'd
Such conquest o'er his rival, as obtain'd
The fairest dame to sill a lover's arms
That Europe boasts in all her bloom of charms, 120
Since from our clime Angelica retir'd,
And Isabella chaste to Heaven aspir'd.

Though Mandricardo heard with conscious pride
The dame in his behalf the cause decide,
Yet short enjoyment could that chance afford, 125
When quarrels still on foot requir'd his sword.
There young Rogero call'd him to the field,
And claim'd the argent eagle on his shield:

Ver. 109. But be as leave the earl,—] He returns to Orlando, Book xxxix, ver. 277.

Ver. 116. Others may fing -] Angelica and Medoro appear no more in the course of this work.

Gradasso,

R.XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

9

Gradasso, king of Sericana's lands,

For Durindana here the fight demands.

King Agramant and king Marsilius try'd

To make each warrior's angry strife subside:

But nor Rogero will the Tartar knight

Permit to bear great Hector's shield in fight;

Nor stern Gradasso let the Tartar wield

135

The sword Orlando brandish'd in the field.

Then Agramant—No more at variance fall,

Let chance of lots each knight to battle call:

And let us prove whom Fortune first may name;

Of him she favours, I consirm the claim: 140

If yet you hold your sovereign's love so dear,

To what he offers lend a willing ear:

When lots decide who first the fight shall wage,

Let him, whose name appears, his faith engage

On his own head at once each strife to take, 145

And, conquering for himself, a conquest make

For either's claim; or if his loss ensues,

He, losing for himself, for each shall lose:

Sa

Ver. 148. —for each shall lose: It may not be amiss to take a little retrospect, in order to see how the matter was settled by Agramant, which seems rather to require some explanation. By the first lots that were drawn, the combatants stood thus: first, Rodomont

So nearly held in equal balance weighs

Rogero's and Gradasso's martial praise,

That he whose prowess can in combat stand

With either knight, may prove his valiant hand

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Rodomont and Mandricardo; fecond, Mandricardo and Rogero; third, Rodomont and Rogero; fourth, Mandricardo and Marphisa. The lift being prepared for the fight between Rodomont and Mandricardo, while these knights are arming themfelves a new dispute arises between them and Gradasso and Sacripant, for Durindana and Frontino, which puts a stop to the expected combat between Rodomont and Mandricardo. Marphisa adds to the confusion, by carrying off Brunello prisoner, whom the accuses of stealing her sword; and Rogero seeing the order of the lots diffurbed, claims again his horse from Rodomont. Agramant, to fettle the first dispute between Rodomont and Mandricardo, orders the cause to be determined by Doralis, who chufing Mandricardo, her former lover quits the camp with indignation. The lift now remained, according to the first lots, to be entered by Rogero and Mandricardo; but Gradasso persisting still to claim Durindana from Mandricardo, Agramant proposes that lots should be again drawn, to determine whether Rogero or Gradasso should first engage with Mandricardo; and, to prevent future strife, proposes that whoever draws the lot of combat, shall determine both his own claim and the claim of the knight who loses the lot; that when Rogero wins or loses, he shall not only win or lose the eagle for himself, but Gradasso shall, in right of his conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, take possession of Durindana, or relinquish his claim; and in like manner Rogero shall, in right of Gradasso's conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, Rodomon continue

B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. At all affays—let conquest grace the fide, Which Heaven's eternal justice shall provide; But no dishonour on the loser fall; Whate'er betide, impute to Fortune all. Silent Rogero and Gradasso heard The prudent counsel of their king rever'd; And each agreed, whom chance the knight might On citner fide the remnant day was pati, The cause of either on himself should take. 160 The names infcrib'd within an urn they threw, And, shaking round, the lots a stripling drew. Wrote on the first Rogero's name they find, But bold Gradasso's name remain'd behind. What words can speak the joy Rogero feels, 165 Soon as the fateful vase his lot reveals: Nor less the Sericanian chief repines: But who shall that oppose which Heaven designs? And now Gradasso, with officious cares, Rogero for the dreadful lift prepares; By long experience in the fields of fight, To win the day instructs the youthful knight:

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continue to bear the shield of Hector, or relinquish the claim. In this last disposition of the lots, no provision seems to be made for the termination of Marphisa's quarrel with Mandricardo.

12 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

His veteran skill directs him how to wield

The trenchant sword, or lift the covering shield;

What to his arm the soe may open leave, 175

Which stroke may reach, and which his aim deceive;

When Fortune's offers to accept or shun,

And all war's arts he points him one by one.

The lists prepar'd, ere since the lots were cast

On either side the remnant day was past, 180

As custom wills, in many a kind address

(As each inclines) for either knight's success,

And all the signs of love that parting friends express.

The people, eager to behold the fight,

Throng every passage with the dawning light; 185

While some impatient for the day's return,

Wait in the list all night th' approach of morn.

The vulgar herd, still caught with outward shows,

Desire the noble knights in arms to close:

These judge not of events; but all whose mind 190

Can from the present see what lurks behind,

'Midst whom Marsilius and Sobrino know

What most can work their country's weal or woe,

Condemn the fight, while Agramant they blame

Through whom the quarrel to such issue came: 195

eilf

Nor ceas'd they to the monarch's thought to call What ruin must the Moorish race befal, Whether, by angry deftiny decreed, Rogero or the Tartar prince should bleed: Since one fuch warrior loft must weaken more 200 Their force to meet the son of Pepin's power, Than thousands flain, amidst whose numerous band Not one perhaps could boaft of heart or hand. King Agramant th' important truth confess'd: But how repeal his grant? In vain he press'd 205 The noble knights, and each by turns address'd. He urg'd how weak their prefent cause of strife, How little fuch deferv'd the risk of life: But if they fcorn'd to hear the found of peace, At least some months might each from quarrel cease, Till Charles was exil'd from th' imperial land, 211 His crown and mantle won, and from his hand The sceptre wrench'd, no more his fway to own, And Afric rais'd on Gallia's ruin'd throne. In vain to this, to that, the monarch sues; 215 Their sovereign both revere, yet both refuse To yield in this, where he who first gives way They deem must all a soldier's fame betray.

But more than Agramant, and more than each
That urg'd the Tartar with diffusive speech, 220
King

14 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

15

Repine not though Rogero's hand may wield 245 The argent eagle in an azure field. What good awaits, what evil can be thine, Should he retain it, or the crest resign? Thy battle much may lofe, but little gain: Should now thy arms Rogero's bird obtain, 250 Small prize for mighty toil! but should'st thou find With face averted Fortune here unkind-(Nor deem her ever fix'd) what tortures wait This heart that shudders but to doubt thy fate! Though life to thee fo worthless may appear, 255 Thy judgment holds a painted bird more dear; Yet, for my fake, prolong thy valu'd breath, The death of one includes the other's death ; there of But, ah! more wretched far my state must prove, If first I see the death of him I love.

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In words like these she pours the strain of woe,
While sighs to sighs in quick succession flow:
The live-long night her tender plaints increase
The live-long night she woos her lord to peace;
While from her eyes, which trickling tears suffuse, 265
He sucks, with many a kiss, the balmy dews:

Then

Ver. 265. While from her eyes,—] This passage may be taken from Statius, where Argia endeavours to persuade Polynices to quit the siege of Thebes.

16 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXX.

Then from her rosy lips new sweets he seeks, Weeps to her words, and thus in answer speaks.

For Heaven's dear fake, my fair, thy grief control, Nor let so slight a cause afflict thy soul: 270 Did Charles and Afric's king, with all the bands Collected here from French and Moorish lands. Unite their force to work my fingle harm, No terror should thy gentle breast alarm. To thee my prowess little must appear, 275 If one Rogero thus can raise thy fear. Thou may'st remember when I dauntless dar'd (No fword or fcymetar my fide to guard) With broken spear, amidst a numerous band, To rush, and quell them with my single hand. 280 Gradasso's felf, though grief and shame oppress His fecret foul, if question'd will confess That him in Syria once I captive made; Yet not with his Rogero's worth is weigh'd.

Nor

Risit Echionius juvenis, tenerumque dolorem
Conjugis amplexu solatur, et oscula mœstis
Tempestiva genis posuit——
—— Solve metus animo——

THEE. Lib. ii.

statule wer tender platats

The smiling hero class her to his breast,
And with the stamp of love her cheeks impress'd,
Prevents with blandishments the rising tears,
And kindly then dispels her jealous fears.

Lewis.

Ver. 283. That him in Syria once-] Alluding to the adventure

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX. 17 Nor king Gradasso will a truth disown 285 Which to your Isolero well is known, To Sacripant, who gives Circassia same; Gryphon and Aquilant, of warlike name; To hundreds more, that equal fortune found, By cruel foes in captive fetters bound, 290 Alike of Mahomet and Christian seed, Whom in one day this arm from bondage freed. Still must remembrance wake in every thought What mighty deeds that glorious day I wrought: And shall Rogero now (a child to fame) 295 In fingle trial shake my martial name? Fear'st thou Rogero, when in fight I wear Great Hector's arms, and Durindana bear? Why did I not in lifted field engage With Sarza's king, for thee the fight to wage? 300 Such had my valour prov'd, thy constant mind Had furely then Rogero's fall divin'd: For Heaven's fake, calm thy doubts, thy grief af-

Nor let these trickling tears to ill presage:

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venture at the castle of the fairy, where he conquered Gradasso in single combat, won the armour of Hector, and set so many prisoners at liberty. See Note, B. xiv. ver. 240.

Ver. 286.— to your Ifolero—] He gives him this appellation as being a Spaniard, and the countryman of Doralis.

Vol. IV. C For

18 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

For know, 'tis Honour calls me to the field, 305 And not an eagle painted on a shield.

Thus he; while yet, with anxious fears opprest, The fair, in moving words, her fuit address'd; Words that might shake the most determin'd foul, Might foften rocks, and favage beafts control. 310 A woman she, with beauty's naked charms, So nearly vanquish'd him renown'd in arms, He promis'd, if again the king requir'd To ftay the fight, to grant the peace desir'd. But scarce Aurora had with light begun To streak the east, and usher in the fun, When bold Rogero, to defend his fame, And to the glorious bird affert his claim, Appears in arms, where crowds the lift enclose, And from his horn a stern defiance blows. Soon as this found, the rattling peal of war, The Tartar rouz'd, no longer will he bear A word of peace, but from the couch he flies With headlong speed, and loud for arms he cries; While in his look fuch favage fury glares, That Doralis herfelf no further dares To plead for truce or peace, compell'd t' obey Her knight's stern will, and give the battle way. Himself his limbs in shining mail attires, And scarce, impatient, waits th'attending squires; 330 Then

Then mounts the generous courser, that before, In combat, Paris' great defender * bore.

Soon came the king; the nobles take their feat;
And foon in arms the eager knights must meet.
Already now their shining helms are lac'd,
335
In either hand each ashen lance is plac'd.
The signal sounds; and at the dreadful blast,
A thousand cheeks are pale, and hearts aghast:
So sierce they pour t' obey the trumpet's call,
That earth appears to open, heaven to fall!
On either hand each knight is seen to wield
The silver eagle on his honour'd shield:
The bird, that once in air could Jove sustain;
That oft was seen amidst th' embattled train,
With other pinions on Thessalia's plain.

While either knight, at fuch a hideous shock,
Seems as a tower to winds, to waves a rock;
The crashing spears break short, and to the sky
(As Turpin truly writes) the shivers sty;

* ORLANDO.

Ver. 344. — th' embattled train,] The poet alludes to the battles of Cæsar and Pompey, where either army bore the Roman eagle: he says with other pinions, the Roman eagle being black, the Estensian eagle white.

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Whence from the fiery region (strange to tell!) 350 Again on earth the burning fragments fell. The knights, as those who know not terror, drew Their flashing swords the combat to renew: At either's helm they aim the trenchant steel: Together met, at once their vizors feel 355 The fearful strokes: but neither knight would try Ungenerous arts, or make the courfer die T' o'erthrow his lord-for wherefore should the steed, Who knows not battle's guilt, in battle bleed? Yet he who thinks the knights fuch compact made, But errs, and never heard the laws that fway'd 361 The times of old, when shameful was that arm Esteem'd of all, that could the courser harm. Their vizors struck, though fenc'd with double fold Of temper'd plates, could scarce the tempest hold. Swift and more fwift the gleaming fwords affail; 366 Blows follow blows, descending thick as hail, That breaks the trees, destroys the golden grain, And mars the harvest of th' expecting swain. Oft have you heard of Durindana's fame, What fatal wounds from Balifarda came; Judge what their strokes must prove, which two such warriors aim.

And

But while fo wary each his guard maintain'd, No blow descended worthy either's hand: The Tartar first his dreadful sword impell'd, 375 That through the middle of the buckler held Its biting course; thence through the corselet hew'd, And to the flesh its cruel way pursu'd. A wound fo dreadful freezes every heart Of those that favour'd good Rogero's part; 380 And would but Fortune fo exert her fway, To give the palm where general fuffrage lay, Stern Mandricardo foon must fall or yield; And thus this stroke offended half the field. But fure fome Angel's interpoling power 385 Preferv'd Rogero in that dangerous hour. All terrible in wrath the warrior burn'd, And to the foe his answer swift return'd: At Mandricardo's helmet from above He rais'd the fword, but with fuch haste he drove, It fell not edgeways: nor the knight I blame, 391 Whose noble warmth deceiv'd his better aim. And had not Balifarda fail'd to wound, In vain the foe had Hector's helmet found. So forely Mandricardo felt the stroke, 395 Senseless he seem'd, the reins his hand forsook;

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And threatening headlong thrice to fall, he reel'd, While Brigliadoro cours'd around the field; That Brigliadoro, once Orlando's care, Who still laments a foreign lord to bear. 400 Not with fuch rage the trodden ferpent glows; Not half fo fierce the wounded lion flows, As Mandricardo, to himself restor'd From the late fury of Rogero's fword: The deeper wrath and pride inflam'd his breaft, 405 The more his strength and valour shone confess'd. He spurs his steed, and to Rogero flies; He lifts his fword, he measures with his eyes, High on his ftirrups rais'd, in fell defign, With one fierce stroke to cleave him to the chine. Rogero, heedful of the foe's intent, While yet the hand hung threatening in descent, Beneath his arm impell'd the pointed blade, And through the mail an ample passage made; Then from the wound, with life-blood fmoking, drew His Balifarda, dy'd to crimfon hue; 416 And took such vigour from the stroke away, That Durindana fell with lighter fway, Though backward to his courfer's crupper fent, His brows, with anguish writh'd, Rogero bent , 420

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And had his helm of common steel been fram'd, That stroke had well the striker's force proclaim'd. Rogero to his fteed the spur apply'd, And fwift at Mandricardo's better fide The weapon aim'd, where jointed armour, clos'd 425 With strongly temper'd plates, in vain oppos'd: The fatal falchion, forg'd with potent charms, Where'er it falls, divides the strongest arms: Through plate and mail a speedy course it found, And in the Tartar's fide infix'd a wound; Who, loud blaspheming, with such fury raves, As roaring ocean black with stormy waves. Prepar'd to prove his strength, the fatal shield That bears the eagle on its azure field, With fierce impatience to the ground he cast, 435 And grasp'd with either hand his falchion fast. Full dearly hast thou prov'd (Rogero cry'd) Thou ill deserv'st the crest thou throw'st aside: Now thrown afide, cleft by thy fword before, Claim not to this thy right or title more.

Ver. 432. As roaring ocean. So Spenfer, when the monster is wounded by the Red-Cross knight:

He cry'd, as raging feas are wont to roar.

B. I. c. xi. ft. 21.

Ver. 439. —cleft by thy fword before,] See ver. 376, where Mandricardo cuts through Rogero's shield.

C 4

Thus

Thus he; but while he spoke was doom'd to feel The fatal edge of Durindana's steel. Divided sheer its force the vizor prov'd, At happy distance from his face remov'd; Next through the faddle-bow with dire defcent, 445 Through iron plates the gleaming falchion went, Through skirted mail the jointed cuishes found, And in his thigh impress'd a ghaftly wound. From both the combatants the gushing tide To purple hue their shining armour dy'd; That doubtful yet it feem'd of either knight Who best might claim th' advantage of the fight: But foon Rogero shall that doubt decide; The fatal fword, by which fuch numbers dy'd, He whirl'd around, and the fharp point impell'd 455 Where late the Tartar knight his buckler held: Corfelet and fide he pierc'd with thrilling finart, And found a passage to his panting heart, His heart unguarded by his ample shield; Stern Mandricardo now to fate must yield; 460 Must yield the eagle to its youthful lord; Must yield his title to the glorious fword; And ah! for final iffue to the strife, With fword and targe must yield his dearer life.

B.XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

25

He dy'd; nor yet without revenge he dy'd; For, ere the hostile weapon pierc'd his side, His falchion, won fo ill, he rais'd anew, Whose edge had cleft Rogero's brows in two, But that the wound the Tartar knight receiv'd, Of wonted strength his furious arm bereav'd. 470 From Mandricardo as Rogero took His wretched life, the Tartar aim'd the stroke; And through the helm with unrefifted fway, Deep Durindana forc'd its cruel way: Back fell Rogero fenfeless on the ground, 475 A purple current gushing from the wound. First fell Rogero, while the Tartar knight Still kept his feat, as victor of the fight, And each believ'd his valiant arm had gain'd The wreath, in fuch a glorious lift obtain'd. 480 Fair Doralis, in that day's fight deceiv'd With fears and hopes, th' event with all believ'd; And gave with lifted hands her thanks to Heaven For fuch a period to the combat given: But when appear'd to all the Pagan train Rogero living, Mandricardo flain; In

Ver. 486. Ragero living, Mandricardo slain; I believe every reader will agree that this combat is admirably described, that all the turns of fortune are painted in the most lively colours,

In different breasts new passions take their turn;
These smile that wept, and those that triumph'd mourn.

The king, the lords, and knights the most renown'd, To brave Rogero, scarcely from the ground With anguish rais'd, a friendly greeting give, And in their arms the conquering youth receive. All with the knight rejoice, and all express Sincere the thoughts their fecret fouls confess: All fave Gradasso, who within conceals 495 Far other feeling than his tongue reveals: His outward looks the mark of joy impart, But hidden envy rankles at his heart, While oft he calls the lot of fate accurft That from the urn disclos'd Rogero first. 500 How shall I speak the marks of love sincere By royal Agramant, who held him dear, Giv'n to the youth, without whose valiant hand The king refus'd t' embark from Afric's land, To spread his martial banners to the wind, Or trust the force of all his powers combin'd? And now by him the Tartar chief o'erthrown, He deems all strength compriz'd in him alone. colours, the expectation artfully kept up, and the iffue unexpectedly brought about by the death of Mandricardo and the victory of Rogero. Not

B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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Not only to Rogero's weal inclin'd

The manly fex, but woman's gentler kind;

From Spain and Afric, many a lovely dame,

That with the banded powers to Gallia came,

With looks and tongue would now his worth and praise proclaim.

Ev'n Doralis, whose streaming eyes bewail Her noble lover, fenfeless, cold, and pale; Even she perchance had join'd the general voice, But sense of shame, that curbs the semale choice, Forbade her speech-yet such his charms of face, His courage, virtue, every winning grace, That she who once had prov'd her wavering heart 520 So prompt to feel the point of Cupid's dart, Rather than robb'd of love's foft blifs to live, Her charms would gladly to Rogero give. Her joys on living Mandricardo fed, But what can profit Mandricardo dead? 525 Behoves her now to feek another guide, Vigorous and young, that ever at her fide, Might, night and day, for all her wants provide.

Meanwhile a leech of every leech best read
In healing arts, was to Rogero led;

Each wound explor'd, he soon with looks assur'd
Pronounc'd the noble knight of life secur'd.

Now

28 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXX.

Now bade king Agramant with friendly care	
Rogero to his royal tent to bear,	
By night, by day to have him ever near;	535
So dear he lov'd him, held his life fo dear.	
Behind his bed on high the monarch plac'd	
The shield and arms that Mandricardo grac'd,	
Save Durindana, that all-famous fword,	
Now made the prize of Sericana's lord:	540
Rogero won his arms and gallant steed,	
Which good Anglante's knight in madness free	d;
But him to Agramant Rogero gives,	
Who gladly at his hand the gift receives.	

Now leave we these awhile, and change the strain
To her who for Rogero mourns in vain:
546
'Tis mine to tell the heart-consuming cares
That Bradamant for her Rogero bears.

Hippalca now to Mount Albano came,
With certain tidings to the love-sick dame:
550

With certain tidings to the love-lick dame:

She told how late, by Rodomont befet,

She loft Frontino; how at length she met

With Richardetto at the wizard's fount,

Rogero, and the lords of Agrismont;

That thence Rogero hasten'd to demand

555

Frontino taken from a damsel's hand;

Ver. 545. Now leave we thefe-] He returns to Rogero and Agramant, Book xxxi. ver. 577.

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But straying from the path, he fail'd to find The Sarzan prince, and miss'd the fight design'd. Then (as he will'd) the trusty maid explain'd What from Albano's walls the youth detain'd. 560

Thus she; and from her breast the lines she drew; Those lines, which now the dame with alter'd hue, More fad than pleas'd, receiv'd, with beating heart Perusing that which little eas'd her smart: For while she hop'd on him to feast her eye, 565 She found his words alone her blifs fupply. Hence on her lovely features mix'd appear Soft disappointment and intruding fear; Yet oft the leaf she kiss'd, while still she bent Her thoughts on him whose hand the greeting fent. Her fighs are fire to burn the amorous page, Her tears are rivers that the heart affuage. How oft she reads-how oft again enquires What more from him, the lord of her defires, The damfel brought? again the truth fhe knows; 575 Again she fears-again her forrow flows; And still had flow'd-but hope again repress'd The doubts and fears that shook her tender breast. Rogero said (and to Hippalca vow'd By every faint to make his promise good) 580

Some twenty days should see her weep no more, But to her sight her absent mate restore.

Ah! who can Fortune's fickle turns decide, That holds her rule o'er every flate? (she cry'd) And chief in war, where every chance we prove, 585 Some chance may keep him ever from my love. Alas! Rogero, who would e'er divine, That whilft I lov'd thee with a love like mine, Beyond myself-less friendship wouldst thou show To me, to all-than to thy greatest foe ! 590 To those thou shouldst oppose, thou giv'st success, And whom thy arms should aid, thy arms oppress. Shall we with praise or blame thy deeds regard, That thus can punish and can thus reward? Haft thou not heard (a ftory known fo well) That by Troyano's arms thy father fell? And lo! thy fword Troyano's fon attends, From shame preserves him, and from death defends. Is this thy vengeance for a parent flain? Shall those who combat for his fake obtain 600 Such dire return, that, weltering in their gore, Thou mak'ft me still their wretched end deplore?

The damfel thus her absent knight reproves, And with her tears invokes whom most she loves:

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B. XXX. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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Not once, but oft, Hippalca (gentle maid) 605
Would footh her woes, would oft the fair persuade
To trust Rogero, and with patient mind
Await the period to her fears assign'd.
Hippalca's words and hope with these imprest,
Hope ever present in the wretch's breast, 610
Assuage her grief, and urge her now to stay
At Mount Albano till th' expected day;
A day but ill observ'd—though him she lov'd,
For absence mourn'd unjustly she reprov'd.
Whom now one cause, another now detain'd, 615
And thus his seeming breach of faith constrain'd.

Meanwhile in anguish on his painful bed

The youthful knight his feeble members spread,

Struggling with death, from wounds receiv'd in fight,

From wounds inflicted by the Tartar knight. 620

Now came the day desir'd; from rosy morn
Till sable eve she waits his wish'd return;
No tidings known but what Hippalca brought,
And since her brother Richardetto taught,
How brave Rogero, at his greatest need,
His life had ransom'd and his kinsmen freed:
All this she gladly hears, but with it hears
What mingles with her joy intruding fears:

Ver. 626.—his kinsmen freed:] Vivian and Malagigi. See Book xxvi.

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^{*} RINALDO. + GUICHARDO, and RICHARDO.

Ver. 631. — with Rogero's fword, &c.] See Book xxvi.

ver. 158.

While

While thus he pass'd, as wont, from place to place,
The slight of fair Angelica to trace,
Near Paris' walls he heard th' unwelcome hour
Approach'd, that to the sell Maganzan's * power 655
Must Malagigi and must Vivian yield;
And hence to Agrismont his course he held,
Where soon he found that, freed from slavish bands
By brave Rogero and Marphisa's hands,
Their foes o'erthrown or slain, the brother-pair 660
And Richardetto, with their friends to share
The general joy, to Mount Albano went:
Rinaldo, at the great deliverance sent,
No less rejoic'd; and deem'd each day a year
That kept him far from those he held so dear. 665
To Mount Albano hence with eager haste

To Mount Albano hence with eager haste Rinaldo came, and there his friends embrac'd, His wife, his brethren, every kindred name, But chiesly those who late from thraldom came.

* BERTOLAGI.

Each

Ver. 668. His wife,—] The discovery here first made of Rinaldo's marriage, will doubtless surprise the English reader, as not the least hint has been given of such a circumstance in any former part of the poem: her name is indeed mentioned in Boyarlo. (See note to Book xxxix. ver. 473.) But by all the romance writers he is described to be a married man; and in the poem of Tasso called after his name, Rinaldo, is a full account of his ove for Clarice, and history of his marriage. However, there is certainly something strange in the conduct of Ariosto in this Vol. IV.

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But Bradamant who there expecting stay'd, 680
To wait her knight's return, so long delay'd;
To plead excuse a sudden sickness seign'd
That from so brave a troop her arms detain'd.
Well might the noble virgin then complain,
Though not of sever, or corporeal pain: 685
Sick with desire, her soul was doom'd to prove
The cruel, strange vicissitudes of love.
His banner thus from Mount Albano spread,
The slower of all his train Rinaldo led:
How these to Paris came, what thence besel 690
In aid of Charles, th' ensuing book shall tell.

matter, which must affect the character of his hero; unless it may be admitted in his defence that his passion for Angelica was owing to enchantment, and ceased on drinking of the other fountain in the forest of Arden.

THE END OF THE THIRTIETH BOOK,

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THE

THIRTY-FIRST BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO and his companions, in their way to the Christian camp, meet an unknown knight, who challenges them to run at tilt. Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, are overthrown. Rinaldo then engages the stranger, but neither having the advantage, Rinaldo dismisses his train, and the two champions proceed to try their strength on foot, till they are parted by the night. The stranger discovers himself to Rinaldo. They overtake Rinaldo's companions, and arrive together near Paris, where they are joined by Gryphon and Aquilant. Rinaldo hears the news of Orlando's madness. Rinaldo and his company attack the trenches of the Moors by night, and are joined by Charles. Valour of Rinaldo. Brandimart goes with Flordelis in fearch of Orlando: his adventure at Rodomont's bridge. The forces of Agramant are defeated with great flaughter, and Agramant himself constrained to retreat to Arli. Gradasso seeks out Rinaldo, and challenges him to finish the combat formerly begun between them for Bayardo: a day is appointed, and the two knights meet to decide their difference.

THIRTY-FIRST BOOK

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OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

HAT state of man such rapture can impart As the foft passions of an amorous heart? What life so bleft as his, decreed to prove With pleasing chains the servitude of Love; But that the foe of every love-lorn breaft, That fear, fuspicion, that all-dreadful pest Call'd Jealoufy, the bane of human joys, With canker'd tooth the lover's peace destroys? Whatever else embitters for awhile Life's sweetest cordial, serves but as a foil T' enhance the good: as water to the taste Of those who thirst, or food to those who fast: And he, who never war's destruction knows Can prize not peace, or aught that peace bestows. And D 3

And while we pine, with longing eyes disjoin'd From ojbects ever present to the mind, Reflection ells, that absence must improve The dear delight of meeting those we love: 'Tis thus, unrecompens'd, we can fustain A length of service, while the hopes remain 20 That every year of loyal duty past Shall find, though late, its full reward at last: Remembrance still of once corroding cares, Repulse, disdain, all that a lover bears To rend his foul, gives joy a double zest, When joy renews the fun-shine of the breast. But if that plague, from hell's dire mansion brought, Infects with deadly bane the fecret thought, Thenceforth shall pleasure woo the sense in vain, All pleasure then corrupted turns to pain, 30 Lo! this the fatal stroke, the venom'd wound, For which no falve, no med'cine can be found. Here nought avails-nor verse, nor sage's care, Nor long observance of a kindly star: Nor all th' experienc'd charms approv'd of yore 35 By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.

Ver. 36. By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore.] Zoroaster, a king of the Bactrians, famous for his knowledge in the occult sciences.

O jealousy!

B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 39 O jealoufy! that every woe exceeds, And foon to death the wretched sufferer leads: Thou canst with cruel falsehood reason blind, And burst the closest ties that hold mankind. O jealoufy! in whose dire tempest tost, Has hapless Bradamant each comfort lost! I speak not here of thoughts that first depress'd With tender doubts and fears her virgin breaft, From what Hippalca and her brother faid, But heavier tidings, to her ears convey'd By later means; fuch tidings, as in woe Plung'd her more deep, which foon the Muse shall fhow. But to Rinaldo now I turn the strain, Who led to Paris' walls his martial train. 50 Next day at evening close, a knight they fpy'd Advancing near, a damfel at his fide: Black was his furcoat, black his mournful shield, Save that a bend of argent cross'd the field. He Richardetto challeng'd to the course, 55 Who by his aspect seem'd a chief of sorce; And he, who paus'd not, when to combat dar'd, Wheel'd round his steed, and for the tilt prepar'd. Ver. 49. But to Rinaldo now-] He returns to Bradimant,

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Book xxxii. ver. 71.

No further parley held; with equal speed These noble knights, to win the victor's meed, 60 Together rush'd: apart Rinalde stood, And, with his warlike friends, th' encounter view'd. Firm let me guide the spear, and soon I trust To ftretch my rival headlong in the dust-Thus to himself bold Richardetto thought, 65 But different far his adverse fortune wrought. Full on his helm, beneath the vizor's fight, With fuch a fury drove the stranger-knight, He bore him from the feat, with matchless strength, Beyond his courfer twice the lance's length. T' avenge the fall Alardo turn'd his rein With ready speed, but sudden on the plain Senseless he fell: so cruel was the stroke, Through plated shield the thundering weapon broke. Full foon his spear in rest Guichardo held, Who view'd his vanquish'd brethren on the field; Though loud Rinaldo cry'd-Forbear the fight, To me the third attempt belongs by right. Thus he: but while he stood with helm unlac'd, Guichardo eager, with preventive hafte, Th' encounter dar'd; nor better could maintain His feat, but with his brethren press'd the plain.

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B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 41 With emulation next their force to prove, Richardo, Vivian, Malagigi move: But now prepar'd, Rinaldo first address'd His ready weapons, and their speed repress'd. Time fummons us (he cries) to Paris' walls; And ill it feems, when fuch high duty calls, To loiter here—nor will I wait (he faid) Till each of you by turns on earth is laid. 90 This to himself he spoke, which loud proclaim'd Had touch'd his comrades, and their courage sham'd. Each warrior now had meafur'd on the field The space to run, and each his courser wheel'd. Rinaldo fell not, for his fingle hand 95 Compriz'd the strength of all the knightly band; Like brittle glass the spears in shivers broke; Yet shrunk not back the warriors from the stroke One foot, one inch-while with the fudden force Driven on his crupper fell each warrior-horse: 100 But swift Bayardo rose, as swift pursu'd His interrupted course with speed renew'd: Not fo the adverse steed, that tumbling prone His shoulder lux'd and broke his spinal bone.

The champion, who his flaughter'd courfer view'd,

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His stirrups left, and soon dismounted stood,

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To Amon's gallant fon (whom near he fpy'd' With hand unarm'd in fign of truce) he cry'd. Sir knight! the trufty fleed that lifeless here Lies by thy force, I held, while living, dear; And knighthood fure must feel a deadly stain, To let him thus without revenge be flain. Come on-exert thy skill, thy utmost might, For thou and I must prove a closer fight. Rinaldo then-If for thy courfer dead, 115 And this alone, thou to the strife art led, Dismiss thy care—and one from me receive, Equal to him whose death thou feem'st to grieve. Ill dost thou judge (the stranger thus rejoin'd) If for a courser's loss thou think'ft my mind 120 So fore diffres'd-hear what I now demand-As fits a knight, with fword to fword in hand, To prove thy further nerve—if thou as well Canst wield thy weapon, or canst mine excel. Then, as thou wilt, on foot, or from the steed Purfue the fight, but let the fight fucceed. I ask but this - be each advantage thine, So much I thirst to match thy arm with mine. Thus he: nor in fufpenfe Rinaldo stay'd-The battle claim'd I here engage (he faid) 130

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And to remove thy doubts of this my train,
Let all depart, and I alone remain.
One only page I here retain, to hold
My trusty steed—So spoke the baron bold,
And as he spoke, dismis'd his noble band:
They part observant to their lord's command.
The courtesy by good Rinaldo shown
Claim'd all the praises of the knight unknown.
The Paladin alighting, with the rein
Entrusts his page Bayardo to detain.
And when no more his standard he beheld,
Already now far distant on the field,
His buckler firm embracing, from his side
He drew the falchion, and the knight defy'd.

Thus was the fight begun, and ne'er between 145
Two noble chiefs was deadlier combat seen:
Each little deem'd at first th' opponent's strength
Would draw the trial to such dangerous length.
By turns huge strokes they give, by turns receive;
And neither yet has cause t'exult or grieve.

150
With valour skill combines; and wide around
Loud echoes spread the batter'd armour's sound.
Piecemeal to earth their riven shields they send,
Lay bare the mail, and plates asunder rend.

Here

Here less imports an arm to reach the foe, Than well-taught art to ward each coming blow; Where both fo equal in the dangerous strife. The first mistake might hazard fame and life. Thus held the fight, till in his wavy bed The finking fun had veil'd his golden head, And now from shore to shore's extremest bound. Night's fable shade had veil'd th' horizon round. No rest each warrior knows-no little cause Can flay that fword which rival glory draws: That fword which rancour nor revenge could raife To mortal arms, but reftless thirst of praise.

Meantime Rinaldo ponder'd in his thought What unknown warrior fo undaunted fought, Who not alone withftood his fiercest might, But oft his life endanger'd in the fight; 179 And now he gladly would the combat cease, (Did fame permit) and join their hands in peace. Not less the stranger-knight (who little knew That he, who 'gainst him now his weapon drew From malice free, was Mount Albano's lord) Confess'd the thunder of his rival's sword, By none surpass'd; and wish'd, but wish'd in vain, The fight untry'd t' avenge his courser slain. Plete

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Fain would he now the dangerous sport elude, But conscious honour such design withstood. Deep and more deep the glooms of evening rofe, Till darkness seem'd to mock their random blows: Ill could they strike, and worse could ward the blade, Conceal'd in either's hand with murky shade.

The lord of Mount Albano first address'd His gallant foe-The hour requires to rest: Defer the fight till flow Arcturus' wain Has left its place in Heaven's o'er-spangled plain, Meanwhile in our pavilion shalt thou meet A friendly welcome and fecure retreat, Attended as ourfelf, and at our hands Receive fuch honour as thy worth demands.

Thus far Rinaldo, nor in vain he spoke, His proffer'd grace the courteous baron took: And now Rinaldo from his ready fquire Receiv'd a stately steed with rich attire, To fword and spear well train'd in every fight; And with this gift he grac'd the stranger knight, Who knew ere long the chief with whom he came Was Clarmont's leader, as by chance the name 200 Escap'd his lips, while journeying thus they went To join the warriors at Rinaldo's tent.

Thefe

These noble knights were near by kindred ties,
Brethren by blood; and hence new passions rise,
That conslicts in the stranger's bosom move,
205
Who sheds the mingled tear of joy and love.
This youth was Guido savage, who before
On stormy seas such toils and dangers bore
With Olivero's sons*, Marphisa bold,
And Sansonetto, as the Muse has told.
210
This knight, in Pinabello's fraudful hands
A prisoner fall'n, was held in shameful bands
From his lov'd friends, and there compell'd was stay'd
T' enforce an impious law his host had made.

Guido who now with eager gaze beheld
Rinaldo, who in arms fuch chiefs excell'd,

* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Ver. 207. This youth was Guido savage,—] This Guido was the champion with whom Marphisa fought amongst the Amazons (see Book xix. and xx.) and who afterwards, with Gryphon, Aquilant, and Sansonetto, being sworn to defend the law made by Pinabello, was cast down by the enchanted light of Rogero's shield: the poet gives no further account of him till his meeting with Rinaldo in this book, nor does it appear how, or where he parted from the other knights: the lady in his company was Aleria his favourite wise, whom he brought from the land of the Amazons.

Ver. 208. On flormy feas-] Alluding to the storm before they landed amongst the Amazons.

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On whom so oft he wish'd to bend his fight, As fighs the blind to view the long-lost light, With transports thus began-O! honour'd lord! What ill-starr'd chance could ever lift my fword 220 On one, for whom fuch rooted love I feel, For whom, o'er all, I glow with kindly zeal. My name is Guido-me Constantia bore To noble Amon on the Euxine shore: Not less than thine my ancestry I trace, An alien branch of Clarmont's noble race: A fond defire my journey hither drew, Thyfelf and all my kindred friends to view: But when I reverence meant, behold I give Such greeting only foes from foes receive! If to my fault indulgence may be shown, Thy valiant followers and thyfelf unknown, O! fay, what fair amends can fuch offence atone? Courteous he faid; and now, on either fide Th' embrace exchang'd, Rinaldo thus reply'd. 235 Here cease-no more disturb thy generous mind T' excuse the fight, since from our ancient kind Thou spring'st a genuine shoot-no proof we claim Beyond the last to speak thy lineal fame. Thy birth were doubtful, were thy courage less, 240 But high foul'd thoughts a race as high confess.

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No lions fierce from timorous deer proceed; Nor doves from eagles, or from falcons breed.

So fpoke the knights, and now their way purfu'd, And, as they pass'd, their friendly talk renew'd. 245 The tent they reach'd, where to his comrades bold, Of favage Guido found, Rinaldo told; That Guido whom fo long they wish'd to view, Whom Fortune thither to their wishes drew. The welcome tidings gladden'd every breaft, 250 And all in him his mighty fire confess'd. I pass the greetings of his noble race, How oft, with joy unhop'd, the fond embrace Sage Malagigi, Richardetto brave, Alardo, Aldiger, and Vivian gave: 255 How lords and knights to him observance paid, What he to them, and they in answer said. At every time the kinfmen had beheld Guido with joy-but now the joy excell'd Beyond compare, when public need requir'd 260 Each arm and fword, and every bosom fir'd. Now rose the sun from ocean's blue profound, With orient rays his shining temples bound; When with the brethren, all the warrior-kind Of Amon's race, the banners Guido join'd. 265

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Day following day, the band their march pursu'd;
Till now the shores of winding Seine they view'd,
Whence, scarce ten miles remote, the guarded towers
Of Paris rose, besieg'd by Pagan powers.
Here Gryphon with his Aquilant they sound,
The brother chiefs for arms of proof renown'd,
Of Sigismunda born—with these appear'd
A dame, that seem'd far other than the herd
Of vulgar semales; splendid to behold,
Round her white vests she wore a fringe of gold.
Though tears stood trembling on her mournful sace,
While by her gestures and her looks intent,
She seem'd on some important converse bent.

279

These knights to Guido known; nor less to these Was he, with whom so late they plough'd the seas. Behold a pair (he to Rinaldo cries)

Whose like in battle scarce the world supplies:
Let these for Charles with us united stand,
And soon I trust will shrink you Pagan band. 285
Rinaldo then confirm'd the praise he gave,
And own'd each warrior brave amongst the brave;
One clad in white, and one in sable vest,
And each in arms of sumptuous fashion drest.

Vol. IV. E No

No less the brother champions saw and knew 290 Rinaldo, Guido, all the generous crew; These greeting fair, Rinaldo they embrac'd, And cast a veil o'er all unkindness past: Time was, at strife (which now were long to tell) The gallant warriors for Truffaldin fell; But now in brothers' love and friendship join'd, All former hate was scatter'd to the wind. To Sanfonetto next (the last who came) Rinaldo turning, to his noble name Due honours paid, for oft Albano's knight 300 His praise had heard, and own'd his force in fight. When now the dame more near Rinaldo drew,

And mark'd (for well each Paladin she knew)

Ver. 295. — Truffaldin—] Truffaldin was a Pagan in Albracca, who, taking Sacripant prisoner by surprize, offered treacherously to betray the city into the hands of king Agrican; but the proposal was generously rejected by Agrican. Having possession of the fort, he refused admittance to Orlando, till Angelica had promised him protection from punishment. knights were divided in parties about him. Rinaldo fought with Gryphon who defended him. Orlando, being armed by Angelica, left the walls to engage with Rinaldo. At length Rinaldo having seized Truffaldin, dragged him at his horse's tail, and put an end to his life.

ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. xiv. xx. xxxi.

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His mien and arms-she to the generous chief Disclos'd a tale that fill'd his soul with grief. 305 O prince! (she faid) thy kinsman so belov'd, Whose saving arm our church, our empire prov'd, Orlando, once so wise, so far renown'd For deeds of prowefs, roves the world around, Of better sense distraught; nor can I tell 310 From what strange cause this dire mischance befel. These eyes beheld his cuirass, sword and shield Dispers'd at random o'er the wood and field: A courteous knight I faw, with pious pains, Collect the mail and weapons from the plains, 315 And these collecting on a fapling near In martial pomp the splendid trophy rear. But thither came, on that ill-fated day, The fon of Agrican, who bore away The hapless champion's fword—think what disgrace, What loss may thus attend the Christian race, That Durindana, by the Tartar worn, Should once again a Pagan's fide adorn.

Ver. 314. A courteous knight I faw—] Flordelis, as the reader may recollect, was present when Zerbino and Isabella collected together the arms of Orlando, and was witness to the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, in which the former received his death's wound; but it does not appear that Flordelis knew either Zerbino or Isabella.

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With this he Brigliadoro thence convey'd, That near unrein'd without a master stray'd. 325 Few days are pass'd fince I Orlando left Naked, devoid of shame, of sense bereft: Who (strange to tell) unhous'd, unshelter'd lies, And fills each cave and wood with dreadful cries. She faid; and told how on the bridge she view'd, Where close engag'd with Rodomont he stood, 331 Till both, embrac'd, fell headlong in the flood. To every chief that held Orlando dear, (The dame pursu'd) to every courteous ear The tale I tell, till one with pious care To Paris, or some friendly place, shall bear The wretched chief, and art or medicine find To cure the frenzy of his moon-struck mind: And ah! could Brandimart his fufferings know, How would his foul with tender pity glow, And every means effay to heal a kinfman's woe! This dame was Flordelis, the lovely wife

Of Brandimart, far dearer than his life:

At Paris him she sought, but sought in vain:

And now she told how, midst the Pagan train, 345

Debate and hatred for that samous sword

Embroil'd Gradasso and the Tartar lord;

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Till Mandricardo stern of life bereft, The fatal sword was to Gradasso left.

Struck with the news, Rinaldo stood oppress, 350 And thrilling forrow fill'd his noble breast:
His heart in melting softness seem'd to run,
Like sleecy snows dissolving to the sun;
Resolv'd, where'er forlorn Orlando stray'd,
To trace his steps, and yield him friendly aid; 355
But since by chance, or Heaven's all-ruling mind,
He saw near Paris' walls his squadron join'd,
He first decreed to raise the siege, and chace
From royal Charles th' exulting Pagan race;
But, anxious for th' event, delay'd th' assault
360
Till night had shaded o'er th' ethereal vault,
And through the camp the toils of day had shed
Lethean sleep on every drowsy head.

Far in the wood, to wait th' appointed hour,
All day conceal'd he kept his banded power; 365
But when the fun the darkening skies forsook,
And to the lower world his journey took;
When harmless serpents, bears, and all the train
Of sabled beasts, adorn the starry plain,

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Unfeen

Ver. 368. When harmless serpents,—] By this expression E 3 is

Unfeen in presence of the greater light, 370 Rinaldo leads his troop, and to their might With Vivian, Guido's, Sansonetto's fame, Adds Gryphon, Aquilant, Alardo's name. His first attack surpris'd the sleeping guard, And these he slew; for no defence prepar'd: The trembling Moors, in evil hour perceive No cause for mirth, but ample cause to grieve. How should a naked, timorous, feeble train, With fuch a force, th' unequal strife maintain? To strike the Saracens with deeper dread, 380 When to the charge his band Rinaldo led, He pour'd the horn and trumpet's clangor round, And bade each tongue his well-known name refound.

Touch'd by the spur Bayardo seem'd not slow,
But leapt at once the trenches of the soe: 385
The soot he trampled, and the horse o'erturn'd,
And tents to earth and rich pavilions spurn'd.
Amid the Pagans none so bold appear'd,
But every hair was bristled when they heard

is meant the constellations of stars, to which the poets have affixed the names of the goat, the bull, the lion, the serpent, and other animals, seigned to have been placed in the Heavens.

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Rinaldo's name above the tumults rife, 390 And Mount Albano echo'd to the skies! Swift fled the troops of Spain, as swift the Moor; None stay'd behind their riches to secure. Him Guido follow'd, and with equal might The fons of Olivero rush'd to fight. 395 Not less Richardo, nor Alardo less, With Aldiger and Vivian, cleave the press: Guichardo next with Richardetto moves, And each in arms his fingle valour proves. Seven hundred that in Mount Albano dwell'd, 400 And round the neighbouring towns, Rinaldo held Beneath his rule: these rais'd the fearless hand, In heat or cold, a firm determin'd band, Not braver troops of old Achilles sway'd, Though the gaunt Myrmidons his word obey'd. 405 Each in himself such dauntless force compriz'd, A hundred here a thousand foes despis'd. Though good Rinaldo might not boaft to hold Extended land, or heaps of treasur'd gold;

Yet

55

Ver. 408. Though good Rinaldo—] The low state of Rinaldo's finances is mentioned in several of the old romances; and in the adventure of the fairy of riches in Boyardo, where he is set at liberty by Orlando, he attempts to carry off a chair of solid gold, alleging that it will furnish the pay of his troops;

E 4

this

Yet fuch his conduct, fuch his fair regard
To every warrior, while with all he shar'd
His little store, that none amidst the crew
For proffer'd favour from his side withdrew.
From Mount Albano ne'er these bands he took,
But when some weighty cause their arms bespoke
In parts remote; and now to aid his prince
He lest his castle-walls with weak defence.
This train, assaulting now the Moorish host,
This matchless train, whose valour's praise I boast,
So rag'd, as on Galesus' verdant mead

420
The savage wolf amidst the woolly breed:
Or oft as near Ciniphius' held his chace,
The lordly lion rends the bearded race.

Imperial Charles (who heard Albano's force
Prepar'd t'attack the camp with filent course) 425

this action of Rinaldo, and some other passages in the romances, will serve to explain the observation of the curate and barber, in their scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, where Rinaldo and his train are called greater thieves than Cacus. Ariosto, in taking up the story, has judiciously dropt this part of his character.

Ver. 420. — Galesus—] Galesus, a river near Tarentum, where the sheep, from the fertility of the pasture, had remarkable thick wool.

Ver. 422. — Gniphius—] The Cyniphians were a people of Africa, whose country was extremely fruitful.

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Stood ready arm'd, and at th' expected hour
Join'd, with his Paladins, Rinaldo's power.
With him came wealthy Monodontes' * fon,
Whose love and truth fair Flordelis had won.
Him long she sought, and now, from far reveal'd,
Observ'd his buckler blazing o'er the field.
When Brandimart his dearest consort view'd,
The fight forgotten, gentler thoughts ensu'd;
He ran, he held her close in speechless bliss,
And press'd her lips with many an ardent kiss. 435

Great was the trust of ancient times display'd
In the fair confort or the blooming maid,
Who, unaccompany'd, could fafely rove
In lands unknown, through mountain, field, or grove;
And, when returning, found their dear-held name
Clear as their form from breath of tainting fame! 441

Here to her lord the dame began to tell
What dreadful chance Anglante's knight befel:
Not from report the fatal tale she drew,
Her mournful eyes had prov'd th' event too true:
Then of the bridge she told, where every knight 446
Was stay'd by Rodomont in dangerous sight;

* BRANDIMART.

Ver. 427. — with his Paladins,—] In the xxviith Book, ver. 232, he tells us that the Paladins, except Ugero and Olivero, were made prisoners, and no mention has been fince made of their deliverance.

Who

Who vests and armour, won from chiefs o'erthrown, Had hung to grace the monumental stone:

She told, how far transcending every thought, 450

She saw the deeds by mad Orlando wrought,

Who on the bridge engag'd the Pagan soe,

And headlong plung'd him in the slood below.

But Brandimart, who dear Orlando lov'd,

With truth by friends, by sons, by brothers prov'd,

Resolv'd, through every threaten'd toil, to find 456

The wretched earl, and heal his frantic mind.

In armour dight, he mounted on his steed,

And took the path his dame prepar'd to lead To where she late unblest Orlando view'd: 460 Now near they drew where Algier's monarch stood To guard the bridge; and now arriv'd in fight, The ready watchman to the Pagan knight The wonted fignal gave, and lo! with speed His fquire attending, brought his arms and steed: 465 His arms were lac'd, his foaming courfer rein'd, What time good Brandimart the banks had gain'd: Then with a thundering voice, in impious pride, To Brandimart the ruthless Pagan cry'd: Whoe'er thou art, by fortune hither led 470 Through error or defign these shores to tread, Alight-despoil thine arms-and yonder tomb Grace with the trophy, ere I feal thy doom;

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And give thy life a victim, for the fake

Of her pale ghost—then shall my fury take

475

What thou may'st now thy willing offering make.

He ended-Brandimart indignant burn'd, And answer with his spear in rest return'd: Battoldo spurr'd (his gentle courser's name Battoldo call) he with fuch ardor came 480 To meet the foe, as well his ftrength proclaim'd A match for all in lifts of combat fam'd; While Rodomont as fwift to battle drew, And o'er the bridge with hoofs refounding flew. His steed that oft the narrow pass had try'd, And oft, as fortune chanc'd, on either fide Had headlong plung'd, now ran without difmay, Nor fear'd the perils of the downward way. Battoldo, little us'd fuch path to keep, Shook in each joint to view the fearful steep: 490 Trembles the bridge, and to the burthen bends; The bridge, whose sides nor fence nor rail defends. Alike their beam-like fpears the warriors drove, Such as they grew amid their native grove: Alike they rush'd, and in the meeting strife Well far'd each generous steed to 'feape with life: Yet both at once before the shock gave way, And on the bridge beneath their riders lay;

The.

The fpur had rouz'd them, but the plank, unmeet, No space afforded to their floundering feet: 500 Plung'd in the stream both equal fortune found, And with their fall made waves and skies resound. So roar'd our Po, receiving in his tide The youth * that ill his father's light could guide. Down funk the courfers with the ponderous weight Of either knight that firmly kept his feat; While to the river's fecret bed they fell, To fearch what nymph or naiad there might dwell. Not this the first or second venturous leap The Saracen had prov'd; hence well the deep, 510 The shallows well he knew; where roll'd the flood With bottom firm, where foft with ooze and mud. Head, breast, and sides, triumphant o'er the waves He rears, and now at great advantage braves The Christian knight, whose courser whirling round An eddy buries in the fands profound, \(\) \(\ Where deep infix'd, and by no strength releas'd, Certain destruction threatens man and beast. The water, foaming with reliftlefs force, Bears to the deepest current knight and horse, Together roll'd-while Brandimart beneath His steed lies struggling in the jaws of death.

* PHAETON.

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Fair Flordelis afflicted, from above,

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Tears, vows, and prayers, employs to fave her love.

Ah! Rodomont, by her, whom dead thy foul 525 Reveres fo high-thy cruel thoughts control: Permit not here, by fuch inglorious death, So true, fo brave a knight, to yield his breath. Ah! courteous lord! if e'er thy heart could love, Think what for him my bleeding heart must prove; Suffice, that now he bears thy captive chain; 531 Suffice, with thee his arms and vest remain: And know of all, by right of conquest thine, No nobler spoils adorn the virgin-shrine.

She faid; and fuch persuasive prayers address'd 535 As touch'd the Pagan king's obdurate breaft; Then to her lord his faving hand he gave, Her lord, whom buried deep beneath the wave His courser held; where, without thirst, he quaff'd Compell'd from rushing streams the plenteous

draught-

But ere the Pagan would his aid afford, He took from Brandimart his helm and fword; Then drew the knight half lifeless to the shore, And clos'd, with others, in the marble tower.

Soon as the dame beheld him prisoner led, All comfort from her tender bosom fled;

Yet

Yet less she mourn'd than at the dreadful sight,
When late the stream o'erwhelm'd her faithful knight,
Now self-reproach oppress'd her gentle thought;
By her the luckless chief was thither brought;
550
By her he fell, by her was captive made;
And Flordelis her Brandimart betray'd!

Departing thence, she ponder'd in her mind Some gallant knight of Pepin's court to find: The Paladin Rinaldo far renown'd, 555 Guido, or Sansonetto, fearless found At all affays, some chief whose matchless hand Might dare the Saracen by flood or land; Who though not braver than her own true knight, With fortune more to friend might wage the fight. Full long she journey'd ere she chanc'd to greet 561 A champion for fuch bold encounter meet; Whose arm in battle might the task atchieve, T' o'erthrow the Pagan, and her lord relieve From cruel thrall: full many a day she fought, 565 Till chance before her fight a warrior brought Of gallant mien, whose arms a furcoat bore With trunks of cypress fair embroider'd o'er: But who the knight, some future time shall tell; First turn to what at Paris' walls befel, 570

Ver. 569. — fome future time shall tell; He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxv. ver. 245.

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Where deep destruction crush'd the Moorish bands From Malagigi and Rinaldo's hands.

The countless numbers chac'd in speedy flight, Or driven to Stygian realms from upper light, The mantling shade from Turpin's view conceal'd, Else had his page the slain and fled reveal'd. To Agramant a knight the news convey'd, Who lock'd in sleep, in his pavilion laid, No danger heard; and only wak'd to know Swift flight alone could fave him from the foe. 580 He starts from rest, he casts around his eyes, And guideless, disarray'd, his foldiers spies; Naked, unarm'd, now here now there they yield: No time allows to grasp the fencing shield. Confus'd in counsel, and in thought distrest, The monarch fits his cuirass to his breast; When Falfirones (fprung from boafted race) Grandonio, Balugantes, near the place Approach'd, his danger to the king betray, That death or flav'ry threats the least delay; And could he thence his person safely bear, He well might boast propitious fortune's care. Marsilius thus, alike Sobrino sage, With all the peers (whom equal cares engage)

Would urge his flight, while by Rinaldo led 595
Destruction pointed at the monarch's head.
He, with the remnants of his routed train,
In Arli or Narbona might remain:
Both strongly built, and both provided well
With martial stores, could long a siege repel: 600
Himself preserv'd, his bands with new supplies
Recruited, on some future day might rise
T' avenge his own disgrace, the nation's shame,
On Christian Charles and all the hated name.

King Agramant, at length compell'd to yield, 605
Consents for Arli's town to quit the field,
While deeper night descending round him throws
Her friendly veil to screen him from his soes.
Thus twice ten thousand of the Pagan train,
The banded powers of Afric and of Spain, 610
Fled from Rinaldo, 'scap'd the sanguine plain.

Those whom Rinaldo's, whom his brethren's sword,
Whom the twin-offspring of * Vienna's lord
Stretch'd in their blood, and whom Albano's crew
(The brave seven hundred) in the battle slew; 615
With those by gallant Sansonetto kill'd,
And those that, slying, Seine's deep current fill'd;

* GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

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The tongue that counts, may count the vernal

When Flora or Favonius paints the bowers.
'Tis fam'd that Malagigi bore a share 620
In that night's glory of successful war:
Not that his arm the fields with blood imbrued,
Or knights unhors'd, or helms assunder hew'd;
But by his arts he made the fiends repair
From black Tartarean glooms to upper air, 625
With many a banner seign'd, and bristled lance,
That seem'd in number twice the host of France.
Such trumpet's notes he caus'd to echo round,
Such drums to rattle, and such shouts to sound,
Such neigh of coursers prancing o'er the plain, 630
Such dreadful cries, like groans of warriors slain,
That seem'd with horror's mingled din to fill

That feem'd with horror's mingled din to fill

The distant lands, each forest, vale, and hill;

And struck such fear in every Moorish breast,

That each to slight his trembling feet address'd. 635

Nor yet the king of Afric's anxious thought

Rogero wounded in his tent forgot;
But on a gentle steed of easy pace

He bade his friends the feeble warrior place,

Till, 'scap'd the flaughter of the dreadful hour, 640

A bark he gain'd, and thence the warrior bore

Vol. IV.

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To Arli safe, where at his high command Must meet the relicks of each shatter'd band.

Those who from Charles and from Rinaldo sled (Twice sifty thousand) o'er the country spread; 645

For safety, mountain, wood, and cave explor'd,

To shun the suries of the Gallic sword,

While oft they found the guarded pass deny'd,

And with their blood the verdant herbage dy'd.

Not so the king of Sericane withdrew

(His tents at distance pitch'd) but when he knew
That he, who thus with unresisted might

Assail'd the camp, was Mount Albano's knight,
His swelling breast with martial sury glow'd,
His looks, his gesture, sudden transport show'd; 655

Withgrateful thanks he prais'd the powers of Heaven,
That on this night so rare a chance had given;
A chance that to his hand might bring the steed,
Far-fam'd Bayardo, of unrivall'd breed.

Long had the monarch fought (as you full well From other lips, I trust, the tale can tell) 661

Ver. 645. (Twice fifty thousand)—] Here seems an incomsistency; for, ver. 609, he says, twice ten thousand.

Ver. 660. Long had the monarch fought—] Boyardo gives the account, that Gradasso, a mighty king of the East, had gathered together an army of one hundre! and fifty thousand men, in order to invade France, and get possession of Durindana and Bayardo. ORL. INNAM. B. i. c. 1.

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To brace good Durindana at his fide. And that fair courser in the field bestride: For this to France he cross'd the furgy main, A hundred thousand warriors in his train : 665 And in the generous fleed t' affert his right, Had call'd Rinaldo forth to fingle fight: These on the margin of the briny flood, In equal arms, to end the contest stood: But Malagigi, by his magic art, 670 Compell'd his noble kinfman to depart,

Borne

Ver. 670. But Malagigi, by his magic art, This adventure is given at large by Boyardo, which we shall here relate; and to which, though it has no immediate connection with the prefent fubject, we shall, for the entertainment of the reader, add another adventure of Rinaldo, as a mafter-piece in the terrible kind.

Angelica being returned to India (fee General View of Boy-ARDO's Story) and lamenting the hopeless passion which she had conceived for Rinaldo, commanded Malagigi, whom the had kept in confinement, to be brought before her; and offered to restore him to liberty, provided he would find means to bring Rinaldo to her, but plight his word, if he failed in the attempt, to return again to his prison. Malagigi accepted the terms, and departed for France: where, on his arrival, he used every argument to perfuade Rinaldo to give a favourable return to Angelica's passion; but Rinaldo, who had drank of the waters of hatred, was deaf to his entreaties. Malagigi, exasperated at his refufal,

Borne in a bark that spread th' inviting sail:

But here 'twere long to tell the wondrous tale—

And ever, from that day, the Pagan knight

The gentle Paladin esteem'd but light.

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refusal, resolved to have recourse to magic; and hearing that Gradasso and Rinaldo would soon meet to decide in single combat their title to Bayardo, he made two demons take the form of heralds: of these he sent one to Gradasso, to tell him, that Rinaldo would expect him in arms next day by the fea-fide; and the other he sent to Rinaldo, to tell him that Gradasso would wait for him at day-break. Next morning Rinaldo came to the place appointed, where at first he saw nothing but a small bark anchored by the shore: at length a demon, in the shape and arms of Gradasso, appeared; but when Rinaldo prepared to begin the combat, the phantom retired. Rinaldo thinking his enemy fled, purfued him, till the feeming warrior entered the veffel; and Rinaldo following him with great eagerness, a sudden wind forung up, and carried him out to fea, when the demon disappeared*. Soon after the departure of Rinaldo, Gradasso came to meet him; but having waited the whole day without feeing his enemy, he departed in great indignation.

In the mean time Rinaldo, who now perceived that some supernatural power had deluded him, was inconsolable for the disgrace that he must suffer from the imputation of cowardice. He was often tempted to destroy himself; and in the mean while the vessel pursued her way with extended sails towards the east,

and

From Virgil, Æn. B. X. where Juno deceives Turnus with a phantom like Æneas.

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When now Gradasso heard the chief who came Against the Pagans, bore Rinaldo's name, He sheath'd his limbs in steel, his shield embrac'd, Then through the shades, on good Alfana * plac'd,

* GRADASSO's mare.

His.

and at last ran ashore at a delicious garden, in the middle of which stood a stately palace, surrounded by the sea.

Rinaldo, upon his landing, was accosted by a damsel, who taking him by the hand, led him into the palace, which was built of the most costly marbles, and richly ornamented with gold and exquisite workmanship, supported on pillars of crystal. pany of beautiful damfels here received the knight, and refreshed him with a magnificent collation, at the fame time entertaining him with their melodious voices. At last, one of them addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, whatever you see is yours, and whatever you can wish more shall be granted you; for know, that all this is the gift of our fovereign lady and miftrefs, a queen who for your love has drawn you from Spain." Rinaldo heard her with furprise, but when she mentioned the name of Angelica, a name he so detested, he started from his seat; on which the damsel cried out, "Stir not, thou art our prisoner." Rinaldo, however, regardless of what she said, slew to the sea-shore, determined either to make his escape, or throw himself into the sea: but it so fortuned, that he found the vessel in which he came, and instantly going on board, fet fail from the island. He had not gone far, when he made land again; and going on shore, was addressed by an old man, who feemed in great affliction, and implored his affistance to recover his daughter, who had been taken from him by a cruel villain. Rinaldo, without hesitation, followed the old man;

F 3

who

70 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXI.

His rival fought, and all he met o'erthrew, 680
With rout and terror of the Christian crew:
With equal panic fled before his lance
The troops of Lybia and the troops of France.

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who having conducted him fome way, blew a horn, when Rinaldo, lifting up his eyes, beheld a rock in the fea, on the top of which stood a castle: at the found of the horn, a draw-bridge was let down, on which appeared a giant of an enormous size; Rinaldo engaged the giant with undaunted courage, but falling into a snare, he was bound and carried prisoner to the castle, the walls of which were dyed red with human blood. He was now met by an old woman clothed in black garments, of a pale and ghastly countenance, who addressed him in these words:

" Perchance thou hast not heard of the dreadful custom obferved at this castle; therefore, while thou hast yet to live, hearken to the tale I am about to tell thee, for to-morrow thou shalt furely die. There formerly inhabited on that rock, which is called Alta-ripa (fleep rock) a noble knight, named Gryphon, who hospitably received all strangers that travelled this way. This knight had for his wife a fair and virtuous dame, called Stella: it so fortuned, that my husband Marchino, passing through these parts, was entertained by Gryphon, when he fell in love with Stella; and being refolved to possess her, planted an ambush for Gryphon, slew him, and having massacred all his people, took possession of the castle; but in vain endeavoured to gain his defire of Stella, who repulsed him with horror, her mind being full of the idea of her murdered husband, and continually pondering on the means of revenging his death. The

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B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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Now here, now there, amidst the warring crowd

He seeks, and on Rinaldo calls aloud;

Still turning where he sees the numerous slain

With deepest carnage load the dreadful plain.

At

rage I felt at the falsehood and perfidy of Marchino, urged me to an act of cruelty, scarce to be credited by those who know not the fury of a jealous woman. I had two young fons by Marchino; these I killed, and having baked their limbs, set them before their father, who, unconscious of the horrid meal, satisfied his hunger with his own offspring. I then fecretly made my escape, and went to the king of Orgagna, who had long fued for my love, who was a near kinfman to Stella, and incited him to revenge the death of Gryphon. I had left behind me at the caftle the heads of my murdered children, which ferved as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Stella: these she took, and carried them to Marchino, with dreadful exclamations reproaching him with his bloody villany in the death of Gryphon, and the maffacre of his people. Marchino, in a frenzy of fury, would have flain the dame; but his luftful paffion, which, even in the present moment, was kept alive by her beauty, instigated him to a revenge more dreadful than a thousand deaths: he ordered the putrid dead corple of Gryphon, still unburied, to be brought before him, and caused the lady to be bound to it, in which condition he accomplished his unheard-of and hellish purpose.

The king of Orgagna and I now arrived with a numerous force; which when the villain heard, he caused the lady to be murdered, and afterwards, to shew how far human wickedness could reach, continued, with horrid abomination, to defile her

F 4

breath.

At length the knight he met, and foon oppos'd, Sword clash'd with sword, when first their spears had clos'd

In equal jouft, when shiver'd with their might 690.

A thousand splinters soar'd with wondrous slight

To touch the spangled chariot of the night.

Soon

breathless body. The troops which we brought soon made themselves masters of the castle. Marchino was immediately torn in pieces by the sury of the people, and the remains of the wretched Gryphon and Stella were deposited together in a magnificent tomb erected for that purpose. The king of Orgagna then departing, lest me mistress of the castle; when in the ninth month of my residence, we heard a most dreadful noise in the tomb, which terrified the three giants whom the king had lest with me for my desence.

It happened that one of the giants, who was bolder than the rest, ventured to remove a little the stone that covered the entrance; but he instantly repented his rashness; for a monfter that was inclosed therein thrust forth one of his claws, drew the giant forcibly through the opening, and swallowed him in a moment. No one thenceforth was hardy enough to approach the tomb, which I caused to be surrounded with a wall of vast strength: by a device the tomb was then thrown open, from which issued a most tremendous monster, whose form my tongue cannot describe, but which you will behold with your own eyes, when you shall be cast to him to be devoured. By a dreadful custom here established, from all the Arrangers that arrive, one is every day given for food to this monster; and as we have sometimes more than the daily sacrifice requires, -Manth

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Soon as Gradaffo, lefs by arms or veft, Than by his strokes, the Paladin confess'd; And knew Bayardo by his thundering force, 695 That urg'd through yielding ranks his raging course, Mastering

requires, the rest are put to death, and their bleeding limbs exposed, as you see, at the entrance of the castle. This monster will receive no nourishment but the flesh of man; and should he fail of his wonted prey, he would break through the wall that incloses him. For me, wretch that I am! the continual remembrance of that villain, and the meditation on his unparalleled wickedness, have so deadened in me every sense of humanity, that my foul feems now only delighted with scenes of misery and flaughter !"

After the old woman had finished her dreadful narrative, and Rinaldo perceived that his fentence was inevitable, he begged that at least he might be allowed to meet the monster with all his armour, and with his fword: to which the hag replied, with a ghaftly fmile, that he might wear his armour, and take what weapons he chose; but that nothing could save his life from that fury, against which strength or courage was of no avail.

Next morning Rinaldo was let down within the wall, completely armed with his fword drawn; when the monster, dreadfully gnashing his teeth to the terror of all, stood ready to devour him, while the knight advanced with undaunted resolution. It is no easy task to describe the form of this horrible animal, that was doubtless the diabolical offspring of Marchino from the dead body of Stella. In fize he was larger than an ox, his muzzle was like a ferpent's, his mouth was of vast width, and his teeth

long;

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXI.

Mastering the field—his eager lips assail'd

The knight with loud reproach, as one who fail'd

To seek his foe th' appointed day of fight,

699

And keep the faith that knight demands from knight.

Thou

long; his head had the herceness of a wild boar when in his utmost fury, and from each temple issued a horn that cut the air with a roaring noise; his skin was of divers colours, impenetrable by any weapon; his eyes were like fire, and his hands, refembling the hands of man, were armed with the claws of a lion, and he rent afunder with these, and with his teeth, armour of the frongest proof. This monster came with open mouth upon Rinaldo, and a most dreadful battle ensued between them, which lasted from the morning till the evening, and in which the knight vainly endeavoured to pierce the hide of his enemy, who on the other hand had torn away his armour in many places, and wounded him in a terrible manner: Rinaldo now began to grow weak with the loss of blood, when aiming with all his remaining strength a furious stroke, the monster seized his sword and drew it from him. While Rinaldo stood thus unarmed, expecting inflant death, Angelica waited with the utmost impatience for the return of Malagigi: at last he came, but without Rinaldo, and related to her the dreadful adventure that had befallen him, urging her to go immediately to the affiftance of the knight. Angelica, terrified at the danger of Rinaldo, began to load Malagigi with reproaches; but he told her there was not a moment to lofe, and immediately put into her hands a cord, a file, and a large cake of wax. Angelica then called up a demon, who transported her at once through the air to the place where B.

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Thou thought'st perhaps (the haughty Pagan said)
The danger late impending o'er thy head
So well escap'd, I ne'er again should greet
Thy arm in fight, but lo! once more we meet!

And

where Rinaldo was reduced to the last extremity. Just before the arrival of Angelica, casting round his eyes to discover any possible means of escaping the jaws of the monster, he espied a beam ten feet from the ground that jutted out from the wall, and exerting all his force, he leapt, and feizing it took his place thereon, beyond the reach of the monster, that, weighed down with his enormous bulk, in vain endeavoured repeatedly to feize him: It was now night, and Rinaldo, while he clung to the beam, faw fomething by the light of the moon that feemed to hover near him, and foon discovered the form of a damsel: this was Angelica; but as foon as he beheld her face he was ready to quit the beam, and expose himself to the enraged monster, rather than be preferved by her affiftance. Angelica entreated him in the most foothing manner to feek shelter in her arms from so dreadful a peril; but Rinaldo obstinately persisted in resusing to listen to her, and threatened, unless she left him, to quit his present station. On this, Angelica, casting the cord she had brought with her at the monster, at the same time laying the cake of wax before him, departed. The monster immediately seized the wax. and closing his jaws, was prevented again from opening them: enraged at this, and leaping here and there with inconceivable fury, he entangled himself in the cord; which Rinaldo seeing, quitted the beam, and recovering his fword, attacked his enemy, unable now to make defence: but when the knight found that

all

76 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXI.

And'know, to thy confusion, couldst thou bend 705
Thy slight to Hell, or to high Heaven ascend,
Didst thou that steed bestride, my feet should tread
The skies' pure plains, or shades that veil the dead,
T' enforce my right—and if thou wilt resign
Thy boasted claim, and let you steed be mine, 710

all attempts to wound him were fruitless, he leapt upon his back and strangled him. The monster being dead, Rinaldo sought some opening in the wall, the height of which it was impossible to scale: at last he espied an iron grate that opened next the castle, which he for some time in vain tried to force; till seeing the file which Angelica had left behind her, he opened the grate with this; and was preparing at day-break to quit the place, when he was met by a monftrous giant, who as foon as he faw him uttered a loud cry, and fled. The people of the castle, alarmed by the giant, attacked Rinaldo in great numbers; but the knight with his fword Fusberta so exerted himself, that he foon flew or put them to flight: he was afterwards attacked by the giant who had first made him prisoner, whom he overcame; and then advanced to the castle, where the old hag had fortified herself, and where the other giant had taken shelter. This giant now causing the gate to be opened, rushed out against Rinaldo, but was foon flain by him; all which being feen by this detefted hag, the, in rage and desperation, threw herself from a balcony a hundred feet high, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement. Rinaldo then forced the gates, put all within to the fword, and departed thence in fearch of other adventures."

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ORL. INN. Book I. C. v. vi. vii. viii, ix,

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B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Then live fecure—but never hope again
Unhors'd to feize a generous courfer's rein,
If thus thy recreant deeds the name of knighthood
ftain.

He faid: when lo! th' infulting speech to hear, Stood Guido bold and Richardetto near: 715 Both from the sheath their shining weapons bar'd, And to chastise the Saracen prepar'd: But swift Rinaldo interpos'd, and said: Shall others take my quarrel on their head? Think ye, without your aid, this arm too weak 720 From him that wrongs me just revenge to feek? Then to the king he turn'd, and thus began: Gradasso! hear-while meeting man to man, If thou attend'ft, fincerely will I show I came to find thee like a generous foe: 725 My fword might prove the truth, and here defy The tongue that dares to give my fame the lye; But ere we close in combat shalt thou hear What undifguis'd my wounded name shall clear. Then let Bayardo stand, the noble spoil, 2001 0 730 Defign'd by both to crown the victor's toil. He faid; the king of Sericane inclin'd has and To courteous lore, like every gallant mind, 12 BOT

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78 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXI.

Confents to hear the generous warrior tell
What chance to draw him from the fight befel. 735
Now to a stream the knights retir'd apart,
Rinaldo there, with words devoid of art,
Remov'd the veil that o'er the truth was spread,
Invoking Heaven to witness what he said;
Then call'd before 'em Buovo's prudent son *, 740
Conscious alone of all his art had done,
Who, question'd, soon confirm'd whate'er the knight
Had told, and own'd the fraud of magic slight.

Rinaldo then pursu'd—What here is known

By living witness, shall alike be shown

745

By proof of arms, which ready (when or where

Thyself shall name) t' enforce the truth I bear.

Gradasso, with a warrior's generous heat,

Reflected how he came in vain to meet

The Christian leader; yet resolv'd to gain

750

The generous courser, sought so long in vain,

Howe'er he doubted, or the tale believ'd,

Rinaldo's plea with seeming faith receiv'd.

Where first they went to combat hand to hand, 755
But each agreed at early dawn of day

To a clear neighbouring fount to bend his way:

* MALAGIGI.

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B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Rinaldo thither must conduct the steed Between them plac'd, the victor's future meed: Then should the king or slay, or captive make 760 Albano's lord, 'tis his the steed to take ; But should his boasted claim Gradasso yield

To Clarmont's knight, Rinaldo from the field

Must for his prize fam'd Durindana wield.

With wonder great, with heart-corroding care, 765 Rinaldo heard by Flordelis the fair, (As late I told) that from his kinfman's head, Unblest Orlando, every sense was fled; What discord for his arms the camp engag'd, How chief with chief in dire contention rag'd, 770 Till stern Gradasso's arm the sword obtain'd, By which a thousand wreaths Orlando gain'd.

The terms thus fettled, to his focial train Gradasso now return'd, though oft in vain The Paladin befought the Pagan knight Beneath his tent t' await the morning light. At dawn Rinaldo and the king, dispos'd For cruel fight, their limbs in armour clos'd;

Ver. 765. With wonder great, ___] This stanza in the original appears inartificially introduced, as it makes a difagreeable break in the narrative: it might possibly be transposed to advantage, but this was a liberty I did not think myself authorifed to

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ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXI.

And near a fountain fide the battle fought, For Durindana and Bayardo fought. 780 With fad prefage Rinaldo's friends beheld His arm engag'd in such a dreadful field: Great was Gradaffo's courage, great his might, Great was his skill, well-prov'd in many a fight; And fince he now the fatal fword had won 786 That lately grac'd the fide of Milo's fon *, Each for Rinaldo felt his hope to fail, And at his danger many a cheek grew pale. But Vivian's brother †, o'er the rest dismay'd, The contest view'd, and gladly would have stay'd Th' impending fight, but that he fear'd to raise 791 In good Rinaldo's breast a quenchless blaze; Who still in mind the time refentful bore When Malagigi's ship decoy'd him from the shore.

While doubts and fears in every bosom grew, 795
No doubt, no fear, the bold Rinaldo knew.
Secure he goes, resolv'd one glorious day
Should wipe his late imputed stains away,
And silence those who joy'd in his disgrace,
Proud Altasoglia and Pontieri's race.

800
Boldly he goes in heart secure to crown
His conquering brow with laurels of renown.

ORLANDO: † MALAGIGI.

Va. 794. When Malagigi's ship—] See Note to ver. 670.

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B. XXXI. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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When now, from different parts, these sons of fame at once together to the fountain came,
They first, in faith unstain'd, exchang'd embrace 805
With fair and open looks, as if the race
Of Clarmont and of Sericane had stood
Ally'd in friendship and ally'd in blood.

But, here deferr'd, fome future time shall tell
What dreadful blows from either weapon fell. 810

END OF THE THIRTY-FIRST BOOK.

Vol. IV.

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THIRTY-SECOND BOOK

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

THE distressed situation of Agramant. Marphisa comes to his affistance. Death of Brunello. Lamentation of Bradamant for the absence of Rogero. She unexpectedly hears news of her lover that reduces her to despair, and departs from Mount Albano. In her way she lights on Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland. Subject of her embassy. Budamant arrives at Sir Tristram's lodge. The strange custom observed there. She unhorses three kings, and is hospitably received by the lord of the castle, who relates the adventure of Clodio, the son of Pharamond, and his wife, from which their law was first instituted. Defence of Ulania by Bradamant.

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THIRTY-SECOND BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

REMEMBRANCE, what I late prepar'd to tell, What some new chance could from my mind expel,

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Again recals—a ftory that could make
A fair-one wretched for Rogero's fake;
And with a deadlier arrow pierce her breaft,
Than that which Richardetto's words impreso'd.
Of this I meant to speak, but 'midst the thought
Another subject good Rinaldo brought:
Then Guido drew no less my Muse astray
With new adventures to beguile her way.
Now this, now that, by turns attention gain'd,
And ill my memory Bradamant retain'd.
To her again I turn, before I tell
What 'twixt Rinaldo and Gradasso fell:

Ver. 14.—Rinaldo and Gradaffo—] He returns to these, Book xxxiii. ver. 561.

But

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

But first king Agramant the tale recals 15 Of him to speak, who drew to Arli's walls The relicks of his hoft, that 'scap'd by flight The fword and horrors of that dreadful night. Plac'd on a river near the furgy main, Afric in front, and near the coasts of Spain, The city could relieve th' afflicted powers, Could yield them fuccour and fupply with stores. Through all the kingdom to recruit his force Marsilius wrote, to muster foot and horse Whate'er their kind: at Barcelona arm'd For zeal or hire, full many veffels fwarm'd, Well mann'd for fight: meantime in deep debate King Agramant at daily council fate. No means he spar'd; and with exactions press'd, Fair Afric groan'd through all her towns diffres'd. To Rodomont he fent, but fent in vain, With proffers, would the warrior rife again In Afric's cause, to give him for his bride Almontes' daughter, to himself ally'd, And with her hand unite to Sarza's power The mighty kingdom of Oran in dower.

Ver. 15. - king Agramant - See Book xxxi. ver. 605, where Agramant, totally defeated, was obliged to retreat to Arli. But

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 37

The haughty chief refus'd the bridge to leave; Where, many a knight accustom'd to bereave Of arms and vest, he these with pomp display'd To deck the tomb that held the murder'd maid *. But not like Rodomont Marphifa left Her king at need, of every aid bereft: Soon as she heard that all the martial train Of Agramant were captives, fled, or flain; That Charles had won, and with the remnant force Her king at Arli lay, she bent her course To Arli strait, with proffers large to spend Her wealth and life his honour to defend. With her Brunello (late her fetter'd flave) She brought; and to the king uninjur'd gave. 50 Ten days and nights she kept him fill'd with dread, The fatal noofe impending o'er his head. But when she thither found no friend repair By force to free him, or to fave by prayer, In fuch base blood she scorn'd to soil her hands, 55 And freed his trembling limbs from galling bands.

Well may you deem, from aid like hers receiv'd, What heart-felt joy the drooping king reliev'd; How much he priz'd it (to Brunello's woe) He meant her wretched prisoner's fate should show:

* ISABELLA.

C

Ver. 37. The haughty chief-] See Book xxxv. ver. 2962 where Rodomont appears again.

G 4

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88 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

The fentence she enforc'd, himself resum'd,

And freely to the tree Brunello doom'd;

Then in a lonely wood, of life berest,

His limbs a prey to crows and vultures lest.

Rogero, who before at equal need

From deadly cords his caitiff neck had freed,

In his sick tent now pale and wounded laid,

(So will'd high Heaven) no more could yield him aid;

And when the tidings came, they came too late; Thus, without friend, Brunello met his fate. 70

Meanwhile, impatient of the long delay,
Had Bradamant accus'd each tardy day,
That twice ten times must dawn, ere face to face
She sees her knight the Christian faith embrace.
Less slow each lagging hour to him returns
75
Who pines in prison, or in exile mourns,
Till freed he lives, or sees in prospect rise
His dear-lov'd country to his longing eyes.
Sick with suspense, she chides each heavenly steed,
Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed;
80
Now

Ver. 71. Meanwhile, impatient—] He returns to Agramant and Marphila, Book xxxv. ver. 486.

Ver. 80. Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed;] Names

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Now thinks fome chance the rolling wheels have flav'd

Of Phæbus' car, beyond its wont delay'd.

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nes of To her more lengthen'd feem'd each day and night. Than that great day, when Heaven's meridian light The * Hebrew stopt; or that fam'd night design'd To give a young Alcides to mankind.

How oft with envy in their fecret place She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race

Doze out the months: with these she fain would take

A long unbroken fleep, nor ever wake

90 * Joshua. To

of two of the four horses that are seigned to draw the chariot of the fun: Thus Ovid,

> Interea volucres Pyrois, Eous, et Ethon, Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon-MET. B. ii.

Ver. 88. She view'd the dormoufe, bear, and badger race Doze out the months: - The common opinion is, that these animals sleep a great part of the year without taking fustenance.

" Towards the approach of the cold feafon, the dormice form little magazines of nuts or acorns, and having laid in their hoard, shut themselves up for the winter. As soon as they feel the first advances of the cold, they prepare to lessen its effect, by rolling themselves up in a ball: in this manner they continue, usually asleep, but oftentimes waking, for above five months in the year; their nefts are lined with moss, grass, and dead

leaves.

89

ORLANDO FURIOSO: B. XXXII.

To light or fense, till her returning knight Should call her once again to fense and light. Now here, now there, she shifts her restless head On downy plumes whence sleep was ever fled: Oft was she wont to watch the breaking skies, 95 And fee, with eager gaze, the morn arise; When Tithon's spouse o'er every fleecy cloud The lilies white and blushing roses strow'd: Nor less she long'd, when full reveal'd the morn, To fee the ftars again the fkies adorn. Now, fill'd with hope, she waits each hour to hear Some messenger proclaim Rogero near. Oft to a tower she climbs, that prospect yields Of tufted forests and extended fields.

leaves.—The bear retires to some cavern, or hollow of some enormous old tree, where it passes some months of the winter without provisions, or without ever stirring abroad; but is not entirely deprived of fensation, like the bat or dormoufe.—The badger is a solitary animal, and digs itself a deep hole with great affiduity, where it fleeps the greater part of its time, particularly GOLDSMITH'S Hiftory of Earth and in winter. animated Nature, Vol. iv.

Ver. 97. When Tithon's spouse, -] Aurora, who falling in love with Tithonus, for of Laomedon, brother to Priam king of Troy, carried him off and took him for her husband: of this marriage was born Memnon, who coming to the aid of Priam, was flain by Achilles. If

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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If from afar she marks the gleaming light 105
Of arms, or aught that speaks a coming knight,
She thinks her plighted spouse Rogero nigh,
And clears her brow, and wipes her tearful eye:
If one unarm'd, or one on foot, she views,
She hopes some messenger with gentle news.

To meet her knight her armour now she takes,
And hastening to the plain, the hill forsakes:
No knight she meets; then thinks a different way
To Mount Albano might his steps convey.
Again all-anxious to her home she turns,
Again expects him, and again she mourns.
Now twenty suns had risen, nor yet appears
Her tardy lord, nor tidings yet she hears:
While such her plaints, that in the realms below
The snaky siends had wept to hear her woe:

120
With piteous sighs she rends her golden hairs,

Then thus—Ah! wretched, wretched maid (she cries)

Nor her fair face or heaving bosom spares.

To follow one, who, while thou follow'ft, flies!

Him wilt thou prize who treats thee thus in fcorn,

Or him implore who never makes return?

126

Shall he my heart possess who bears me hate?

Who holds his virtues at so high a rate,

Some

92 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII

Some goddess must forsake her seats above To kindle in his breast the slames of love. 130 He knows to him my heart, my vows I give, Nor will he yet my heart or vows receive: For him I bleed; for him, alas! I die, Yet he, obdurate, can relief deny. He flies me now-nor more attends my pain Than the deaf adder heeds the charmer's strain. Ah! Love!-reprefs his speed who leads the race So fwift, while I purfue with tardy pace; Or to her happy state a maid restore, Ere her fond bosom own'd another's power. 140 But wherefore should I hope in vain to move With prayers or plaints the ruthless God of Love? That God, to whom my anguish transport gives, Who drinks my tears, and in my fuffering lives! Ah! luckless maid! of what shall I complain, 145 But the vain prospect of desire as vain! Defire, that lifts me to fo bold a flight, My pinions shrivel in the fultry height:

Ver. 136. Than the deef adder—] An expression drawn from the verse in the Psalms:—" the adder resules to hear the voice of the charmer."

Ver. 148. My pinions shrivel—] Rather an obscure allusion to the fable of Icarus, whose wings were melted in his flight too near the sun.

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 93
All unsupported now I fall from Heaven;
Nor here a period to my fate is given:
Again I foar, again I catch the flame:
My daring endless, and my fall the same!
Yet more than all must I condemn the breast
That fuch defire could harbour for her guest:
A guest that Reason from her seat compell'd, 155
And every fenfe fubdu'd in bondage held.
From bad to worfe my wretched foul is toft,
Nor can I passion rule where rule is lost!
Yet wherefore should I now myself reprove?
What crimes, alas! are mine, but crimes of love?
What wonder that the foft, the frailer sense 161
Of womankind should make but weak defence?
Was I requir'd t' oppose with wisdom's arms
His looks, his fpeech, his more than manly charms?
Most wretched he, forbid with longing fight 165
To view the beams of Sol's all-cheering light!
Not destiny alone impell'd my course;
Another's words, and words of mighty force,
From this beginning love foretold my doom,
My future blifs and great events to come, 170
If Merlin's prophecy no credit claim'd,
If every counsel for deceit was fram'd,
Him.

XII.

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94 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

Him may I well reproach—but never more

Can free my foul from him my thoughts adore.

All, all my plaints (for ever fix'd to mourn)

To Merlin and Melissa must return,

Who brought, by help of many a hellish sprite,

Fallacious visions to deceive my sight

With unborn sons; and with expectance vain

Involv'd me thus in love's perplexing chain: 180

Yet, ah! what cause could thus excite their hate,

But envy of my happy virgin state?

Thus she; while with despair and grief oppress'd,
She seem'd to banish comfort from her breast:
But soon the flatterer Hope intruding, brought 185
Delusive aid, recalling to her thought
Rogero's parting words, and bade her still
(Whatever sears her gentle soul might fill)
Await his wish'd return; and thus with wiles
Beyond the twenty days fond Hope beguiles

190
Her easy heart, and soothes her to behold
Another month in expectation roll'd.

With mind more calm, as on a certain day

(Such was her wont) she pass'd the public way

To meet her lord, she heard what must destroy 195

Each little glimpse of every promis'd joy.

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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For near Albano's walls the noble dame Beheld a knight of Gascony, who came From Afric's camp, a prisoner there confin'd What time near Paris' walls the battle join'd. 200 With him she commun'd, much of him enquir'd To lead him to the point she most desir'd: Rogero nam'd, her wish no further fought; On him alone hung every anxious thought. The knight, who knew the peers of Afric well, 205 Reveal'd whate'er the noble youth befel, Whom late he faw with Mandricardo stand Oppos'd in combat, when with conquering hand The chief he flew, and from that glorious day A tedious month with wounds enfeebled lay. 210 Here had he clos'd, his tale had well explain'd The cause that good Rogero thus detain'd. To this he adds, that to the camp there came A gallant maid, Marphisa was her name, No less renown'd for beauty than for arms; 215 In valour first, and first in female charms: That her Rogero, she Rogero lov'd,

Their growing loves—and prince and peer believ'd

That each from each the pledge of faith receiv'd;

Scarce ever feen apart—that all approv'd

And

of ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII,

And hop'd the knight, recover'd from his bed 221
Of pain and fickness, would the virgin wed;
From which fair union warriors yet unborn
In future ages might the world adorn.

This wish'd alliance spread from man to man 225 In loud report that through the country ran, By figns confirm'd-with good Rogero came In aid of Agramant the martial dame; And when Marphifa from the camp in fcorn (As late I told) had false Brunello borne, 230 Uncall'd she back resum'd her former way, When in his bed Rogero wounded lay. On him alone feem'd bent her anxious mind; To him alone her visits seem'd design'd; For oft befide his couch, from morning light Till evening shade, she watch'd the wounded knight. Each wonder'd much that she, whose foul despis'd All human race, nor power, nor riches priz'd, Should for Rogero vail her wonted pride, Should smile on him, and frown on all beside.

While thus the Gascon knight confirms his tale,
At every word heart-rending pangs assail
The wretched Bradamant: a chillness creeps
Through all her veins, and scarce her seat she keeps.
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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 97

Without a word she turns her courser's rein, 245
While wrath and jealousy within maintain
A mingled war: each hope dissolv'd in air,
Back to her home she hastes in wild despair.
Behold all arm'd the wretched virgin spread,
With face declin'd, upon her lonely bed! 250
From listening ears to hide her grief she tries,
Her grief that seeks to break in plaintive cries;
Till oft revolving what the knight had told,
No longer can her breast its anguish hold.

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Then thus-In whom hereafter shall I trust? 255 All, all are false, ungrateful, and unjust! Since, dear Rogero, thou canst faithless prove, Rogero once so priz'd for truth and love. Of all the forrows, all the tears that flow From public fufferings or domestic woe, 260 My wrongs are first-and fince no living knight Excels thy mien in peace, thy arm in fight; since none with thee for prowefs can compare, For courtly grace, for all that wins the fair, Why can we not amidst thy palms entwine 265 Another wreath, and constancy be thine? Yet know'st thou not (this noblest gift with-held) No virtue, courage, ever yet excell'd! VOL. IV. As H

98 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

As objects only by reflection bright, Viewless themselves, must shine by borrow'd light. Alas! how easy was an artless maid, 271 By him she lov'd beyond herself, betray'd! By him whose words her fond belief had won To think the day-spring dark, and cold the fun! Sure no remorfe can e'er thy bosom move, 275 If unrepenting thou behold'ft her love Who dies by thee-all crimes with thee are light, If breach of faith is little in thy fight. Since she who loves, such pains to thee must owe, Thou can'ft not more t' afflict thy direft foe. Sure justice never will in Heaven awake, Unless swift vengeance reach thee for my sake. 'Midst all the fins with which mankind are curs'd, If dire ingratitude is deem'd the worst; If for this cause the fairest angel, driven 285 To chains and woe, was hurl'd from highest Heaven; If heavier fins with heavier scourge must smart, Unless repentance purify the heart; Heed, left on thee some dreadful scourge be sent, Who, thus ingrate, refuseft to repent! Of theft, no little crime amidst the train Of human crimes, with justice I complain:

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. Not for my heart detain'd-that heart be thine-At fuch a theft I never shall repine: But thou thyself art mine, and in despite 295 Of every claim, thou robb'st me of my right. Restore thyself-for never shall he thrive Who can another of his right deprive. Thou leav'st me, cruel !- yet from thee to fly, Alas! my will and power alike deny! 300 But not from life-to end this hated breath, And leave my griefs and thee in welcome death. O! had I died while treasur'd in thy breast, What fate fo envy'd, and what death fo bleft! She said; and fix'd to die, with furious haste 305 Leapt from the bed, while at her heart she plac'd The fword's determin'd point, but foon she found Her arms prevent the meditated wound. Meantime a better Genius seem'd to warn Her desperate thoughts-O! virgin, nobly born! 310 Think of thy high descent, thy spotless name, Nor give this period to a life of fame! Seek yonder camp—there nobler may'ft thou try (If fuch thy wish) the honour'd means to die. Before Rogero should'st thou yield thy breath, 315 Some tears even he may shed to grace thy death:

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100 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

But should his sword thy breast of life bereave,
What lover could a happier fate receive?
And just it seems that he thy life should take,
That life his cruelty could wretched make.

320
Who knows, before thou diest, but vengeance due
To thy wrong'd vows Marphisa may pursue,
Whose fraud (as ill beseems a virtuous maid)
Has won Rogero and thy love betray'd?

These better thoughts approv'd, the virgin fram'd

A surcoat new that o'er her arms proclaim'd

326

Her state of mind, and such as might imply

A soul despairing, and resolv'd to die.

Well suited to her grief, her vest receives

The saded hue of sapless wither'd leaves,

330

Ver. 326. A furcout new,—] The custom of assuming arms and devices expressive of the good or ill fortune of the weares, was one great characteristic of the heroes and heroines of chivalry: thus Orlando in the eighth book puts on black armous. Guido, in the nineteenth book, is thus described:

Clad like his fleed in fable weeds of woe,
The champion came, as if he meant to fhow
An emblem of his own diffresful flate,
How small his comforts, and his griefs how great!

So Ariodantes, Book vi. wears a shield fringed with yellowgreen, the colour of Bradamant's scars.

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 101

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Torn from the bough; or such as autumn shows,
When from the root the sap no longer flows;
The veil with cypress trunks embroider'd o'er,
That sever'd like her hopes could sprout no more.
The horse, which once Astolpho rode, she took, 335
Then grasp'd the golden lance, whose lightest stroke
Each knight unhors'd; nor how the lance she gain'd
Need here be told, or how the duke obtain'd
The weapon first; suffice that this she bore
All unsufpecting of its wondrous power.

340
Thus, unaccompany'd, the virgin went

Without a squire, and from the hill's descent
To Paris' walls pursu'd her eager way,
Where late encamp'd the Pagan army lay:
For yet she heard not that Rinaldo's might,
With aid of Charles, and many a noble knight
From Mount Albano and the Christian train,
Had rais'd th' impending siege and thousands slain.
She leaves Cadurci now, and now she leaves
Chaorse's town, nor more behind perceives
350

Ver. 338. - how the duke obtain'd

The weapon first;——] Bradamant received this lance from Astolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 104, which lance came into the duke's possession after it was lest behind by Argalia. See General View of BOYARDO'S Story.

H 3

Dordona's

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

Dordona's mount, and foon the towers espies Of Clarmont and of Montferrante rise: When, as she journey'd, on her way was seen A dame of lovely form and courteous mien: A buckler at her faddle-bow was ty'd, And three bold knights attended at her fide : Before, behind, in long procession came Damfels and squires that waited on the dame. Brave Amon's daughter, who to learn defir'd Her name, of one amidst her train enquir'd. 360 To the great leader of the Franks (he cries) From where within the arctic circle lies A land remote, she plough'd with heavy toil A length of ocean from Perduta's isle: Perduta some, and some Islanda name 365

This distant isle, where reigns a queen, whose fame For peerless form was fure by Heaven design'd

The first of all her fex's lovely kind.

The shield thou see'ft to royal Charles she sends, And this condition with the shield commends; 370

Ver. 354. A dame of lovely form-] Nothing can be told with more ease of language, or vigour of description, than this pleasingly romantic incident: the demeanour of Bradamant, her meeting the shepherd, arrival at the lodge, the jousts by moonlight, her defence of Ulania, are all circumstances that can never be too much admired.

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B. XXXII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 103

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That this high gift shall grace the bravest knight Whom fuch he holds in dreadful fields of fight: She by herfelf, by all the world esteem'd The fairest dame, would feek a champion deem'd The first in arms, for long her secret mind A purpose, nothing e'er shall shake, design'd; That he alone who bears his victor-fword O'er every chief, shall be her spouse and lord. At Charlemain's imperial court she thought The first of gallant knights might best be sought. You three, that as her guard attend the dame, 381 All three are kings, and from three kingdoms came : One Sweden, Gothland one, one Norway fways, And few with these in arms have equal praise. These three, whose lands beneath another sky 385 Less distant than the isle Perduta lie, and hand tod! (So call'd, as few amidst the sailor-train Were ever known to stem the northern main) These kings enamour'd have alike pursu'd The fair queen's love, and for their confort woo'd; And for her sake transcendent acts have done, 391 To last while planets circle round the fun. But she to these, to none, her hand will yield, Who stands not first, the phænix of the field.

H 4 I little

104 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

I little prize (thus oft declar'd the dame) 395 Your deeds that here such boasted merit claim: Amidst the three, should one outshine as far His rivals, as the fun each little ftar, I give him praise—but thinks he hence from all The knights on earth, to him the palm must fall? To Charlemain, whom through the world I hold 401 The wifest prince, I fend a shield of gold, On this condition, that amidst his court, Him, who in arms may bear the first report, The monarch with this honour'd gift shall grace, Whether a subject or of alien race. His judgment be my guide; and when his voice Shall on the bravest champion fix the choice, Let one of you, who dares in fight the best, That fatal buckler from the victor wrest, And to my hand reftore: fuch knight shall prove My vow'd affection, far all knights above, And fovereign of my heart possess my throne and love.

Thus from remotest ocean has she sent
Three potent kings, who come with sworn intent
From him, who wins it, to redeem the shield,
Or by his sword lie breathless on the field.

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Thus spoke the squire, while Bradamant to hear Th' unwonted story gave attentive ear.

The tale complete, the speaker spurr'd again 420 His steed, and soon regain'd the courtly train.

More flow the virgin kept her fleed behind, While many a thought came crowding on her mind. Yon shield (she thought) in France may raise debate, And fow the feeds of envy, strife, and hate In every Paladin and rival knight, Should Charles attempt to fix the claimant's right. This thought diffurb'd, but ah! her former thought Far deeper anguish in her bosom wrought, That false Rogero could from her depart, 430 And on Marphifa fix his changeful heart. So deep in this was buried every fense, That, mindless of the way, she heeds not whence Or what her course, or where she next may meet, To rest at night, a hospitable seat. 435 As when some vessel by the mastering wind, Or torrent furge, is from the land disjoin'd, Her rudder loft, no pilot for her guide, She floats at random on th' uncertain tide: So rov'd the virgin, while Rogero still 440 Engross'd her soul-at Rabicano's will

She

106 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXII.

She rov'd; while distant many a mile remain
Her thoughts, that should direct the guiding rein.
At length she lifts her eyes, and sees the sun
Near Bocchus' realm his evening journey run, 445
And like the sea-gull now in ocean's breast,
Beyond Morocco, dive to wonted rest:
And ill she judges, if she means to stray
In open fields along the darkling way,
While the night air with chilly vapour blows, 450
Denouncing drizzling rain and freezing snows.

Her courser urging, Bradamant pursues
The track with greater speed, and soon she views
A shepherd-boy retiring from the plain,
Who slowly drives before his bleating train.

455
Of him the dame entreats some place to show
That, fair or homely, shelter might bestow;
However homely, better there to lie
Than pass the night beneath th' inclement sky.

For five long leagues, I know not where can rest (Reply'd the shepherd) a benighted guest, 461 Save at a place which Tristram's lodge we call, But there t' abide the chance to sew may fall.

Ver. 445. Near Bocchus' realm—] Bocchus, a king who reigned in the farthest parts of Mauritania.

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What knight should there to find repose intend, His spear must win it, and his spear defend; If thither comes a warrior, when the place No knight has hous'd, the lord with courteous grace Admits the entering guest, but makes him swear, That should a new one to the rock repair, His arm the stranger on the plain shall meet: 470 Should none arrive, he peaceful keeps his feat. When two knights jouft, the warrior, doom'd to yield, Must quit the fort, and sleep in open field. If four, or five, or more, in focial train At once appear, they ready entrance gain: 475 But ill he fares, who comes an after-guest: With whom the troop, already hous'd, shall rest By turns the lance: should one, receiv'd within, Possess the place which others come to win; These, one by one, shall call him to the plain, And he with all in turn the strife maintain. So when the lodge admits a dame or maid, Alone or with companion thither led, If chance another comes, whoe'er can gain Th' award for beauty, shall her seat maintain: 485 But she, whose form her rival's charms outshine, For air unshelter'd must the place resign. Instruct

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXII.

Instruct me, swain (she cry'd) you lodge to find: The simple fwain with ready tongue rejoin'd, And pointed with his hand the nearest way 490 To where, fix miles remote, the dwelling lay.

Though well his speed good Rabicano ply'd, Though Bradamant in either bleeding fide Drove deep the fpur, yet through the miry road, Slippery with clay, with drenching waters flow'd, 495 The lodge fhe reach'd not till the darkening night Had quench'd in shade the world's all-cheering light. She found the portal barr'd, then loud address'd The watchful guard, and claim'd her right of guest. The place was fill'd (he answer'd to the dame) 500 With knights and damfels that but newly came, And round the blazing hearth impatient stood, To fate their hunger with refreshing food. If still they fast, I trust (the virgin cries) 'Tis not for them the cook his fare supplies. 505 Go-bear my message-I their force defy: The law I know, and with the law comply.

The guard departing, to the knights convey'd The bold defiance of the martial maid, That from warm shelter call'd them forth to dare Th' inclement chillness of nocturnal air: 511

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And now the clouds a plenteous shower began:
Yet each his weapons seiz'd, and man by man
Went where the virgin stood their force to wait;
The rest remain'd within the castle gate.

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Three knights were these, in arms esteem'd so well,
That sew on earth their valour could excel:
These were the warriors that the day were seen,
With that fair envoy from Islanda's queen,
To whom they boasted oft with sword or lance 520
To bring again the golden shield from France:
These three had far outrode the martial dame,
And hence before her to the castle came:
Few knights there were so well at tilt could run,
But 'midst those sew the martial fair was one, 525
Who meant not there unshelter'd to remain,
Foodless, alone, and wet with drizzling rain.

Meanwhile from windows, and the turrets height,
Spectators stand to view th' approaching fight,
Seen by the moon, as through the shower that
streams

From broken clouds, she darts her watry beams.

As some fond youth, whom beauty fires to love,
When at his fair one's porch he waits to prove
The lover's dear reward, with rapture hears
The bolt slow moving in his longing ears:

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HO ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

So Bradamant, whose generous bosom fir'd With honour's praise, to noble deeds aspir'd, Rejoices when she hears the gates unbar, And fees the draw-bridge lower'd, and deck'd for war Beholds the champions iffue to the plain: Soon as she view'd them near, she turn'd her rein, The length of field to measure for the course, Then back at speed impell'd her foaming horse. That spear she bore, which trusted to her hand Her kinfman gave, which nothing could withstand, Which each opponent humbled in the duft, Though Mars himself, oppos'd, receiv'd the thrust. The king of Sweden, who the first to meet The virgin mov'd, was first to lose his feat; Against his helm the lance so strongly came, 550 The lance that ne'er deceiv'd the guider's aim. Next Gothland's monarch ran, who headlong far Fell from his steed, with heels high rais'd in air. In filth and mire the third half stifled lay, Roll'd o'er and o'er amidst the watery way. Thus with three strokes three knights to earth she drove,

With heads cast downward, and with feet above. Then to the lodge she went, but ere her right Was there confirm'd to pass at ease the night,

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An oath she took, whenever call'd, to leave 560 The fort, and each new challenger receive.

Struck with her gallant deeds, the castle's lord To her fuch welcome as his walls afford, With every honour gave: the noble dame, Who with the three from far Perduta came 565 To distant France, receiv'd with courteous air The warrior maid, for courteous was the fair. Now each faluting each, with fmiling look Th' ambaffadress arising gently took The martial hand of Bradamant, and led 570 The new-come gueft, where sparkling deepest red, A genial warmth the glowing embers shed. Now to difarm, the virgin cast aside

Her glittering shield, and next her helm unty'd;

Ver. 573. Now to difarm, -] The discovery of Britomartis, in Spenfer, is a close copy of Ariosto.

- when as vailed was her lofty creft, Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay Upbounden, did themselves adown display, And raught unto her heels; like funny beams, That in a cloud their light did long time stay, Their vapour vaded fhew their golden gleams, And through the persent air shoot forth their azure streams, Book iii. c. ix. ft. 20.

When

112 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII

When with her helm she rais'd a cawl of gold 575
Where hid beneath her braided locks were roll'd:
Her wavy tresses now, no more confin'd,
Fell o'er her neck, and hung in curls behind:
And now to all she stood a dame reveal'd,
In beauty first, as in the martial field. 586
As when, the scene undrawn, with sudden light
The stage gay rushes on the dazzled sight;
Where many a sumptuous pile and arch is plac'd,
With gold, with painting, and with sculpture grac'd:
Or, as the sun is wont from clouds, that spread 585
Their envious mist, to lift his radiant head:
So when her shining helm the virgin rears,
Her charms shine forth, and Paradise appears!

Full foon the lord of that fair dwelling knew
In her, who oft before had met his view,
590
The noble Bradamant, and graceful paid
His praise and homage to the glorious maid.
Plac'd round the blazing hearth, their moments roll
In sweet discourse, the banquet of the soul;
While for the board the menial train prepare
595
Their limbs to strengthen with corporeal fare.
Then of her host enquir'd the martial dame
How first this custom, new or ancient, came,

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With strangers us'd, by whom and when devis'd;
And in these words her host his tale compriz'd. 600

When Pharamond the sceptre sway'd, his son,
The youthful Clodio, to his nuptials won
A beauteous dame, in pride of bloomy prime,
Of manners rare in that uncultur'd time,
Gentle beyond her sex! her dear he lov'd,
So dear he scarcely from her sight remov'd:
Not less from Io went the watchful swain,

For equal to his love was Clodio's jealous pain.

Here in this lone retreat, which to his care

His father gave, he kept the treasur'd fair: 610

He seldom issu'd hence; and with him dwell'd

Ten knights, who firstfor arms in France excell'd.

It chanc'd, while here he stay'd, Sir Tristram came Before the gate, with him a lovely dame,

Who by a giant fierce in fetters bound, 61.

Late from his valorous force deliverance found.

Ver. 607. — from Io went the watchful fwain, Juno having found means to get into her power Io, the mistress of Jupiter, after she was turned into a cow by her lover to conceal her from his wife, gave her in charge to Argus, who had an hundred eyes, and watched her day and night.

Ver. 614. — a lovely dame,] Ifotta—The loves of Triftram and Ifotta are famous in romance.

See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

Vol. IV. I Sir

114 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

Sir Triftram hither came, what time the fun, Oppos'd to Seville's shores, had nearly run His evening stage, and here besought to rest; (No other place t' admit a wandering guest 620 For ten long miles) but doting Clodio, us'd To jealous fears, his earnest suit refus'd; Refolv'd, whate'er his rank, no stranger there Should enter while his walls contain'd the fair: Long urg'd the knight his just request in vain, 625 Not prayer nor reason could admittance gain. Since mild entreaty fails (enrag'd he cries) Force shall compel what thy base heart denies. With bold defiance then the gallant knight Call'd Clodio and his ten to mortal fight, 630 And offer'd with his pointed spear to show That deeds like this from recreant spirits flow: Such terms propos'd-fhould he his feat maintain, And Clodio with his warriors press the plain, Himself would there (though now refus'd a guest) Abide, and from the gates exclude the rest. 636 The fon of Pharamond, impell'd by shame, At risk of life essay'd the list of same, Where, in the jouft, he lost his luckless seat, Where all his ten receiv'd a like defeat 640

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From conquering Triftram, who the portal clos'd, Against its master, with the ten expos'd To lie unshelter'd: entering now he view'd The beauty that had Clodio's heart fubdu'd; Whom Nature (what to numbers she deny'd) With every gift of female grace fupply'd. Her Tristram fair bespoke: meanwhile without Her confort rag'd with fear and jealous doubt; Nor ceas'd to urge the knight with humble prayer, Forth from the lodge to fend his wedded fair. 650 But Triftram, though he little feem'd to prize His lovely captive, though with careless eyes All charms but his Isotta's he beheld, So well the magic potion had repell'd Each other love; yet now with just return Refolv'd to wreak discourteous Clodio's scorn, Reply'd-To knighthood must I deem it shame, From sheltering roof t' expel so fair a dame. If Clodio murmurs thus abroad to lie Alone, unpair'd, beneath the open sky; A dame I have, that like a rose new-blown In beauty blooms, yet equals not his own;

Ver. 654. So well the magic potion—] See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

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116 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

Her will I bid (if fuch his wish) to wait
Without the walls, and soothe his luckless fate.
But just it seems the fair of brightest charms 665
Should rest with him who bravest shines in arms.

The wretched Clodio, thus compell'd to stay
Without his gate for slow-returning day,
Less felt the chilling damp and freezing air
Than sad reslection of his absent fair: 670
Listening he stood, while jealous sancy brought
Full many an image to distract his thought,
Of those that now with gentle sleep oppress'd
Pass'd all the quiet night in guiltless rest.

The light was ris'n, when to his arms again 675
Sir Tristram gave the dame, and eas'd his pain,
With faith exchang'd upon his knightly word,
Her, as she was, uninjur'd he restor'd.
For though he deem'd his base discourteous mind
Deserv'd from him the heaviest scourge to find, 680
Yet this alone his vengeance should suffice,
That all night long beneath unshelter'd skies

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Ver. 682. — beneath unshelter'd skies] Spenser has an imitation of this passage, on which Mr. Upton observes thus:

"If the reader takes any pleasure in seeing how one poet imitates or rivals another, he may have an agreeable task in comparing

The youth he kept; nor would he yet approve
That plea, which call'd his crime the crime of love.
Far other thoughts should generous love impart; 685
He melts the stern, not steels the gentle heart.

Sir Triftram gone, but little Clodio stay'd;
He to a trusty friend in charge convey'd
The castle's keep, by this condition bound,
Each dame and knight that there reception
Should hold their place by beauty or by arms, 691
But yield to stronger nerves or brighter charms.
Thus was the law begun, and thus maintain'd,
Has to this hour unbroken still remain'd.

comparing the episode, where the fair company Satyrane, Paridel, Britomart, and the Squire of dames, are excluded, in a tempestuous night, from old Malbecco's castle, with a like disafter in Ariosto, where Bradamant (whom Britomart in many circumstances resembles) arriving at the castle of Sir Tristram, battles it with three knights, and afterwards discovers her sex. Let the reader compare old Lidgate's Canterbury tale, where Polemite and Tydeus arrive at the palace of king Adrastus in a stormy night. Is it worth while to mention here that filly romance, named, The History of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, which has the same kind of adventure? See Part ii. Book i. c. 65. how Sir Tristram and Sir Dinadon came to a lodging, where they must joust with two knights."

UPTON's Notes on Spenfer, Book iii, c. ix. st. 11.

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118 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

So fpoke the hoft, and as the tale he ceas'd, 696 He bade the menial train prepare the feast; Where in the hall a table fair was plac'd, The spacious hall with regal splendor grac'd: Hither by torches' light the guests convey'd, But chief the northern fair and martial maid, 1700 Gaz'd on the stately walls, where every part With story'd forms confess'd the painter's art. In rapt attention each the figures view'd, And while she gaz'd forgot the want of food; Though either's strength not little claim'd repast, 705 With toil and travel spent, or spent with fast. The feneshal and cook displeas'd behold The meats neglected in the vales cold, Till one at length with better counsel cries: Your hunger fatiate first, and then your eyes. Now each was plac'd in order at the board

Now each was plac'd in order at the board

To taste the viands, when the castle's lord

Reflects that much against the law he err'd,

Who thus, at different times arriv'd, preferr'd

Two semale guests; one only must remain,

And one depart: the fairest might retain

Her seat secure; the vanquish'd maid must go

Where chill rains beat, and winds inclement blow.

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Two matrons then with other dames that dwell'd Beneath his roof, whose judgment most excell'd, 720 He call'd, and bade them with impartial eyes Behold the virgins, and award the prize. With general fuffrage all the prize declare To Amon's daughter, who the northern fair Had now no less eclips'd with female charms Than late her knights with manly deeds of arms. Then to the dame, whose fad presaging mind This luckless chance already had divin'd, The hoft began-Thou must not now complain If, gentle damfel, we our law maintain: Some other dwelling for thyfelf provide, Since 'tis decreed, by present judgment try'd, That yonder virgin's features, mien, and grace, (All unadorn'd) thy every charm efface.

As when from humid vales thick vapours rife, 735
And with a fable cloud obscure the skies,
Sudden the golden sun, erewhile so bright,
Is lost in shade of momentary night:
So when the damsel hears her heavy doom,
Expell'd to drenching rain and dreary gloom, 740
Her seatures change, no more she looks the same,
The gay, the lovely, all-accomplish'd dame.

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120 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

But noble Bradamant, whose pitying heart Had now refolv'd to take the virgin's part, Thus wifely spoke-But ill I deem'd is try'd 745 That cause, where hasty judgment shall decide Ere each is heard—for her my fuit I move; Howe'er compar'd our person's gifts may prove, Imports not now—I not as woman came, Nor shall, while here, the rights of woman claim. 750 Yet who will dare affirm, while thus array'd, These arms conceal a man or blushing maid? Ne'er let us utter what we ne'er can know, And chiefly when it works another's woe. Like me, may numbers length of treffes wear, 755 Nor more from this the female fex declare. 'Tis known to all how here at tilt I ran, And if the lodge I won as maid or man: Why will you then affign the woman's name To one, whose deeds the manly fex proclaim? 760 Your law requires that dames should be excell'd By fairer dames, but not by warriors quell'd: Yet grant I might a woman prove (which I Nor wholly grant, nor wholly shall deny) What though I equall'd not her beauty's bloom, 765 Would you, for that, my valour's right resume? Or B. X

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Or make me lose from want of female charms What late my virtue gain'd by dint of arms? But should the strictness of your law require That one of us must from the lodge retire Whose beauty fails-yet would I here remain (Whate'er your fentence) and my place maintain. Hence I infer, between you dame and me, That all unequal must the contest be: With me contending may she greatly lose, And should she win, no gain o'er me ensues. To both must justice weigh, in balance even, The loss or gain, ere sentence can be given. Honour and reason, every gentle sense, Forbids to drive this lovely virgin hence. If any in his strength so far can trust, To call the judgment I have pass'd unjust, Lo! with this weapon I his force defy, And prove the truth, while he defends the lye. Great Amon's daughter by compassion sway'd 785

To see unjustly a defenceless maid

Expell'd to where the chilling rain descends,

And not a roof or cot its shelter lends,

With many a reason urg'd and gentle word

Persuades to generous thoughts the generous lord:

But chief her dauntless courage wins the cause; 791

He yields, and pleads no more the castle's laws.

As

122 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXII.

As parch'd beneath the fun's meridian fires,
When the brown turf refreshing streams requires,
If some fair slower, that hung its languid head, 795
Feels on its stalk the kindly moisture shed,
Again it springs, again each sweet resumes,
And fresh again in vernal beauty blooms!
So from this bold defence the maid derives
Recover'd life, and every charm revives.

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Now on the favoury cates that long had spread The board untouch'd, each guest impatient fed, No other champion chancing there to light, And damp the focial pleasures of the night. The feaft each honour'd, fave the martial fair: 800 In forrow fix'd, abandon'd to despair, A thousand jealous thoughts unjustly broad In her torn breaft, and pall the tafte of food. The banquet o'er, which all perchance in hafte Had urg'd, to give in turn their eyes repast, 810 Fair Bradamant arose; and near was seen To rife, the envoy of Islanda's queen. The lord a fignal gave; at his commands A menial ran, and foon with ready hands Through the wide hall was kindled many a light: Th' ensuing book the sequel shall recite.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND BOOK.

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THIRTY-THIRD BOOK

BRADASSANT bears from her hold an explanation of the planates in Sir Trillram's lodge, representing the future was a France in Maly. The manner in which Bredemant will enable next morning the defarts, and where the three his a ferond time. Defectption of the combat between Russ and Gradasse for Rinaldo's horse layardo. Their combat has

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

through the sit, till having travelled over many countrie, it as last projects at the capital of king Senapus, in Althoris with and extakes to draw sie Marphes from his table.

THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT hears from her host an explanation of the pictures in Sir Tristram's lodge, representing the future wars of France in Italy. The manner in which Bradamant passes the night: next morning she departs, and unhorses the three kings a second time. Description of the combat between Rinaldo and Gradasso for Rinaldo's horse Bayardo. Their combat strangely broken off. Gradasso gets possession of Bayardo, and embarks for his own country. The slight of Astolpho through the air, till having travelled over many countries, he at last arrives at the capital of king Senapus, in Æthiopia, and undertakes to drive the Harpies from his table.

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THIRTY-THIRD BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TIMAGORAS, Parrhasius, far renown'd;
With wreaths as fair Apollodorus crown'd;
Protogenes, Timanthes, ever sam'd;
Apelles, first of heavenly artists nam'd;

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Zeuxis

Ver. 1. Timagoras,—Parrhasius,—] Timagoras was a painter of Chalcedon, and in painting excelled all the artists of his age, who in vain endeavoured to contend with him.

Parrhasius was born at Ephesus, the son and disciple of Evenor, and contemporary with Zeuxis. He spoke contemptuously of all others, and stiled himself the prince of painting.

Ver. 2. — Apollodorus—] This painter is mentioned by Pliny, who relates, that he was the great improver of the art of painting, which after him Zeuxis brought to such perfection.

Ver. 3. Protogenes, Timanthes—] Protogenes was a native of Caunus, a city subject to the Rhodians, and was contemporary with

126 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII

Zeuxis and Polygnotus; all the train
That flourish'd once, in mem'ry shall remain,
Though Clotho long has mix'd them with the deal
And time on every work oblivion spread:

with Apelles. His famous work was the picture of Jaleia which faved the city of Rhodes when befieged by Demetrius for not being able to attack it but on that fide where Protogens worked, he chose rather to abandon his design than destroys fine a picture. It is faid that the king sending for him, also him "with what assurance he could work in the suburbs of city that was besieged?"—his answer was, "That he understood the war he had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and magainst the arts."

Timanthes lived in the reign of Philip of Macedon; the plan of his birth is not known, but he was one of the most learned as judicious painters of his age. He drew the famous pictures the facrifice of Iphigenia, where, unable to express the forrows a father on such an occasion, he concealed the face of Agamenton with a veil.

Ver. 4. Apelles,—] Apelles, the first in fame of all the ancient painters, was born in the island of Coös, in the Archipelago. It was much beloved by Alexander the Great, who employed his to draw the portrait of a favourite mistress, named Campass, when finding that the painter was deeply enamoured of he beauty, he generously resigned her to him. His most celebrate picture was a Venus rising from the waves, on which the solutioning lines were written by Ovid.

Si Venerem Coös nunquam pinxisset Apelles, Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.

Apelles' pencil heavenly Venus drew,
Or still the waves had veil'd her charms from view.

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While writers tell, and readers learn their praise. 10

Our age may boast with these an equal band In painting's school to lift the forming hand.

Ver. 5. Zeuxis and Polygnotus:—] Zeuxis was a native of Heraclea in Macedonia, and lived 400 years before the birth of Christ, being contemporary with Timanthes and Parrhasius. He painted the samous picture of Helen, for which he is said to have elected the finest parts from sive of the most beautiful virgins ent to him for that purpose. An incredible story is related of his leath, that having drawn the picture of an old woman with expuisite humour, he fell into such a fit of laughter at the contemplation of his own work, that he expired.

Polygnotus was a painter of Athens after Zeuxis. He was he first who revived the dignity of painting in Greece, which ad fallen into disrepute.

Ver. 13. Leonardo! Gian' Bellino—] Leonardo da Vinci vas of a noble family in Tuscany, and a man of universal knowedge. He painted at Florence, Rome, and Milan. He drew picture of the last supper, but did not finish the head of Christ, because he could not find an image answerable to his idea before he was obliged to leave Milan. He did the same by Judas; but the prior of the convent being impatient to see the piece sinished, bressed him so earnestly, and probably indecently, that he drew the head of the importunate friar upon the shoulders of Judas. He was greatly esteemed by Francis I. and died in the arms of that monarch, who came to visit him in his last sickness.

Giovanni Bellino laid the foundation of the Venetian school by the use of oil: he died in the year 1512, aged ninety years.

6

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII,

Lo! Leonardo! Gian' Bellino view; Two Doffi, and Mantegna reach'd by few: With these, an Angel, Michael styl'd Divine, In whom the sculptor and the painter join: Bastiano, Titian, Raphael, three that grace Cadora, Venice, and Urbino's race:

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Ver. 14. Two Doff, _] The two Dossi were of Ferrara, and were much employed by Alphonso duke of Ferrara. The elder growing old had a pension for his subsistence, and his younger brother, whose name was Baptista, surviving him, painted many excellent pieces after the death of his brother.

Mantegna was born in a village near Padua, and in his youth kept sheep; but his genius discovering itself very early, he was put to a painter, who adopted him for his fon. He painted for the duke of Mantua, and executed that fine piece of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, in nine parts, in the royal palace of Hampton Court. He died at Mantua in the year 1517, aged 66.

Ver. 15. -- an Angel, Michael -- Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in the year 1474, at Arezzo in Tuscany. This feems rather a play upon his name of Angelo (Angel). not only a great painter, but an excellent architect and flatuary, particularly the latter. He painted his great picture of the last Judgment at the command of Pope Paul III. He was beloved by all the fovereign princes of his time, and died at Rome in the year 1564, at 90 years old.

Ver. 17. Bastiano, Titian, Raphael-] Bastiano del Piombo took his name from an office given him by Pope Clement in the lead mines. He was born at Venice, and first studied under Gian' Bellino, and after Raphael's death became the chief

Each genius that can past events recal
In living figures on the storied wall:
But none have yet appear'd, whose wondrous art
Could suture deeds by pencill'd forms impart:

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chief painter in Rome, Julio Romano only disputing the prize with him. It is rather singular that Julio Romano has not a place here in Ariosto's list. Bastiano died in 1547, aged 62 years.

Titiano Vecelli was born at Cadora, a province in the state of Venice, in the year 1477. He was of noble extraction, being descended from the ancient family of the Vecelli: He hew the portrait of the emperor Charles V. three times, and hat monarch used to say on the occasion, that he had been hrice made immortal by the hands of Titian. He was univerally esteemed, full of years, honours, and wealth, and died at last of the plague, aged ninety-nine years.

Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino in the year 1483, was one of the handsomest and best tempered men living. He is acknowledged to have been the prince of modern painters, and is often styled the divine Raphael, for the inimitable graces of his bencil. He was beloved in the highest degree by Pope Julius II. and Leo X.; he was admired and courted by all the princes and states in Europe, and particularly by our Henry VIII. who would have brought him over to England. He lived in the greatest splendor, but his passion for the fair sex destroyed him in the slower of his age; for being taken with a burning sever, and having concealed from his physicians the true cause of his distemper, he was improperly dealt with, and died in the year 1520, on the same day that he was born, in the thirty-Vol. IV.

130 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII.

Yet have we known some favour'd men adorn
A mystic painting ere the men were born:
But such effect, exceeding human power,
Is only work'd by help of magic lore.
The hall I late describ'd had Merlin wrought
In one short night, by subtle demons brought
From shades infernal, by his book compell'd,
His book all potent! whether sacred held

feventh year of his age. Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, in which are these lines, which Mr. Pope has translated, and with the most injudicious flattery applied to his friend Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hic est ille Raphaël, timuit quo sospite vinci Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Living great Nature fear'd he might outvie Her works, and dying fears herself may die.

Pope's Epitaph on Sir G. Kneller.

Ariosto was himself contemporary with all the modern artists here mentioned: he knew Titian well, who drew his picture. The author of the Essay on Pope, in an anecdote taken from Richardson, mentions, that Raphael with great modesty consulted his friend Ariosto, who was an excellent scholar, on the characters, lives, and countries of the persons whom he was to introduce in the picture of Theology. All that Raphael is ever known to have written, is four letters, and a sonnet addressed to Ariosto.

Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 462.

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To black Avernus, or the shades that hide Nursinia's caves, or drear Cocytus' tide.

But turn we now to where the noble band
To view the pictur'd tales impatient stand,
While torches, rear'd in many a hand, display
Their mingled rays and emulate the day.
Then thus the castle's lord—The wars that rise
In yonder forms to meet your wondering eyes,
Are yet unfought—the sage's two-fold art
Reveals the painter's and the prophet's part.
There, in Italian plains our troops are view'd,
By turns subduing and by turns subdu'd.
Whatever good or evil chance attend
The powers that France beyond the Alps shall send,

Ver. 31. - the shades that hide

Nursinia's caves,—] The poet here alludes to those abulous and imaginary caves or grottos said to be in the mounains of Norcia, and to have been inhabited by the Sybils, of which many sictions are related. Petrarch tells us, that in hese mountains is an opening that leads to the grotto of the Cumæan Sybil, where she resided with many of her virgins, ill of whom every Friday assumed the form of serpents; that whoever entered the cave should not return till a year, a month, and a day were expired; and that if he should, through forestfulness, not depart at the end of that time, he would remain here for ever.

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132 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII,

n this apartment Merlin bids appear,

Before th' events by many a hundred year.

Dispatch'd from Britain's king the prophet came

To Gallia's king, who held his regal claim

From Marcomir—then hear with what intent

This hall he fram'd, and why from Arthur sent. 50

King Pharamond, who with his numerous host
Has first from France maintain'd his daring post
Beside the Rhine, now meditates to check
Beneath his yoke Italia's haughty neck:
Nor arduous seem'd the task, when day by day
Beheld the Roman empire's power decay.
With British Arthur hence he wills to make
A solemn league the war in hand to take.
Arthur, who ne'er without the council sage
Of prophet Merlin would in arms engage,
(That Merlin, from a demon sprung, whose view
Could trace events, and all the suture knew)

Ver. 49. —Marcomir—] The name of a king, faid to have reigned in France before Pharamond.

Ver. 51.—Pharamond—] Pharamond, king of France, reported to be the first who established the Salic law: he lived about the year 418; he has been always held up as a great prince, but his history is much involved in fable.

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11,	B.XXXIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 1	33
45	From him had learnt, and Pharamond he shows To what he rashly must his troops expose,	Fit
	Should he, ill-fated, on those lands descend	65
	Which Alps, and feas, and Apennines defend.	F
	Him Merlin tells that scarce in future days,	Be
50	A king that o'er the Franks his sceptre sways,	H
	But fees in Italy his martial train	150
	By raging pestilence and famine slain:	70
	Short is their time to joy, and long to mourn;	1584
	With little gain, with mighty loss, they turn	A
55	From fruitful fields, where not a venturous hand	
	Shall plant the lily in forbidden land.	6
	See! Pharamond on him so far depend,	75
	He feeks on other foes his arms to bend;	
	When Merlin at his will (fo goes the fame)	7073
60	Employ'd his fiends this magic hall to frame,	32/0
w	That every eye might pictur'd here behold	
	The future actions of the Franks foretold;	80
	And each descendant of the nation know	
o have	That while their powers against a barbarous foe	
	With focial aid defend th' Italian state,	
ce, re	Conquest and honoise shall their arms armit	lasi:
grea	네트를 하면 어느로 사용하면 함께 가는 사람들이 되었다면 사람들이 되었다. 그는 사람들이 아무리를 하는 것이 그렇게 되었다면 하는데 그렇게 되었다면 하는데 되었다면 하는데 하다.	85
6.1	To make fair Italy their yoke obey,	
From	Such rash design must seal their certain doom,	
	And build beyond those hills their fatal tomb.	20
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134 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII.

So spoke the host; directing as he stood

Each dame's attention: Sigisbert he show'd,

Who tempted by Mauritius' wealthy stores,

From Jove's steep mount his numerous army pours,

Behold on Sambro and Ticino's plain

He spreads his troops, whose inroad to sustain

See Eutar comes, and with resistless force

Mand dreadful slaughter stops their daring course.

See mighty Clovis from the heights descend,

A hundred thousand on his march attend.

Ver. 90. — Sigifbert he show'd,] Mauritius, emperor of Constantinople and successor to Tiberius, being desirous to drive the Lombards out of Italy, incited Sigisbert, with large offers, to undertake the expedition. Sigisbert, with a vast army, passed the mountains, and entered Cisalpine Gaul; but Eutar, king of the Lombards, seigning a retreat, attacked him unawares, and cut all his army to pieces. Eugenico.

Ver. 92. Jove's steep mount—] A mountain of the Alps, one of the passes into Italy.

Ver. 97. See mighty Clovis—] Clovis V. king of France marched with a great army into Italy against the Lombards, and thought, by taking advantage of the civil discords that had sprung up amongst them, to obtain an easy conquest. Grimaoldo, duke of Bonivento, having sew forces to oppose him, seigned at first an intention of attacking him, and then, retreating, lest his camp sull of provisions and wine. The Franks entering the camp, the soldiers gave themselves to excess till they grew intoxicated; and Grimaoldo coming upon them in the night, when they were assepp, killed every man. PORCACCHI.

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See Bonivento's gallant duke oppose, With strength unequal, such a host of foes. 100 Behold he feigns a passage free to leave; His well-laid snares the hostile train deceive; Who, lur'd by wines of Lombardy, remain Like infects caught, with fearful havock slain. See Childibert has fent a numerous band 105 Of Franks and captains to Italia's land: But he, alike with Clovis, ne'er shall view His arms the power of Lombardy fubdue; Nor spoils nor palms are his-th' avenging sword Of Heaven descending has his battle gor'd. The dead are heap'd; his men the climate burns, The flux destroys-nor one of ten returns.

Of Pepin now, and now of Charles he speaks, And shows where each th' Italian border seeks,

And

Ver. 105. See Childibert—] Childibert, uncle of Clovis, defirous of revenging the death of his nephew, sent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, against Grimaoldo: one general dying, his army joined the other two; but a dreadful distemper breaking out amongst them, and they being disappointed of the succours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home.

Porcacchi.

Ver. 113. Of Pepin now,—] Stephano the Second being raised to the papal chair, Astolpho king of Lombardy disturbed K 4

136 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXIII.

And where on each a like success attends,

Since this, nor that, the realm he seeks offends.

This, from oppression Stephano reprieves,

That, Adrian first and Leo next relieves:

Astolpho one; and one subdues his heir *,

And to its rights restores the Papal Chair.

A youthful Pepin there his legions pours

That from Fornaci reach to Judah's shores,

* DESIDERIUS.

the tranquillity of the church: the pope, endeavouring vainly to conciliate him with gifts, had recourse to Pepin king of France for affistance, who passed into Italy, and compelled Alphonso to sue for peace. Pepin having left Italy, Alphonso recommenced hostilities against the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To pope Adrian succeeded Leo III. who being ill treated by Pascal and Campolo, a priest and officer of the church, in the middle of divine service, and being threatened with imprisonment, sled to Charlemain, who sent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himself, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans. Eugenico.

Ver. 121. A youthful Pepin—] Pepin, son of Charles the Great, went against the Venetians, and having taken many islands, he caused a bridge to be built, that his soldiers, little used to naval fights, might find less risk. But while the Venetians desended themselves, there arose so fierce a storm, that the bridge was demolished, the soldiers were buried under the ruins, and the king was forced to abandon his enterprize. PORCACCHI.

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See, near Rialto, structur'd by his hands,
The towering bridge of Malamocoa stands:
Here burns the fight, and hence he seems to fly; 125
He leaves his men beneath the waves to die;
While broke by tides, and by strong winds o'erthrown,

The huge pile falls, a mass of useless stone.

Behold Burgundian Lewis vanquish'd swear

No more in Italy the sword to bear; 130

Behold him soon his plighted faith forego,

And once again a captive to the soe.

Behold where, mole-like, quench'd his visual ray,

Him o'er the Alps his mourning friends convey.

See Arli's Hugo chace with conquering bands 135

The Berengarii from Italian lands:

Thefe

Ver. 129. Behold Burgundian Lewis—] Lewis, king of Burgundia, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the emperor Berengarius I. and made prisoner, but set at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hostilities, and being again taken prisoner by Berengarius II. was, as a punishment for his breach of faith, deprived of his sight, and in this condition he returned home.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 135. See Arli's Hugo—] Hugo, count of Arli, called in by the Italians to their affiftance against the Berengarii: he succeeded

138 ORLANDO FURIOSO, B. XXXIII.

These once or twice he routs; while these the Huns By turns assist, by turns Bavaria's sons;
Till forc'd by stronger power he ends the strife,
On terms impos'd, and soon concludes his life: 140
Not long his successor alive remains,
When Berengarius o'er the kingdom reigns.
See Italy another Charles invade
To give the holy pastor needful aid:

fucceeded greatly at first, but being afterwards overpowered, was constrained to ask for peace, and retired to Arli, leaving his son Lothario behind him, who soon after died.

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Ver 143. See Italy another Charles invade | Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis king of France, against Manfred, an enemy to the church, who had usurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving, overthrew Manfred at Benovento, flew him, and took poffession of Sicily. Corradino, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of fuccession, brought a force from Germany, engaged Charles, but was defeated, made prisoner, and at last beheaded. reigning in Sicily, the Franks began to exercise great tyranny over the Sicilians; and, among other enormities, committed violence on their wives. Hence a plot was concerted all over the island, that as foon as the vesper bell rung, the Sicilians ready armed should fally forth from their houses, and fall upon the Franks: this was put in execution, and eight thousand Franks were flain, to revenge the dishonour offered to the Sicilians in the persons of their wives, PORCACCHI.

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Two kings by him in two fierce battles flain, Manfred and Corradino, press the plain! But foon his people, fwoln with great fuccefs, With wrong on wrong the conquer'd realm oppress. See! through the crowded street while vespers call To hallow'd rites, in murder'd heaps they fall! 150 The hoft then show'd (when many a rolling year Should whirl the planets in their changing fphere) A Gallic leader from the hill descend, And on Visconti's earls the combat bend. See! Alexandria by the threaten'd force 155 Of France begirt with mingled foot and horse: Within the walls the duke has fix'd the guard, Without, an ambush for the foe prepar'd, See by his toils the heedless Franks enfnar'd. Lo, Armoniaco their luckless head; 160 See, some to Alexandria captive led,

Ver. 151. The host then show'd—] The count of Armagnac, a Frank, came with twenty thousand soldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bolognese, against Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garrison in Alexandria, with the rest of his forces attacked the enemy, at the same time that they were attacked by those from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces; the count dying soon after prisoner of his wounds. PORCACCHI.

While

140 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIII.

While the warm deluge doubling either flood,
The Po and Tanacro run purple blood.
One call'd of Marca, then in turn he shew'd
Three Anjoinini nam'd—and thus pursu'd.
Behold how oft have these with numerous bands
Disturb'd the Brucian and the Dacian lands;
The Marsians vex'd, and Salentinian train:
Yet vain the force of France, and all as vain
The Latian succours, there to give a place
To one small remnant of the Gallic race.
Oft as the Frank his force for battle shows,
Alphonso and Ferrantes shall oppose,
And to their native lands expel the foes.

Ver. 164. One call'd of Marca,—] Joan queen of Naples took for her husband, James count of Marca, who descended from the kings of France, on condition that he should be contented with the title of prince of Taranto, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom; and that the administration of public affairs should remain with her. But he attempting to seize the whole government, and calling himself king, she, with the affistance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rinieri, and John of Anjou, afferting their pretensions to the crown, were severally deseated by Alphonso and Ferrando: these the poet calls the Anjoinini. PORCACCHI.

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See Charles the Eighth, who from the Alps descends, While all the flower of France his march attends. 176 He passes Liri; not a sword he draws, Or rests a spear, yet to his sovereign laws

The realm submissive yields, save where oppress'd Beneath the rock Typhœus heaves his breast. 180 Here, not unquestion'd, conquering Charles arrives, Against him Inico del Vasto strives,

In whom the race of Avolo survives.

The castle's lord directing thus the view

Of Bradamant to forms which Merlin drew,

And pointing Ischia to her sight, he said:

Ere more from chief to chief your eyes are led,

Ver. 175. See Charles the Eighth,—] Charles VIII. king of France, affifted by Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonso of Arragon king of Naples, came with all the French nobility, and a vast army, into Italy. Alphonso, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his son Ferrando, and retired with his treasures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head against the Franks, was soon divested of all his fortresses and places except the isle of Ischia, gallantly desended by Inico del Vasto. At length all the princes of Italy, alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league against him. The Neapolitans detessing the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, affisted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom.

Porcacchi.

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Hear what to me reveal'd in times of old, While yet a child my aged grandfire told, Truths which to him his father oft made known, 190 Through fons fucceeding fons deliver'd down From Merlin's felf, whose wondrous art display'd Yon storied deeds in various tints pourtray'd; Who when he show'd you castle on the rock To Pharamond, he thus the king befpoke. From him whose gallant arms you height defend, A chief, his country's glory, shall descend: Less graceful Nereus, less in battle nam'd Achilles, less for art Ulysses fam'd; Less swift was Ladas; less in council sage 200 Neftor, who taught fo long a wondering age. Nor yet so merciful or liberal found Was ancient Cæfar through the earth renown'd. The gifts of these in nothing can compare With him who draws in Ischia vital air: 205

. Ver. 197. A chief, his country's glory, -] Alphonso del Vasto, mentioned Book xv.

Ver. 198. — Nereus, —] A Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his person by Homer.

Ver. 200. — Ladas; —] The name of a messenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his swiftness, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus.

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If Crete can vaunt (all other isles above)
Her soil the birth-place of supernal Jove;
If Thebes may Hercules and Bacchus boast,
And the twin-offspring glad the Delian coast,
Lo! to this isle you marquis' birth is given,
210
With every grace endow'd from favouring Heaven:
This hero will be known (thus Merlin said,
His words repeating oft) when most his aid
The Roman empire shall, oppress'd, demand,
And challenge freedom from his saving hand."
215
But wherefore should I now the deeds foretel,
On which sar better here your sight may dwell?

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Thus speaks the host, and each attention calls
Where Charles' high actions grace the storied walls.
See Lewis now (he cries) whose calmer thought 220
Repents that Charles he to Italia brought;
He brought him there to gall a rival foe,
But not to work his total overthrow.
Behold him now a league with Venice make
Against the king, and now prepare to take
225
The monarch captive, who with dauntless mind
Impels his spear, and scapes the fate design'd.
Far other chance his hapless powers sustain,
That to desend the conquer'd realm remain.

Ferrantes

Ferrantes now returns with mighty aids From Mantua's lord, and there the foe invades; But, lo! by fraud one hapless leader lost, With deep regret the victor's joy has crost.

So fpoke the hoft; and fpeaking thus, where flood Alphonfo, marquis of Pescara, show'd: This chief, whose acts in many a dreadful fight Shall shine resplendent as Pyropus' light, Behold o'ertaken in the double fnares The treacherous Ethiopian's guile prepares; Behold where fudden slain on earth he lies, 240 In whom the age's greatest champion dies. See! the twelfth Lewis from the hills descend, And with Italian fcouts his army bend

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Ver. 235. Alphonso, marquis of Pescara, -] After the departure of Charles VIII. king Ferrando was received into Naples, and only one castle held out for the Franks; when a Moorish flave devised a scheme to introduce the Arragonese into the church of St. Cruz. The treacherous Moor calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, shot him with an arrow PORCACCHI. in the throat.

Ver. 242. See! the twelfth Lewis-] Lewis the XIIth king of France, successor to Charles VIII. and a constant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had refolved to take from him the government, for which intent he made a league with pope Alexander VI. with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He drove Ludovico from his government, who fled

In fruitful fields where rul'd Visconti's race. 245
Thence o'er Garagliano's stream, intent
To frame a passage, he his people sent,
(As Charles had done)—them soon the soe annoys,
The slood o'erwhelms them, and the sword destroys:
Not less of slaughter Puglia's battle stains, 250
When Gallia's troops for sake the dreadful plains.
Ferrantes there, the chief of Spanish blood
(Consalvo nam'd) has twice their force subdu'd:
While Fortune Lewis here with frowns pursues,
In that rich country him with smiles she views, 255
Where fair between the Alps and Apennines,
To Adriatic seas the Po declines.

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Thus he; then points a traitor forth, who fold.

The castle given him by his lord to hold:

The fraudful Swiss he shows, who prisoner makes

The man that him for his defender takes.

261

Thefe

fled to the emperor in Germany, having left the defence of his castle of Milan to Bernardin di Coste, who betrayed it into the hands of the Turks. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 244. T uproot the mulberry,—] Under the symbol of a nulberry-tree, the poet figures Ludovico Sforza, who was call-dil Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkness of his complexion. ZATTA.

Ver. 266. The fraudful Swiss-] The Switzers, being cor-Vol. IV. L rupted

These deeds, without a single sword or lance,
Have giv'n the conquest to the powers of France.
In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows,
Who greater, by his monarch's favour, grows; 265
Each lord of Rome, each baron of renown,
Rais'd by his smile, or exil'd by his frown.
He tells the king, who from Bologna fair
Removes the saw, and plants the acorns there;
Who next the rebel Genoese pursues,
270
And their strong city to his rule subdues.

Behold

rupted by the bribes of the Franks, betrayed him to them: Ludovico was carried into France, where he remained five years in prison, and then died. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 264. In Italy he Cafar Borgia shows, Cafar Borgia, fon of Pope Alexander VI. by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 269. Removes the faw and plants the acorns there:] By the faw, he means the Bentivogli, their arms being a faw; and by the acorns, Pope Julius II.; for the pope, by the aid of the Franks, drove the Bentivogli from Bologna.

PORCACCHI.

Ver. 270. — the rebel Genoese—] The Genoese having, in opposition to the nobles, created Paulo de Nove doge, a man taken from the drogs of the people, and afferted at the

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Behold (he cries) what ghastly piles of slain
Are stretch'd on Ghiradada's fatal plain!
Each city to the king her gate unfolds,
And Venice scarce against his prowes holds. 275
Ill brooks the pontiff his increasing power:
For passing now Romania's confines o'er,
Modena from Ferrara's duke he takes,
And every old possession doubtful makes.
Behold the army of the Franks have won 280
And given to sack and pillage Brescia's town:
Lo! where their aid they to Felsina yield,
And rout the Church's forces in the field.
Here France and Spain oppos'd, at once unite
Their closing ranks and dreadful glows the fight; 285

ame time that Genoa was not subject to any prince, thereby penly declaring themselves rebels to the king of France, Lewis narched against them with a powerful army, and the city surrendered to him at discretion. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 273.—Ghiradada's fatal plain!] The Venetians fent a numerous army under the Count di Pigliano and Bartolomeo Alviano; they engaged the army of the French at Ghiradada, hough contrary to the opinion of Pigliano the Venetian general. After an obstinate battle the Venetians were defeated with great os; the gates of Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona, were thrown open to Lewis; many other places surrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itself. Porcacchi.

The

The crimfon dykes with human blood o'erflow, Mars doubtful stands where conquest to bestow. At length Alphonso's virtue wins the day, France keeps the field, and conquer'd Spain give

Ravenna's fack succeeds; the pope with grief 290 Such ruin views, and to the land's relief He bids the Belgians from the neighbouring steep Against the Franks like driving tempests sweep; Till each, before the furious onset fled, Behind the Alps conceals his shameful head; While once again Italian standards rife, And once again the golden lily flies. Behold the Franks return—behold once more Faithless Helvetius breaks their scatter'd power: With him (unlook'd for aid) you youth behold, 300 Whose fire he captive made, whose fire he fold.

Behold

Ver. 288. - Alphonfo's virtue-] Alphonfo duke of Ferran Ver. 298. Behold the Franks return-] King Lewis, ext perated at being driven out of Italy, made a peace and leagu with the Venetians, and fent a fresh army against Man milian Sforza. Maximilian, affifted with the pope's money called in the Switzers to his fide, not without risk (as the poet observes) considering the fate of his father; however joined with these, he attacked and entirely deseated the Frend

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Another king succeeding, bend their care

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T' avenge the shame inflicted by Navarre: 305
With better omens to the fight they turn:

King Francis see with generous ardor burn;

He breaks the Switzers pride, whose barbarous host Had swell'd their titles with presuming boast;

And stil'd themselves by Heaven's high will prepar'd.

The scourge of princes and the church's guard. 311

Spite of the league, he makes proud Milan bend,

And there in young Sforzesco finds a friend.

See! Bourbon, when the Belgian troops advance,

Defends the city for the king of France.

375
Behold where now, on other thoughts intent,

King Francis ponders many a great event,

His people's cruelty and pride unknown,

That loft him foon fair Milan's conquer'd town.

rmy; for which victory the pope bestowed on the Switzers the tle of Desenders of the Holy Church. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 314. See! Bourbon,—] Ferrando, king of Spain, being dead, the emperor Maximilian invaded Lombardy with fourten thousand Switzers and seven thousand Belgians, with an intion of laying siege to Milan, defended by Trivulzio and Charles of Bourbon. Eugenico.

L 3

Another

Another Francis fee, alike in name And virtue to his great forefather's fame. The Franks expell'd, he wins his native foil, And holy church rewards his pious toil. France turns again, but on Ticino's shores Brave Mantua's duke repels th' advancing powers! And Frederic, ere his cheek unfledg'd displays 3th The bloom of manhood, merits lafting praise: He with his fword and lance, with every art Of war, that makes the foldier's nobleft part, Can Pavia's walls defend from Gallic rage, And Leo's fury on the feas engage. Then two, that bear the rank of marquis, stand, Our dread, and glory of th' Italian land. Both from one blood, both own one natal earth: The first from that Alphonso drew his birth; The marquis taken in the negro's toil, Whose blood thou see'st distain the mourning soil.

Ver. 320. Another Francis see,—] The emperor Charles V. made a league with pope Leo, in order to drive the French of Milan, and restore Francisco Sforza, nephew of the first Francis, and son of Ludovico il Moro. The French were become odious to the Milanese, from the pride of Lautrèc and is brother. Sforza at length engaging Lautrèc, put him to shight, and entering the city by night, was made duke.

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Behold how by his prudent counsels given, From Italy th' invading Franks are driven. The fecond chief, whose noble mien declares His noble foul, the rule o'er Vasto bears. Alphonso nam'd-lo! this the gallant knight, Whose form so late I pointed to your fight In Ischia's ifle, of whom the fage of old To royal Pharamond fo much foretold; Whose birth high Heaven to distant time delay'd, When harrafs'd Italy requires his aid; What time the holy church and empire most Such valour claim against a barbarous host; He with his kinfman of Pescara stands; And Prospero Colonna near commands. Through him th' Helvetian makes his fwift return, Through him the Franks their former triumphs mourn. of week a south works supported of

Behold again her armies France address
With better hope to heal her ill success.

Ver. 354. Behold again her armies—] King Francis refolving to recover the Duchy of Milan, passed into Lombardy with a great army, when all submitted to him except Padua; but being attacked in the night by the Marquisses of Pescara and Vasto, he was vanquished and made prisoner, though afterwards set at liberty upon giving up his sons for hostages.

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One camp the king in Lombardy extends; And one, prepar'd for Naples' fiege, he fends: But she * (by whom the hopes of human kind Are toft like chaff, that flits before the wind; Like grains of fand, that whirling round and round, The tempest lifts, or scatters o'er the ground) 361 His every purpose foils—while at his call He deems that thousands wait near Pavia's wall, The monarch little heeds the war's array, Nor marks how ranks increase, or ranks decay; 365 By felfish counsellors himself deceiv'd The simple dictates of his heart believ'd: Hence, when at night the camp was rous'd to arms, The bands but thinly answer'd to th' alarms; The wary Spaniards in their works they view, 370 In dread affault, who bring the generous two Of Avolo's high blood, with them to dare The fiercest terrors of invasive war. Behold the noblest of the race of France Stretch'd on the plain-behold how many a lance, How many a fword, the dauntless king defies; 376 Behold beneath him flain his courfer lies! On foot he combats, bath'd in hostile blood: But virtue, that superior force has stood,

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At length to numbers yields-behold him made 380 A prisoner now, and now to Spain convey'd. Pefcara thus the honours shall divide With him that ever battles at his fide: With Vafto's lord fuch wreaths Pescara gains, A host defeated and a king in chains. 385 One camp at Pavia broken; one whose course Is bent for Pavia, dwindles in its force; Cut from supplies, it halts in middle way, Like dying flames when oil and wax decay. Lo! where the king in Spanish prison leaves 390 His fons, while him once more his land receives; And while in Italy the war he bears, On his own realm another war prepares. What devastation and what slaughter, spread On every fide, have Rome's distraction bred ! 395 All laws are trampled, human and divine, Virgins are forc'd, and burnt the facred shrine! The camp beholds the league in ruin fall, Each tumult hears, yet, deaf to honour's call, Shrinks from the field, and leaves to hoftile hands Great Peter's successor in shameful bands. 401

Ver. 394. What devastation—] In this passage the poet describes the miserable sack of Rome, and the taking of the chief pontiff Clement VII. by the Belgian soldiers under the command of Bourbon. PORCACCHI.

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The king has, by Lotrecco led, combin'd

His force, no more on Lombardy design'd;

But from profane and impious power to free

The head and members of the holy see.

He finds the pontiff freed, besieg'd the town

Where lies the Syren, and the realm o'erthrown.

Behold th' imperial ships the harbour leave,

Their succour for the town besieg'd to give:

Behold where Dorea sails their force to meet,

Who sinks and burns and breaks their scatter'd sleet.

See Fortune shifts at length her changeful face,

Till now so friendly to the Gallic race;

For slain by severs, not by sword or lance,

Of thousands scarce a man revisits France.

415

Such were the storied deeds that brightly glow'd

Such were the storied deeds that brightly glow'd In magic tints by Merlin's art bestow'd:

Here long to tell—each guest with new delight

Return'd to gaze, unsated with the sight,

Ver. 407. Where the Syren,—] By this city he means Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from a name of one of the Syrens, faid to have been buried there. PORCACCHI.

Ver. 410. Behold where Dorea—] He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d'Orso between the Imperialist and the French while Naples was besieged, when the French sleet was commanded by Count Philip Dorea, who held the place of Andrew Dorea, of whom so much is faid in the xvil Book. PORCACCHI.

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B. XXXIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 155 And oft beneath they read each subject told 420 In characters of fair-recording gold. The beauteous dames and all the focial crew Beguil'd with talk the hours that swifter flew : At length the castle's lord to welcome rest, With honour due, conducted every guest. Now, all the house to balmy sleep resign'd, On her foft couch the martial fair reclin'd, Oft chang'd from right to left her weary fide, But still in vain to foothe her cares the try'd: Till near the dawn the clos'd awhile her eyes, 430 When to her fight Rogero feem'd to rife, And thus to speak-Ah! wherefore now complain Of lying tales, and wafte thy youth in vain? First shalt thou see the rivers backward flow, Ere for another I thy love forego. 435 When thee I fcorn-no longer I delight In vital air, or cheering rays of fight! Then thus he feem'd to fay-Behold me here T' embrace that faith which Christian knights revere. My promife kept-chide not my long delay; 440 Far other wounds than love have caus'd my flay. At this her flumber fled, and will it flew Her dear Rogero from her longing view:

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The damfel then her heavy grief renew'd, And thus in fecret her complaint purfu'd. What gives me joy, to lying dreams I owe; What gives me pain, from waking truths I know. As shadows vain my fleeting blis removes; But, ah! my constant woe no shadow proves. Why flies, alas! from waking eye or ear, 450 What late I feem'd to fee, what late to hear? What are ye, wretched eyes! that clos'd can show Each wish'd-for joy, and open but to woe? Sleep foothes with hope of peace my future life, But when I wake, I wake to pain and strife. 455 Sweet fleep, alas! fuch fancied peace can make, But foon to truth and wretchedness I wake. If forrow fprings from truth, from falsehood joy, O ne'er may truth these eyes, these ears employ! To pleasure since I sleep, and wake to pain, O! let me sleep, and never wake again. Thrice happy you, among the bestial kind,

Ver. 452. What are ye, wretched eyes! —] This speech of Bradamant abounds with those puerile conceits, in which the writers of that age, and particularly the Italians, so much delighted. In this respect even Tasso, in other parts so truly classical, is equally faulty with Ariosto: we see nothing of this kind in Homer or Virgil.

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Does fuch a state as mine death's image give?

I wake, alas! to die, but sleep to live.

465

If death indeed resembles such repose,

Come, welcome Death, these eyes for ever close!

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Now in the east the fun his beams had shed, And ting'd the vapoury clouds with blushing red, Bright and more bright effus'd the golden ray, 470 And gave the promise of a fairer day; When, starting from her short and troubled rest, Soon Bradamant her limbs in armour dress'd; And grateful thanks return'd the courteous lord For every honour at his bed and board. Already now th' ambassadress she found, Who with her fquires and dames attending round, Had left the lodge, and iffu'd at the gate, Where stood the three her coming thence to wait, Where till the morn their irksome hours they pass'd, Their loose teeth chattering to the chilly blast; 481 Drench'd in the rain, and every need deny'd, No food to knight; nor food to steed supply'd, Battering the flimy foil-but o'er the rest This dire reflection pain'd each wretched breast, 485 That she the witness of their luckless chance Would bear the fatal tidings back from France;

And

And to their queen ador'd the story tell,

How, the first spear they met at tilt, they fell.

They now resolv'd to die or heal their shame,

490

That so Ulania (such the virgin's name

Till now untold) might banish from her thought

What ill effect their late deseat had wrought.

When iffuing from the castle they descry'd

Brave Amon's daughter, each again desy'd

The generous dame, nor deem'd a maid to find

Where every act proclaim'd a manly kind.

Of stay impatient, Bradamant resus'd

T' accept their joust, but every art they us'd

To fire her ardor, till the martial fair

No longer could unblam'd the course forbear.

Her spear she levels, with three strokes she sends

The three to earth; and thus the contest ends.

No more she turn'd, but eager to pursue

Her purpos'd journey, vanish'd from their view. 505

The hapless three who came so far to gain
The golden shield, rose slowly from the plain,
While lost in shame, and speechless with surprise,
Each from Ulania turn'd his downcast eyes.
How oft with her, as from Islanda's coast
510
They voyag'd, each had made his haughty boast,

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That not a knight or Paladin should stand The least of these in battle hand to hand. And now the virgin, further to deprefs Their courage, baffled by their ill success, And quench their pride, declar'd that not the force Of knight or Paladin had won the course; But that a female arm (in fight renown'd) Had hurl'd each mighty champion to the ground. What think ye, fince a virgin could fuffice 120 T' unhorse three knights like you (Ulania cries) Must great Orlando or Rinaldo prove, So justly held all martial names above? Did one of these possess the golden shield, Say, would ye better then maintain the field, 525 Than with a woman here-but well I guess That each will now th' ungrateful truth confess. Then cease—nor further seek t' essay your might, For he, who rashly dares through France invite A fecond proof, may rush on greater harms To blot with new difgrace his boafted arms: Unless perchance he blest that fate may call, Which gives him by fuch valorous hands to fall. When thus Ulania show'd a woman's power

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That

When thus Ulania show'd a woman's power
Had stain'd their glory, never stain'd before; 535
When

When many a squire, and many a damsel near, Confirm'd a truth each warrior blush'd to hear; Such shame, such anguish, every knight impress'd, As urg'd at first against its master's breast To turn the steel-and now with frantic haste Each from his limbs the plate and mail unbrac'd; Each from his fide ungirt the falchion drew, And in the castle's moat the weapon threw; And vow'd one year, despoil'd of arms, to lead A life of penance for the shameful deed; 545 From place to place forlorn on foot to stray Through rocky paths, rough hills, or thorny way; Nor when the year should run its circling race, To mount the courser, or the cuirass lace, Unless his valour first should win by force 550 The shining armour and the warrior-horse. And hence on foot at fair Ulania's fide They wait, to punish their o'erweening pride: The rest in meet array and glittering splendor ride. Now Bradamant to Paris urg'd her way, 555

Ver. 554. — and glittering splendor ride.] Ulania appears again, Book xxxvii. ver. 185. and these three kings are mentioned in the same book.

And reach'd a castle at declining day,

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Where first the news she heard that Afric's bands
Were quell'd by Charles, and her brave brother's hands.
Here treatment fair she met at bed and board,
But this to her can little ease afford;
Lost is her appetite for food and rest,
And gentle peace is banish'd from her breast.

Yet let me not so far her tale pursue

As not again those noble knights * to view,

Who each, by compact meeting, fast beside

A lonely sount his beast securely ty'd.

Their battle, which the muse prepares to tell,

Was not in wealth or empire to excel,

But to decide who victor from the plain

Should Durindana and Bayardo gain.

570

Without a trumpet's breath to give the fign,
Or herald's voice to bid the champions join;
Without a mafter to direct, or raife
In either's breaft the thirst of noble praise;
At once, as by accord, their swords they drew,
And each on each with generous ardor slew.

* RINALDO and GRADASSO.

Ver. 563. Yet let me not so far-] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxv. ver. 231.

Ver. 564. — those noble knights—] The last we heard of these two knights was in Book xxxi. the end.

Vol. IV. M Now

Now swift, now heavy fell the founding blows,
Deep and more deep the kindling combat glows.
No swords like these could through the world be
found,

So fram'd at all affays with temper found,
But meeting thus, had shiver'd as they clos'd:
While these, so temper'd, edge to edge oppos'd,
A thousand times in horrid crash could meet,
And still with blade unhurt each stroke repeat.
Now here, now there, his steps Rinaldo ply'd,
And every art of long experience try'd
To shun the blows, as Durindana fell,
Whose all-destroying edge he knew so well:
Or where they reach'd, they reach'd with empty
sound,

Where fierce the stroke, but feeble was the wound.
With greater skill the gallant Christian foe
Has stunn'd the Pagan's arm with many a blow;
Now at his slank, now where the cuirass ends
And helmet joins, the whirling sword he sends;
But finds the plates and rattling mail unbroke,
With adamantine proof resist each stroke
His weapon aim'd; for more than mortal charms
Secur'd the Pagan knight's impassive arms.

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Thus long, with like fuccess, on either side These eager knights the doubtful combat ply'd; 600 Nor fwerv'd a fingle look, while each, intent, His eye upon his rival's features bent: When, lo! a different conflict chanc'd, that turn'd The rage of strife which either bosom burn'd: Rouz'd at a dreadful noise, each turns his eyes, 605 And fore befet the steed Bayardo 'spies. They fee Bayardo with a monster join'd In dangerous fight; he feem'd of feather'd kind. A bird of wondrous fize and dreadful strength, And full three yards his bill's enormous length: 610 His other parts the form obscene display'd Of lonely bats that haunt the gloomy shade. His plumes were inky black, of vast extent; His hooky claws on spoil and ravine bent. His eyes were fire, and cruel was his look, And like two fails his ample wings he shook. Ne'er have I feen, nor heard in times of old

Of such a bird, save this by Turpin told;

- like two fails __] Thus Spenfer, speaking of Ver. 616. dragon's wings, fays:

His flaggy wings when forth he did display, Were like two fails

FAIRY QUEEN, Book i. c. xii. ft. 10.

M 2

And

And hence I deem some fiend might cheat the fight, Some lying demon drawn from deepest night 620 By Malagigi's art, to flay the fight. So deem'd Rinaldo, and with anger mov'd, When next they met, his kinfman he reprov'd; But Malagigi, who the charge deny'd, The deed, imputed to himself, to hide, Swore by that light from which the morning drew Her beams, that hence nor blame nor guilt he knew Yet whether bird or demon-from the skies The monster falls, and on Bayardo flies With sharpen'd claws, but soon with fierce disdain The fiery courser snaps the brittle rein: He fnorts, he foams, he plies his fpurning heels; Again in air the feather'd monster wheels, Retiring swift; again th' affault renews With pungent nails, and circling round pursues 63 The generous steed, who worsted in the fight, Forfakes th' unequal fray and speeds his flight: Swift to the neighbouring wood Bayardo flew, Where thickest trees with tangling branches grew, While with quick fight impelling from above, 64 The winged monster good Bayardo drove

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From shade to shade, till now a gloomy cave
To the tir'd steed a welcome shelter gave.
The track here lost, and bassled of his aim,
The pest ascends to seek a different game.

645

When king Gradasso and Rinaldo view'd
Bayardo's loss, no more their hands pursu'd
A fruitless strife; but either knight agreed
With separate course to seek th' affrighted steed;
When he, whom Fortune savour'd first, should bring
The beast recover'd to the crystal spring;
And there, in single trial man to man,

Conclude the combat they so late began.

The sountain lest, the knights prepar'd to trace

Bayardo's slight, but soon his rapid pace

655

Had lest each knight behind in hopeless chace.

As near Gradasso's side Alfana stood, Her seat he gain'd, and spurring through the wood, Soon lest the Paladin with doubt opprest,

The chance revolving in his careful breast. 660
Bayardo's track full soon Rinaldo lost,

Bayardo, that in devious windings crost
The thorny maze, and sought the thickest shade,
And hollow rocks, and through deep torrents made
His furious way, from that dire siend to sly,
665

Whose griping talons urg'd him from the sky.

M 3 Now

Now here, now there, Rinaldo rov'd in vain, Till to the fountain's fide he turn'd again; There paus'd awhile in hope (as each agreed) To fee Gradasso thither bring the steed : 670 But when all hope was vanish'd from his thought, Alone, on foot, the Christian camp he fought Pensive and fad-But turn we now to tell What better chance the rival knight befel; Whom fortune led with favour'd course so near, 67; Bayardo's neighing reach'd his joyful ear, Till in a cavern deep immers'd from fight, He found him trembling, fearful of the light: He durst not issue forth, but there remain'd Till him the Pagan's eager hand detain'd; 680 Who while he knew his promise given, to lead The courfer back, yet little feems to heed His plighted faith; but to himself he cries, Who covets strife, with strife may win the prize: Why should I risk the chance of arms to gain 685 What fortune bids me now in peace retain? From furthest east I came with great design To make this generous fleed Bayardo mine; And much he errs who thinks I shall forego What chance vouchfafes fo aptly to bestow:

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xxxviii

If e'er Rinaldo would his steed regain,
As I to France, let him with equal pain
To India bend his course; the toil no more
For him to traverse Sericana o'er,
Than twice for me to tread on Gallia's shore. 695

He said; and speaking, by the readiest way
To Arli hasten'd, where his vessels lay;
There swift embark'd, and with him thence convey'd
The far-sam'd steed and death-bestowing blade *.
But cease we here—some other time shall tell 700
What fortune to the Pagan prince besel;
We bid Rinaldo now and France sarewel.

Astolpho's voyage let us next pursue,
Whose steed with rapid eagle-pinions slew.
When now the knight had Gallia's land survey'd 705
Twixt sea and sea, from where far winding stray'd
The silver Rhine, to where the subject plain
Joins high Pyrene's foot, he turns his rein
To where the western mountains sever France
from Spain.

* DURINDANA.

Ver. 700.—fome other time shall tell] He returns to Gradasso, Book xl. ver. 360.

Ver. 702. We bid Rinaldo—] He returns to Rinaldo, Book xxxviii. ver 55. ver. 505.

Ver. 703. Astolpho's voyage—] The last we heard of Astolpho was Book exili. ver. 116. where he lest his horse and arms with Bradamant.

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Thence proud Navarre, and Arragon he views, 710 While every eye amaz'd his flight purfues; Far Teracona to the left remains, Biscaglia to the right; and now he gains Castilia's realm, then Lisbon's towers descries, And next o'er Cordova and Seville flies; 715 Nor leaves a Spanish city to explore That flood remote from fea, or grac'd the shore. Gades he saw, and now the bounds he trac'd Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd. Now from th' Atlantic wave his course he bore 720 By Afric's coast to reach th' Egyptian shore, The Baleares far beneath him lay; Evisa rose conspicuous in his way; Then tow'rds Arzilla, o'er the sea he rides, The sea that from Arzilla Spain divides. 725 Morocco, Fez, Ippona, cities nam'd Among the first; Algiers and Bugia, fam'd For wealth and honours, next his eyes behold, Not crown'd with empty wreaths, but crown'd with gold.

Next Tunis and Biserta's sun-burnt soil
He sees, and Capys, and Alzerbe's isle;
To Tripoly and Tolomita speeds,
Bernisca views, and where old Nilus leads
His sattening streams to water distant meads.

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B. XXXIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 169 Each land he marks from Afric's billowy shore 735 To rugged Atlas crown'd with forests hoar. Then turning from Carena's ridge of hills, Above the Cyrenean spires he wheels: And near the confines of her burning fands He Abbajada sees in Nubian lands: 740 He leaves the tomb of Battus far behind, And Amon's fane, which we no more can find. Another Tremizen he views, whose race Th' unhallow'd faith of Mahomet embrace; Then tow'rds a fecond Ethiopia turns, 745 Beyond where Nilus pours his fruitful urns: His wings he then to Nubia's city plies, That 'twixt Dabada and Coalles lies:

Q

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with

730

Each

With ready arms their country's frontier guard. 750
In Ethiopia king Senapus reigns,
Who, for a sceptre, in his hand sustains

Here Saracens, and Christians there prepar'd,

The

Ver. 738. — Grenean spires—] He means the cities of the Mediterranean in the province of Cyrene.

Ver. 741. —the tomb of Battus—] The city of Cyrene in Asia was built by Battus: Catullus says,

Et Batti veteris facrum fepulchrum.

Ver. 751.—king Senapus reigns,] The relation which the poet makes of the wealth and power of this prince, called by us (as

h

The holy cross; who boasts of wealth and power,
Of towns and subjects to the Red-sea shore.
754
Our faith he keeps, that faith whose heavenly light
Can lead him from the realms of death and night:
Here, as the tenets of their law require,
(If same deceive not) they baptize with fire:
Astolpho now to Nubia's palace sew,
And there alighting near Senapus drew.
760

The feat where Ethiopia's fovereign dwell'd, In wealth and beauty more than ftrength excell'd;

he afterwards fays) Prester John, though blended with fable, is partly historical. Under the name of Abyssinia, or the kingdom of Prester John, were formerly comprehended all the countries between the lake Niger and the straits of Babel-mandel on one side, and all between the mountains of the moon and the cataracts of the Nile: the last was the length from north to south, and the other from east to west: Abyssinia had to the south Monomotapa; to the east Zanquebar and the Red Sea; to the south Egypt and Nubia, and to the west the country of Negroes called Congo. Ariosto calls the country of Senapus all Nubia; but it has been before shewn that our author is by no means correct in his geography.

Ver. 758.—baptize with fire:] The Nubians relate that their ancestors received the faith from St. Matthew, and that they were baptized with fire, being marked with a burning iron in the face or some part of the body, with the sign of the cross, in allusion to that text of Scripture: "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

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The bars and bolts that every gate defend,

The massy chains that from the bridge depend,

Whate'er in other cities we behold

765

Of iron wrought, here slam'd of beaten gold;

Though mines they boasted fruitful to produce

Strong metals to apply for every use.

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On columns huge, of shining crystal rais'd, With matchless pomp the regal palace blaz'd: 770 Each spacious room thick fet with precious stone, Where red and purple, gold and azure shone: Gems of all hues! where in fair order beam'd The fiery ruby, where the emerald gleam'd With fofter light, and where the fapphire show'd 775 Its azure tint, or yellow topaz glow'd. The walls, the roofs, the pavement struck the fight, Thick fown with pearls, with dazzling jewels bright. This climate balfam breeds, and midst her store Jerusalem's rich land can boast no more. 780 Hence musk is brought, hence every rich perfume, Hence amber, hence all Ocean's treasures come. Whate'er through earth of costly name we prize, This happy region for mankind supplies. The Soldan who th' Egyptian sceptre sways, 785 As fame declares, his vassal tribute pays

To

To this great king, whose hand can turn aside, And bid the Nile in other channels glide; Whence Famine must her scourge on Cairo spread, And defolation round the country shed: His name Senapus by his fubjects known, By us 'tis Prester call'd, or Prester-John. Of all that Ethiopia's kingdom held, This king in honours, wealth, and might excell'd: But what avail'd his honours, wealth, or might, 795 When wretched blindness veil'd his visual light? Yet this his least of ills-a deeper woe This hapless prince was doom'd to undergo, Who, while his wealth all other wealth outshin'd, In plenty's lap with endless famine pin'd. When hunger urg'd him to the genial board, With nectar'd draughts and various viands ftor'd, Scarce was he feated, when th' avenging crew Of hell-bred harpies, horrible to view, With ravenous talons feiz'd the favoury treat, O'erturn'd the vases and devour'd the meat: Their glutton maws furcharg'd, the birds unclean Defil'd the remnant cates with filth obscene. The cause was this-In early life so rais'd Above the world, o'er every monarch prais'd, 810

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Like Lucifer with pride his bosom burn'd, Against his Maker impious arms he turn'd, And to the mountain led his numerous force, Whence Egypt's mighty ftream derives its fource. 'Twas fam'd, that where the hoary mountain rear'd Its head to heaven, and o'er the clouds appear'd, 816 Was Paradife of old, those happy bowers Where Adam pass'd with Eve the blissful hours. With elephants and camels, with a train Of countless foot that 'cumber'd all the plain, He march'd, refolv'd whatever race unknown Might there reside, to bend them to his throne. But Heaven's high will oppos'd his rash intent, And midft his hoft a vengeful angel fent, Whose dreadful power a hundred thousand slew, 825 And o'er his eyes eternal darkness drew: Then to his festive board dispatch'd the band Of horrid monsters from th' infernal strand. The wretched king of all relief despair'd, From what a feer, of forefight deep, declar'd, 830 That rapine should no more his table waste, Nor ordure mingle with each day's repast, When on a winged freed a stranger-knight Was seen through air to guide his rapid flight.

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Like

This,

	835
Each little hope that linger'd in his breaft.	
Soon as the crowds beheld, with wondering e	ye,
Above the walls, above the turrets high,	
Th' approaching knight, one flew with eager zea	al
To Nubia's king the tidings to reveal:	840
The prophecy recalling to his mind,	
For joy he leaves his faithful staff behind,	
And with extended arms and guideless feet	7
Impatient comes the flying guest to meet.	
Aftolpho, wheeling many a round in air,	845
At length alights within the castle square:	
The fightless monarch, to his presence led,	

A wretch, alas! unworthy to prefer 850

His guilty fuit—yet think 'tis man's to fall

In error still, but thine to pardon all!

With lifted hands before him kneel'd, and faid-

Angel from God! thou new Messiah, hear

Ver. 845. Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air,] See the whole passage—Con spaziose rote.—So in the ivth book—larghe rote.—

Milton adopts a fimilar expression in the slight of Satan, Book iii. ver. 741.

Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel-

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My crime I know, nor dare I finful pray
To view, with fight reftor'd, the beams of day:
Tho' fure to thee fuch fovereign power is given, 855
Gop's favour'd nunciate from the bleft in Heav'n!
Suffice, I live in never-ending gloom:
But let not famine still my age consume:
Ah! stretch thy hand—thy saving help afford,
And chace the Harpies from my wretched board.
Then midst my palace walls I vow to raise
A marble temple, facred to thy praise,
On every part resplendent to behold
With dazzling gems, the roof and gates of gold!
Thy name shall to the fane a title give,
And there thy miracle in sculpture live.
So speaks the king, who rolls his sightless eyes,

So speaks the king, who rolls his sightless eyes.
While oft to kiss the warrior's feet he tries.

Astolpho then-From God no angel I,

Nor new Messiah lighted from the sky,

But mortal man, like thee to error prone,

Unworthy of the grace that Heaven has shown:

Yet all I can—this arm its force shall prove,

By death or slight the monsters to remove:

If I succeed—to Gop thy thanks repay,

Who for thy succour hither wing'd my way.

My

45

850

ook-

, Book

For

For him alone be all thy vows fulfill'd, To him thy altars raife, thy temples build.

As thus they commun'd, with th' attendant state
Of circling peers they reach'd the palace gate; 880
The monarch bade his train the tables spread
With wine and cates, and life-sustaining bread:
He hop'd at length, long shrunk with pining fast,
To satiate now with undisturb'd repast.

Within a sumptuous hall, beside him plac'd, 885
Alone Astolpho with Senapus grac'd
The regal feast; and now the seast appear'd:
When soon in air a dreadful noise was heard
Of rushing wings; and, lo! the Harpy-crew,
Lur'd by the viands, round the table slew.

Sev'n in a band they came, of dreadful mien,
With woman's face, with seatures pale and lean
Through seeming sast; from every withering look,
Fear, worse than death, the boldest bosom shook:

Ver. 892. With woman's face, Imitated closely from Virgil.

Virginei volucrum vultus, fædissima ventris Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper Ora fame—— ÆNEID iii. ver. 218.

With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene, Foul paunches, and with ordures still unclean, With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

DRYDEN, ver. 282.

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82. Large Large were their wings deform'd, their brutal paws Of ravenous force, were arm'd with hooky claws: 896 Vast was each fetid paunch, with many a fold Of ferpent-tail behind in volumes roll'd. They seize the meats, o'erturn the golden vase, And leave their loathfome ordure in the place, 900 While their foul wombs a horrid stench exhale, That choaks the fense and loads the tainted gale.

Astolpho now his shining falchion bares, And fwift t' affault the dreadful crew prepares; Now on the neck, or tail, his weapon tries; 905 Now on the breaft, or wing, his force applies: As from foft wool returns the bloodless sword; The fated plumes and skin no pass afford. Meanwhile of every dish and vase they make Their greedy havock, nor the hall forfake, 910 Till each with rapine has the viands shar'd, Or filth polluted what their hunger spar'd. Senapus in the duke his hope had plac'd

To see the harpies from his table chac'd, And now, his hope deceiv'd, again he mourn'd, 915 Again he figh'd, again despair return'd.

At

At length, his magic horn recall'd to mind, From which fuch aid he oft was wont to find Vol. IV.

At all affays, the duke refolv'd to prove
Its virtue now the monsters to remove:
But first he bade the king and nobles near
With ductile wax to bar the listening ear
From all access—else each, with fear aghast,
Would fly the palace at the dreadful blast.

He mounts the griffin-steed, one hand sustains 925 The polish'd horn, one holds the straiten'd reins: He bids, by figns, the feneshal replace The favoury viands, and the plenteous vafe. Then, in a new faloon, the train prepare The festive table spread with costly fare, 930 When fwift the harpies to their prey return, As fwift Aftolpho to the rattling horn His lips applies; when with unguarded ear The fiends receive the found, and struck with fear Each backward shrinks, and stretching to the wind Her pinions, leaves the feaft untouch'd behind. 936 To chace their flight, the champion spurs his steed, That spreads his strong-plum'd wing with ready speed, He quits the hall, from court and city flies, And foaring drives the monsters through the skies. Aftolpho swells each note with double force, 941 While tow'rds the burning zone with headlong count The

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The harpies speed, till now the hill they gain, Whose towering head o'erlooks the subject plain, Whence (fame relates) the Nile's first fountain glides, And gladdens Egypt with his fattening tides. 946 Beneath the mountain, opening deep and wide, A cave descended in its rugged side, Through which ('twas faid) a dreadful passage led To reach th' infernal mansions of the dead. The band of spoilers hither flew to meet From every human fearch a fafe retreat; And finking pierc'd to black Cocytus' shore, Where that dread-dealing blaft could found no more. At this dire mouth that op'd the fecret way To those who lost the cheering beams of day, The glorious duke his horn's deep clangor ceas'd, And clos'd the pinions of his winged beaft.

But ere I further shall his steps pursue,
To keep the custom of my tale in view,
Since every leaf is fill'd, the book I close,
And here concluding seek awhile repose.

END OF THE THIRTY-THIRD BOOK.

* PERSONAL COMPONED, HIMPER S

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A cave descrated in its regiged fide; we also all the court of which (investigation) a decential publication of teaching the informat maintenas of tage draw, and so the band, or optional hidrer flaw to meet a described as the care of the case of the care of

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THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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THE ARGUMENT.

ASTOLPHO pursues the harpies to the mouth of the infernal region, at the foot of a high mountain. He enters, and meets with the ghost of Lydia, daughter of the king of Lydia, who relates to him her story, and the cause of her punishment. He hears the names of several condemned to fuffer there for crimes committed on earth. Astolpho attempts to penetrate further into that place of torment, but is obliged to return. He then flies to the top of the mountain, where he finds the terrestrial Paradise. Defcription of the place. He is welcomed by Saint John the Evangelist, the prophets Enoch and Elias. Saint John instructs Astolpho concerning the manner of restoring Orlando to his fenses. He conveys the knight, in a chariot, to the region of the moon; the many wonders Aftolpho faw there, and among the rest Orlando's wit, which the Evangelist permits him to take with him. John shows the knight the three fatal fifters spinning the thread of life.

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THIRTY-FOURTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

INSATIATE harpies! foul, detefted band!
The scourge of justice on a sinful land,
The righteous punishment by Heaven assign'd
For Italy, with tenfold error blind!
Where harmless infants, tender mothers die
With meagre want; for while a vain supply
Each day prepares, they see their destin'd food
At once devour'd by this infernal brood.

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Ver. 1. Infatiate harpies!—] In general the Italian commentators make the harpies to fignify Avarice. Others may imagine, and with some reason, that the poet rather means to satirize the vice of gluttony, which perhaps might be prevalent in his age. Fornari says, of which opinion is likewise Sir John Harrington, that Ariosto meant by harpies, the soldiers of the enemy, whose avarice and rapacity had plundered Italy.

III

Ill chance betide who first unclos'd the cave,
(Which years had shut) and thus a passage gave 10
Whence gluttony and all uncleanness spread
O'er Italy, their venom'd bane have shed.
Fair Virtue then was banish'd from mankind,
And peace and temp'rance from the world disjoin'd;
Whence pain, and poverty, and impious strife
15
Have vex'd, and long shall vex, the sweets of life;
Till time shall come, when thus with 'wakening cries
Our country bids her sons from Lethe rife.

" Is there not one that dares the worth unfold

"Which Calais and Zetes show'd of old;

" To many a house his faving hand afford,

" And free from filth and fpoil the genial board;

As those could help to aged Phineas bring,

" And fince Aftolpho to the Nubian king?"

With dreadful found the Paladin had chac'd 29.

The brutal harpies through th' aërial waste,

Till at a mountain's foot his slight he stay'd,

Where in a gaping cavern's fearful shade

The

Ver. 20. —Calaïs and Zetes—] Feigned by the poets to have been sons of the wind Boreas, and Orithya, daughter of king Eritheus; they were born with wings, and drove the harpies

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The monsters enter'd—Hence with wondering ears
Laments and groans the listening warrior hears, 30
That reach'd through winding vaults the upper air;
Sure sign of Hell and endless torments there.

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Aftolpho now resolves t' explore the way,

And visit beings lost to cheerful day,

To earth's deep center undismay'd to go,

And search the secrets of the world below.'

Why should I doubt to enter here (he cries)

When such desence my trusty horn supplies,

Whose sound can Pluto's self and Satan quell,

And from his post the three-mouth'd dog repel? 40

harpies from the table of blind Phineas, king of Thrace, in the same manner as is here told of Astolpho.

See OVID'S METAM.

Ver. 39. Pluto, Satan, and Cerberus,—] In like manner Taffo blends the Heathen fables with the Christian doctrines. See JERUSALEM DELIVERED, Book iv. Spenser, in a description of Hell according to the Heathen mythology, after the mention of Tantalus, introduces the soul of Pilate washing his hands in the infernal river.

He look'd a little further, and espy'd

Another wretch, whose carcass deep was drent

Within the river —

The knight him calling, asked who he was,

Who lifting up his head him answer'd thus:

I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas! &c.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. 11. C. 7. ft. 61.

7

He

He faid; and lighting from his feat with speed, Ty'd to a neighbouring tree his feather'd steed, Then grasp'd his horn, his every hope and aid, And fearless plung'd amid the murky shade. Ere far he reach'd, thick wreaths of noisome smoke, And steams of sulphur, on his senses broke: His fight and fmell the stifling fumes confess'd, Yet onward still th' embolden'd hero press'd; But as he press'd, the darkness deeper spread, And groffer vapours noxious poifons shed. When, lo! as if suspended from above, He fees an object, scarce distinguish'd, move, Move, as by winds fome wretched corfe is blown, Long time expos'd to rains and parching fun; So faint the straggling beams of wandering light 55 In these dire realms of smoke and dreary night. In vain the duke explores with heedful care What mocks his eyes, and feems to flit in air: Then from the sheath his shining sword he drew, And thrice he struck, when soon the warrior knew The feeming image but an empty shade, That like a cloud deceiv'd his mortal blade. Then thus he heard a female voice complain: Ah! come not here to work me further pain! Suffice—this smoke torments my wretched ghost, 65 This smoke that rises from the burning coast.

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The duke, with terror seiz'd, his step repres'd,

And in these words the haples shade addres'd:

So may high Heaven these stissing sumes repel,

As thou shalt deign thy mournful state to tell;

Thy tidings to our living world I bear,

sthis can aught avail to soothe thy care.

The ghost reply'd—To visit but in name

The cheerful realms of light from which I came,

so grateful seems, that gladly I disclose,

To such reward, the story of my woes;

The should I now with lips unwilling tell

My name, and earthly state from which I fell.

Once was I Lydia call'd, of royal strain,
Whose sire o'er Lydia held his wide domain)

y God's eternal judgment here expos'd
so endless pains, with poisonous smoke inclos'd;
Who, while alive, such scorn and hatred show'd
so one, whose heart with love's affection glow'd.
Innumber'd others fill this dreary gloom

85
Whom to like penance like offences doom.
Here cruel Anaxarete in woe,

ncompass'd round with denser fumes below,

Ver. 87. ——Anaxarete—] Anaxarete was a beautiful msel of Cyprus, beloved by Iphis, a native of the same ace, who, in desperation at not being able to move her to return

Is deeper plac'd; on earth her body turns To harden'd stone, while here her spirit mourns : 90 Unfeeling maid! who view'd in shameful death Her pendant lover yield his wretched breath. Daphne is here, who now regrets the pace That held Apollo once fo long in chace. 'Twere hard to tell th' unbodied female train That here for black ingratitude remain; Or speak the crimes of every dame or maid, Where countless numbers fill the mournful shade; But harder still th' ungrateful men to name, Whose deeds on earth here equal vengeance claim, Where each in death feverer judgment mourns, 101 The vapour fmokes him, and the furnace burns. Since dames are form'd more easy to believe, Man merits heavier pains who shall deceive Their weaker fex-this Jason has confess'd, This Thefeus finds, and he *, the wandering gueft, Whose arms the Latian's ancient realm oppres'd.

return his passion, was determined never to depart from he threshold: Venus, exasperated at the cruelty of Anaxarett, changed her into stone. See OVID METAM.

* ÆNEAS.

Ver. 93. Daphne is here,—] Nothing can be wilder that this idea of Ariosto, who in a region of future punishment upon a Christian system, places Daphne for running away from Apollo.

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This well he knows, who could for Tamar's love.

His brother Abfalom to hatred move.

Here shades on shades lament their former lives, 110 Their husbands some, and some betray'd their wives. Now of myself above the rest I tell,

And show the crime that doom'd me here to dwell.

Great was my beauty when this deathless mind Was cloath'd in sless, and though of womankind 115 None match'd my form, I know not which was most, My person's charms, or pride those charms to boast. A knight there was in Thrace, whose noble name for martial prowess stood the first in same,

Ver. 106. - he, the wandering guest, I know not what the defenders of Æneas will fay to Ariosto, for placing their hero in fuch company; but, upon the whole, I believe the ladies will not think themselves the less obliged to him. Surely, let every one frankly confess his feelings on an impartial perusal of the Æneid, and he will not declare his heart strongly affected in favour of a character, which it is supposed was meant by Virgil for a model of perfection. Who does not revolt at the great incident of the ivth book, and at the other incidents in the latter part of the poem, where a foreign prince comes to separate two lovers, apparently plighted to each other, and for whom I will venture to affirm, that every reader of sensibility feels an interest? May it not, with the utmost deference to great authority, be observed, that this conduct seems wonderful in a writer of fuch confummate judgment as Virgil?

Who

Who oft had heard from foreign tongues declare 120 My blooming grace, the fairest of the fair: Fir'd with my praise, to me th' enamour'd youth Decreed the tender of his love and truth; Nor thought, fuch merit pleading on his fide, To find his heart refus'd, his fuit deny'd. To Lydia then he came, where when he view'd My every grace, he found his foul fubdu'd. Awhile refiding at my father's court Amidst the knights that thither made resort, His honours grew, and oft in fight fo well His fword prevail'd, that now 'twere long to tell What deeds he wrought for one whose thankless mind But ill deserv'd such matchless worth to find. By him my fire Cilicia's kingdom won, And Caria and Pamphilia's land o'er-run. 135 Without his counsel never would he show The martial troops array'd against a foe. The knight, who deem'd his service well might claim

The royal favour, to the monarch came,
And begg'd, for all his hard-earn'd glorious spoils.

My hand in marriage to reward his toils.

His fuit the king refus'd, who sought to join
His daughter to some prince's nobler line,

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Not to a knight, to whom the fates afford

No wealth or power, fave honour and his fword. 145

So much, alas! could gold my fire entice,

Detested avarice! nurse of every vice!

To worth or virtue he inclines his ears,

As the dull ass the heavenly minstrel hears.

When now the knight (Alcestes was his name) 150
Found that withheld, to which he urg'd his claim
Of just desert, he left us with a threat
The king hereafter should too late regret
My hand deny'd: Armenia then he gain'd, 154
Whose king with Lydia's king long strife maintain'd,
And late with grief had seen more powerful grow
The hated empire of his deadly foe.
Him soon Alcestes urges to prepare
His bands, and on my sire renew the war:
Himself, so fam'd in battle, at their head,
Against the Lydian realm the forces led.
He vow'd to conquer in Armenia's right
Whate'er he won, save only to requite

His glorious fervice, he referv'd my charms

Of all the spoils that crown'd the victor's arms. 165

How shall I tell when my stern lover fought,

What woes, what ruin on my sire he brought!

Ver. 149. As the dull ass-] An old proverb-Asinus ad bram. See Erasmus.

His armies thrice he broke, and ere the fun One year had circled, all his towns he won; All, fave a castle strongly built, that rose 170 On hanging cliffs; here from th' exulting foes The king retir'd, and here with fearful hafte His nearest friends and choicest treasure plac'd. But now fo close the fiege Alcestes press'd, That foon my wretched father, fore diffres'd, 175 Had gladly made me, with a kingdom's dower, His wife, the flave or vaffal of his power, T' avert the greater ill-for well he knows This fort at length must yield before the foes, And he his life in cruel bondage close. 180]

Now, every means of fafety to pursue In fuch extreme, he fix'd on me, who drew Such ruin down, to quit the last retreat, And in his camp incens'd Alcestes meet. To him (so bade my fire) I took my way, 185 To be My captive person at his feet to lay, And beg him at our prayer his wrath to cease, T' accept our proffer'd terms, and grant the peace. Alcestes, when my near approach he heard, With eager hafte to meet my steps appear'd; 199 Pale in my fight the trembling lover stood, And less my victor than my prisoner show'd.

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I faw big paffion struggling in his breast, And for new wiles my purpos'd speech suppress'd; Then took the fair occasion to reprove 195 The dire effects of his difastrous love; I curs'd a love that thus oppress'd my fire, And fought by force t' accomplish its desire; That waited not till time with stealing pace (Ere many days) had crown'd with better grace 200 His fondest wish, but fully'd thus the fame Which once with king and peers his deeds might claim.

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I faw

Though Lydia's fovereign might his fuit deny, As one, whom nature fram'd not to comply With first demands, ill-suited the pretence 205 I cry'd) to break his faith for such offence. hould ftill my father with determin'd mind Refuse my hand, my prayers a way might find To bend his will, or if they fail'd to bend, Who knew what next my bosom would intend? 210 ut fince he fought far other means to prove, peace. My foul was fix'd to fourn his hated love; and though I came, compell'd by cruel fate, dear compassion for a parent's state,

et little transport could attend those charms Which force, not choice, had yielded to his arms. Vol. IV. Soon

Soon might this hand the purple current spill Of loathsome life, thus offer'd to fulfil The cruel wishes of ungovern'd will.

In words like thefe I spoke, for well I view'd 220 His haughty spirit by my looks subdu'd. I faw his face with fudden grief o'ercast; So mourn sequester'd faints offences past. Low at my knees he bent, and humbly pray'd, While from his fide he drew the shining blade, 225 The murderous weapon at his hand to take, And for his fault his life an offering make.

He thus dispos'd, I deem'd the conquest won, And, to complete the work fo well begun, I gave him fraudful hopes he yet might prove 230 By future deeds deferving of my love; If, former guilt aton'd, his arm once more Would to his ancient feat my fire restore, And feek henceforth to win a mistress' charms By gentle fervice, not by force of arms. 235 His faith now pledg'd, he to the fort again Reftor'd me, free, and guiltless of a stain; Nor ask'd one kiss his sufferings to requite-Judge if he felt affection's burthen light! Judge if for me Love fill'd not all his heart; If Love for me employ'd not every dart.

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Armenia's king he fought, to whose domain His lips had vow'd whate'er his fword might gain; And urg'd him close, with every bland address, To let my fire again his realms poffefs, To him refign each conquer'd Lydian town, And bound his empire with Armenia's crown. The king, whose cheek with wrath indignant burn'd, To young Alcestes answer proud return'd; And vow'd no more his army to difband, 250 While yet my father held a foot of land; But fince a worthless woman's words could turn Alcestes' purpose, let Alcestes mourn Such fickle change, 'twas not for him to lofe, At his request, a victor's glorious dues. 255 Again Alcestes urg'd, again he pray'd; Not prayer, nor reasons could the king persuade.

225

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235

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nenia

At length, incens'd, he fwore in threatening strain That force should win what mildness fail'd to gain. Rage kindling rage with many a wrathful word, 260 Against the king Alcestes bar'd his sword, And flew him, spite of each surrounding friend, Who with drawn weapon would his prince defend. That day th' Armenians fled before his hand, And his brave followers aided with a band 265

Of Thracians and Cilicians by his pay maintain'd.

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Nor

Nor fail'd the knight his fortune to pursue, Yet from my fire no smallest stipend drew T' affift the war; but in a month restor'd The Lydian kingdom to its ancient lord. For all the loss that Lydia's crown fustain'd, Beside the riches which in battle gain'd He gave my fire, he to his empire joins The lands fubdu'd, and levies heavy fines Through all Armenia, Cappadocia's reign, 275 And rude Hircania to the distant main.

Instead of triumph, his return to greet, We fain with death the victor chief would meet, But fear withheld us, fince we knew full well He, strong in friends, could every force repel: 280 Hence, feigning love, I gave him, day by day, Such flattering hope as better might betray; But, ere our nuptials, wish'd him for my sake On other foes his proof of arms to make. Now fingly, now attended by a few, 285 I fent him strange adventures to pursue; To feeming death I fent-but still I found With glorious conquest all his labours crown'd. Whene'er he went, the fight he victor wag'd; Full oft with monsters front to front engag'd, 290 Giants

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Giants and Lestrigons, whose savage band
With brutal force insested Lydia's land.
Not so Alcides, by his step-dame's wiles
And sierce Eurystheus, was expos'd to toils,
In Lerna's lake, in Thrace, Nemea's wood,
295
Etolia's vallies, near Iberus' flood;
In Erymanthus' groves, along the strand
Of winding Tyber, or Numidia's sand;
As this brave youth, on whom my art had wrought
With seign'd endearments, while each murderous
thought
300

On every trial urg'd his dauntless might,

To drive a hated lover from my sight,

My aim deceiv'd—another scheme I try'd,

From those he lov'd his friendship to divide.

What shall I say? The empress of his soul,

My word, my nod could every deed control:

To me he sacrific'd each dearest name,

The ties of amity and calls of fame;
Till all my father's foes remov'd I view'd,
And rash Alcestes by himself subdu'd.

Lost were his friends—and what till then conceal'd

I kept, now undifguis'd my tongue reveal'd.

I own'd what hatred had my bosom fir'd,

And own'd I every way his death desir'd.

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Yet pondering what I wish'd, too well I knew 316 That public odium would the deed pursue Which reach'd his life; his worth to all display'd Would move their rage for fervice fo repaid. Hence (all I could) I doom'd the hapless knight To live for ever banish'd from my sight: 320 To every plaint I turn'd a deafen'd ear, Nor letters would receive, nor message hear. Struck with my base ingratitude, he pin'd With fecret anguish, till his health declin'd From bad to worfe, and while in vain he strove 325 With many a prayer my stubborn heart to move, On his fick bed, in agonizing throes, He found a period to his life and woes. Lo! here the judgment that my fin purfues With stifling fumes, while tears my eyes suffuse; 330 And here in forrow must I ever dwell, Since no redemption can be found in Hell.

When wretched Lydia thus had ceas'd to speak,
The searless duke press'd on, resolv'd to seek
What other shades might there in pains reside; 335
But deeper darkness further pass deny'd.
The smoke, whose wreaths th' offending ghosts enclose
In vaporous torment, dense and denser grows.

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And now the warrior turn'd his eager feet
With backward tread, in fafety to retreat, 340
Lest life, with vapours clogg'd, should quit her
weary feat:

Now with light step the dreary path he press'd,
The rock quick sounding as his speed increas'd,
Ascending still, till shot from upper day,
He sees through mournful night a trembling ray;
At length the realms of woe and pain he leaves, 346
And issuing to our world new light and life receives.

Against those ravenous fiends the pass to close,
And back to earth their fearful course oppose,
Huge stones he heaves, and with his trenchant blade
Hews many a tree of thick and odorous shade: 351
Then to the work his noble hands he bends,
And with strong sence the dreary mouth defends.
Where long, high heap'd, the crags and trunks remain,

And Hell's dire harpies in their cave restrain. 355
But while Astolpho in th' infernal womb
Remain'd in smoke and subterraneous gloom,
His burnish'd arms the pitchy sumes confess'd,
That, deep pervading, pierc'd the covering vest:
And now he seeks to cleanse each sully'd limb; 360
When issuing from a rock he finds a stream

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That forms an ample lake, where plung'd he laves
From head to foot in limpid cleanfing waves.
His courser then he mounts, and upward springs
To reach the mountain's top with daring wings; 365
And view those seats by same reported near
The silver circle of the lunar sphere.
Such ardent wishes in his bosom glow,
He pants for Heaven, and spurns the world below,
Ascending till with rapid steady slight
370
He gains the mansions of supernal light.

Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields As the fair turf of those celestial fields,

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Ver. 365. To reach the mountain's top—] Ariosto here imitates Dante in describing this mountain, where he places the terrestrial paradise, and, after him, makes Astolpho purify himself with ablutions, from the smoke of the infernal regions, before he enters the seat of bliss.

Ver. 372. Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields, &c.] This beautiful passage reminds us of the luxuriant picture given by Camöens of the Island of Bliss, in the ninth book of the Lusiad, beginning with these lines.

And now, led smoothly o'er the surrow'd tide, Right to the Isle of Joy the vessels glide: The bay they enter, where on every hand Around them class the slower-enamel'd land: A safe retreat, where not a blass may shake Its sluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.

With

O'er whose glad face the balmy season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers.

The sees the meads one intermingled blaze,
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays
With endless tints: he marks the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.
At once the trees with leaves unfading grow;
The fruits are ripen'd, and the blossoms blow;
While frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing,
Amid the boughs in notes melodious sing.

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With graceful pride three hills of foftest green Rear their fair bosom o'er the sylvan scene: Their fides embroider'd boaft the rich array Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May; The purple lotos, and the fnowy thorn, And yellow pod-flow'rs, every flope adorn. From the green summits of the leafy hills Descend, with murmuring lapse, three limpid rills : Beneath the rose-trees loitering flow they glide, Now tumble o'er some rocks their crystal pride; Sonorous now they roll adown the glade, Now plaintive tinkle in the fecret shade, Now from the darkling groves, beneath the beam Of ruddy morn, like melted filver ftream, Edging the painted margins of the bowers, And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers. -&c. See the whole passage admirably translated by Mr. Mickle.

Still :

Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear, Charm the fix'd eye and lull the listening ear. 385 A softening genial air, that ever seems.

In even tenor, cools the solar beams

With fanning breeze, while from th' enamell'd field Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield Of grateful smell, the stealing gales dispense 390 The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.

Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,

Like living stame, emits a streamy light,

And, wrapt in splendors of resulgent day,

Outshines the strength of every mortal ray. 395

Astolpho gently now directs his steed

To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead

In circuit wide, and views with raptur'd eyes

Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.

With this compar'd, he deems our world below 400

A dreary desert and a seat of woe,

Ver. 388. —while from th' enamell'd field] The following paffage has much of the spirit of this description of Ariosto.

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native persumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

PARAD. Lost, B. iv. v. 156.

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By Heaven and Nature from their wrath bestow'd In evil hour for man's unblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew
In steadsast gaze, transported at the view:
One gem intire they seem'd, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed;
Such walls as no Dedalean art could raise,
Stupendous work, transcending mortal praise.
No more let man the boasted seven proclaim,
Those wonders of the world so chronicled by Fame!

Before the palace, at the shining gate,
A sage appears, the duke's approach to wait,
Whose aged limbs a vest and mantle hide,
This milky hu'd, and that with crimson dy'd: 415
Adown his breast a length of beard he wears
All silvery white, and silvery white his hairs;
His mien bespeaks th' elect of heavenly grace,
And Paradise seems open'd in his face.

Ver. 411. Those wonders of the world—] The wonders of the world to which the poet alludes, were seven in number, according to Pliny. I. The city of Babylon. II. The temple of Diana at Ephesus. III. The statue of Jupiter Olympus. IV. The colossus of Rhodes. V. The palace of Cyrus, built by Memnon. VI. The pyramids of Egypt. VII. The sepulchre of Mausolus, built by his wife Artemisia, queen of Caria.

Then

Then to the champion, who his feat forfook 420 With reverend awe, he with benignant look These words address'd-O thou! by GoD's high will Alone conducted to this holy hill; While little yet thou feeft the mighty cause That to this place thy mystic journey draws: 425 Without a miracle thou could'ft not steer So high above the Arctic hemisphere, Sent from afar, unconscious, to debate With me the welfare of the Christian state: How Charles with needful fuccour to retrieve, 430 And from its foes our hallow'd faith relieve. Not to thy wisdom, or superior might, Hither, O fon! ascribe thy daring flight: For know, if Goo's affifting hand had fail'd, Nor horn nor winged fleed had aught avail'd. Hereafter more at leifure shall we dwell On themes fo high; then shalt thou hear me tell What Heaven designs; but first with due repast Refresh thy strength, unnerv'd with length of fast, So spoke the holy fire: the duke amaz'd, With heart-felt awe and mute attention gaz'd:

When now the Saint disclos'd his facred name,

He, from whose pen th' eternal gospel came,

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That holy John, who, while on earth, posses'd So dear a place in his Redeemer's breast:

Of whom the same among his brethren spread,

That time should ne'er consign him to the dead:

And thus we find in heavenly writ display'd,

The Son of God to Peter answer made:

"Why art thou troubled? What if I decree 450

His tarriance here my last return to see?"

Yet told he not this Saint should never die,

Though what he told might well no less imply.

Lo! hither was he borne, and here to share

With him in bliss, he sound a heavenly pair: 455

Here ancient Enoch, here Elias dwell'd,

Who neither had the hour of death beheld.

Ver. 444. That holy John,—] The following lines allude to a passage in the New Testament, from which some of the early Christians have inferred that Saint John was exempted from death. The legend says, that having attained the age of one hundred years, he caused a tomb to be built, and shut himself therein alive; but that a wonderful light soon surrounded the tomb, which blinded the eyes of the spectators: the light vanishing, and search being made, the apostle was seen no more. Such a tradition, joined to the text, was, for a poet like Ariosto, a sufficient soundation for a siction, by no means the wildest in his poem, when we consider the innumerable legends of saints, the belief of which was in his time so prevalent throughout the Christian world.

Above

Above our air, which noxious fumes annoy,
These happy three unsading spring enjoy,
Till the last notes th' Angelic trump shall sound, 460
And Christ in clouds appear with glory crown'd.

Each saint with welcome comes the knight to meet,
And courteous lead him to their blest retreat,
Where, near at hand, sair ample stalls retain
His slying courser, sed with generous grain.

465
Before the knight delicious fruits are plac'd,
Fruits cull'd in Paradise, whose slavorous taste
He surely thought might some forgiveness win
For our first parents' disobedient sin.

When now th' adventurous duke was well supply'd With every need such dwelling could provide; 471 When nature's calls refresh'd; when genial food And balmy sumber had his strength renew'd; Aurora rising, who with blushing charms All night repos'd in old Tithonus' arms; 475 He left his early couch, and near him stood The sage disciple so belov'd of God, Who grasp'd his hand, and in discourse reveal'd High truths in converse long, though here conceal'd Then thus—Since leaving France thou canst not tell

What to thy dear Orlando there befel;

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Learn that the chief whose valour once in fight
Maintain'd the truth, forsaking now the right,
Is scourg'd by God, who, when his anger moves,
With heavier wrath afflicts whom most he loves. 485
Thy dear Orlando, at his favour'd birth
Endow'd by Heaven above the sons of earth
With nerve and courage, gifted to sustain,
With limbs unhurt, each weapon aim'd in vain:
To whom such virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent,
To guard his faith unstain'd, as when he sent

491
Great Sampson forth, to save with mighty hand
His Hebrews from the sierce Philistine band:

Ver. 486. Thy dear Orlando,—] In the poem of Aspramonte, after Orlando had slain Donchiero, a samous knight with whom he sought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on Orlando by the Holy Trinity, that no enemy should ever withstand his force in single combat above three days.

Questo tal caso non potea mancare
Peroche Orlando quando alle bastie
Affattato su el corpo d'alto affare
Quando che a sui venneli santi trie
Disse nessuno li' possa durare
A la bataglia più che il terzo die,
Hor lasso di quei santi el lor desio
Torno a Gerardo

ASPRAMONTE, C. XXXIII.

Behold

Behold that fame Orlando now afford An ill return to Heaven's Almighty Lord! So far a Pagan damfel's form could move His hapless bosom to detested love, That more than once he for her beauty's fake Prepar'd his faithful kinfman's life to take. Hence him, in justice, God's high doom affign'd Naked to rove, an outcast of mankind; (01 Has quench'd each sense, in wretched frenzy tost, Loft to his friends, to all remembrance loft. So God, of old, in annals pure we read, In penance for his heavy fins, decreed A monarch feven long years to graze the plain, And like the brutal ox his wretched life fustain. But fince the Paladin less guilt incutr'd Than he, condemn'd to mingle with the herd, Three months alone the fage decrees of Heaven Th' allotted time t' atone his fault have given. 511 Not for less cause to this celestial height Our dear Redeemer now permits thy flight;

Ver. 499. — his faithful kinsman's life—] Rinaldo, with whom Orlando sought for Angelica, as appears from Boyardo.

Ver. 506. A monarch feven long years -] Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

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B. XXXIV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. Than from my lips fuch counsel to receive, That loft Orlando may his wits retrieve. But first this globe of earth and sea forsake, And, led by me, a flight more daring take, To yonder moon, that in its orbit rolls The nearest planet to our earthly poles. Lo! there is kept, what only can fupply Orlando's wisdom, once esteem'd so high; And when this night above our heads in view She wheels her courfe, our journey we'll pursue. Thus all the live-long day th' apostle mild With fage discourse the flying hours beguil'd; But when the fun was funk in ocean's stream, And from her horns the moon her filver beam Above them shed, a wondrous car appear'd, That oft through those bright fields of ether steer'd: The same that, where Judean mountains rife, Receiv'd Elias, rapt from mortal eyes. Four courfers, red as flame, the hallow'd fage, The bleft historian of the facred page, Join'd to the yoke; and now the reins he held; And, by Aftolpho plac'd, the fleeds impell'd 535 To rife aloft: foft rose the wondrous car, The wheels smooth turning through the yielding air; VOL. IV. P The Than

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The favour'd warrior and the guiding feer Ascending till they reach'd the torrid sphere: Here fire eternal burns, but while they pass'd 540 No noxious heat the raging vapours caft. Through all this elemental flame they foar'd, And next the circle of the moon explor'd, Whose spheric face in many a part outshin'd The polish'd steel from spots and rust refin'd: 545 Its orb, increasing to their nearer eyes, Swell'd like the earth, and feem'd an earth in fize, Like this huge globe, whose wide extended space Vast oceans with circumfluent waves embrace. Astolpho wondering view'd what to our fight Appears a narrow round of filver light: Nor could he thence, but with a sharpen'd eye And bending brow, our lands and feas descry, The land and feas he left, which, clad in shade So far remote, to viewless forms decay'd. 555 Far other lakes than ours this region yields, Far other rivers, and far other fields;

Ver. 552. Nor could be thence —] Very like this is the pallage in Taffo, where the poet describes the vision of Godfrey, where the hero takes a view of the earth at an immense distance beneath him.

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Far other vallies, plains, and hills supplies,
Where stately cities, towns, and castles rise.
Here lonely woods large tracts of land embrace, 560
Where sylvan nymphs pursue the savage chace.

Deep in a vale, conducted by his guide, Where rose a mountain steep on either side,

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Ver. 562. Deep in a vale, conducted - Milton has translated a few lines of this passage:

His guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he fees
Things that on earth were loft or were abus'd, &c.

His account of the Limbo of Vanity is wonderfully in the spirit of Ariosto, and undoubtedly the idea was caught from the Italian poet. This line plainly alludes to Ariosto:

Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

Describing Satan on the outer convex of this planetary

- the fiend

Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeless to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like aerial vapours flew,
Of all things transitory' and vain, when fin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory' or lasting fame.

P

AN

He came, and faw (a wonder to relate) Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state Here fafely treasur'd: each neglected good; Time fquander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd. Not only here are wealth and sceptres found, That, ever changing, shift th' unsteady round:

All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand, Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd, Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain, Till final diffolution, wander here, Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dream'd.

Hither of ill-join'd fons and daughters born, First from the ancient world those giants came-

Others came fingle; he who to be deem'd A God, leapt fondly into Ætna flames, Empedecles; and he who to enjoy Plato's elyfium, leapt into the fea, Cleombrotus; and many more too long, Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars, White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

- all these upwhirl'd alost Fly o'er the backfide of the world far off Into a Limbo, large and broad, fince call'd PARAD. LOST, B. iii. The Paradife of Fools -

Mr. Addison has censured this passage as beneath the dig nity of Milton's subject, but, what is very extraordinary does not feem to know how closely he has followed Ariosto.

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B. XXXIV. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

But those possessions, while on earth we live, Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give. Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours Consume, till time at length the whole devours. There vows, and there unnumber'd prayers remain, Which oft to God the finner makes in vain. The frequent tears that lovers' eyes fuffuse, The fighs they breathe; the days that gamesters lose. The leifure given which fools fo oft neglect; The weak defigns that never take effect. Whate'er desires the mortal breast assail, 580 In countless numbers fill th' encumber'd vale. For know whate'er is lost by human kind, Ascending here you treasur'd safe may find. The wondering Paladia the heaps admir'd, And now of these and now of those enquir'd. Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld, That feem'd within by shouts and tumults swell'd, And imag'd found by these the crowns of yore Which Lydian and Affyrian monarchs wore, Which Greeks and Persians own'd, once great in fame,

And fcarcely now remember'd but in name. Of gold and filver form'd, a heapy load Of hooks he faw, and these were gifts bestow'd

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B. iii. he dig-

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iofto.

By needy flaves, in hope of rich rewards, On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords. 595 He faw in garlands many a fnare conceal'd; And flatteries base his guide in these reveal'd. There forms of creaking grashoppers he fpy'd; Smooth verses these to fawning praise apply'd. There sparkling chains he found and knots of gold, The specious ties that ill-pair'd lovers hold. 601 There eagles' talons lay, which here below Are power which lords on deputies beftow. On every cliff were numerous bellows cast, Great princes' favours thefe that never last; 600 Given to their minions first in early prime, And foon again refum'd with stealing time. Cities he faw o'erturn'd, and towers destroy'd, And endless treasures scatter'd through the void: Of these he ask'd; and these (reply'd the fire) 610 Were treasons foul, and machinations dire. He ferpents then with female faces view'd, Of coiners and of thieves the hateful brood. Of broken vials many heaps there lay; These were the services that courts repay. He faw a steaming liquid scatter'd round Of favoury food; and from his teacher found

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B.XXXIV. ORLANDO FURIOSO: 215

That this was alms, which, while his last he breathes,
A wretched sinner to the poor bequeaths.
Then to a hill of vary'd slowers they went,
620
That sweet before, now yields a fetid scent;
This (let me dare to speak) that present show'd,
Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.
Of bird-lime twigs he saw vast numbers there;
And these, O gentle dames! your beauties were. 625
Vain is th' attempt in story to comprize
Whate'er Astolpho saw with wondering eyes:
A thousand told, ten thousand would remain;
Each toil, each loss, each chance that men sustain,

Ver. 623. Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd.] "By this gift is understood the city of Rome, which Constantine the Great gave Pope Sylvester; which he saith now stinketh, because of their sins." Sir John Harrington.

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In the first edition of the poem the passage stood thus :

Ad un monte di rose e gigli passo, Ch'ebbe già buon odor, or putia sorte; Ch'era corrotto: e da Giovanni intese Che sù un gran don' ch'un gran signor mal spese.

Where roses and where lilies grew he went,
A hill once sweet, but now of fetid scent,
Corrupt and foul!—and this his teacher show'd,
A gift by mighty hands but ill bestow'd.

P 4

of It

Save Folly, which alone pervades them all; 630
For Folly never quits this earthly ball.
There his past time mispent, and deeds apply'd
To little good, Astolpho soon espy'd;
Yet these, though clear beheld, had ne'er been known,
But that his guide explain'd them for his own. 635

At length they came to that whose want below None e'er perceiv'd, or breath'd for this his vow; That choicest gift of Heaven, by Wit exprest, Of which each mortal deems himself possest.

Of this Astolpho view'd a wondrous store, 640 Surpassing all his eyes had view'd before.

It seem'd a fluid mass of subtlest kind, Still apt to mount, if not with care confin'd:

"It is very remarkable that the poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the samous deed of gift of Constantine to Pope Silvester. It may be observed in general, to the honour of the poets both ancient and modern, that they have ever been some of the first, who have detected and opposed the salse claims and mischievous usurpations of superstition and slavery. Nor can this be wondered at, since these two are the greatest enemies, not only to all true happiness, but to all true genius."

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. p. 252. 4th Edit.

See Note to Book xvii. ver. 552, on the same subject.

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B. XXXIV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 217

But gather'd there he view'd it fafely clos'd, In many a vafe of various fize dispos'd. 645 Above the rest the vessel's bulk excell'd, Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held: This well he knew, for on its fide were writ These words, in letters fair, ORLANDO'S WIT. Thus every vafe in characters explain'd 650 The names of those whose wits the vase contain'd: Much of his own the noble duke amaz'd Amongst them view'd, but wondering more he gaz'd To fee the wits of those, whom late he thought Above their earthly peers with wisdom fraught. 655 But who can fuch a fleeting treasure boast, From some new cause each hour, each moment lost? One, while he loves; one, feeking fame to gain; One, wealth pursuing through the stormy main; One, trusting to the hopes which great men raise, One, whom some scheme of magic guile betrays. 661 Some, from their wits for fond pursuits depart, For jewels, paintings, and the works of art.

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Ver. 649.—ORLANDO'S WIT.] This fiction of Ariosto is most wittily alluded to by Mr. Pope in his Rape of the Lock, accompanied with a fine stroke of satire: speaking of things lost in the moon, he says:

There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases, And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.

CANTO IV.

0

Of poets' wits, in airy visions lost,

Great store he read; of those who to their cost 665

The wandering maze of sophistry pursu'd;

And those who vain presaging planets view'd.

The vafe that held his own Aftolpho took,

So will'd the writer of the myftic book.

Beneath his noftril held, with quick afcent 670

Back to its place the wit returning went.

The duke (in holy Turpin's page is read)

Long time a life of fage difcretion led,

Till one frail thought his brain again bereft

Of wit, and fent it to the place it left. 675

The amplest vessel, fill'd above the rest

With that fam'd sense which once the earl possess'd,

Astolpho seiz'd, and sound a heavier load

Than plac'd amidst th' unnumber'd heap it show'd.

Than plac'd amidst th' unnumber'd heap it show'd.

Ere yet for earth they quit that sphere of light,

The sage Apostle leads the Christian knight 681

Within a stately dome, where, sast beside,

A rapid river rolls its constant tide.

Here, heap'd with many a sleece, each room he views,

THE APOCALYPSE.

And filk and wool unwrought of various hues, 685

Ver. 684. Here, heap'd with many a fleece,—] Ariosto takes the general idea of the Parcæ, from the well-known heathen Son

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Some fair, some foul: a beldame these with skill Selects, and whirling round the rapid reel Draws the fine thread: fo from the reptile fwarms, Whose industry the filken texture forms, The village maid untwines the moisten'd flue, 690 When fummer bids the pleasing task renew. A fecond beldame from the first receives Each finish'd work, while in its stead she leaves A fleece unspun: a third, with equal care Divides, when spun, th' ill-favour'd from the fair. What means this mystic show?—Astolpho cries 696 To holy John-and thus the Saint replies. In yonder aged dames the Parcæ know, Who weave the thread of human life below. Long as the fleeces last, so long extend The days of man, but with the fleece they end. With watchful eyes fee Death and Nature wait, And mark the hour to close each mortal date.

then mythology. With a genius that never borrowed any cirtumstance from another, without embellishing it with his own aventive fancy, he makes the fair fleeces the type of a good, and the foul of an ill life; in which he might probably have an eye to the following passages of Statius and Seneca.

Ergo dies aderat parcarum conditus albo

and Seneca, in the life of the tyrant Nero, prostitutes his taile in this line:

Aurea formoso descendant pollice fila.

9

The

The beauteous threads, selected from the rest, Are types of happy souls amid the blest; These form'd for Paradise: the bad are those Condemn'd for sin to never-ending wees.

Of all the fleeces by the beldame wrought,
Of all the fleeces to the spindle brought,
The living names were cast in many a mold 710
Of iron, silver, and resplendent gold;
These, heap'd together, form'd a mighty pile,
And hence an aged sire, with ceaseless toil,
Names after names within his mantle bore,
And still, from time to time, return'd for more: 715

Ver. 713. And hence an aged fire,—] The following paffage is so beautifully imagined, and so diversified with circumstances, as to form perhaps one of the finest allegories in this or any poem.

Of all the fictions of Ariosto, the slight of Astolpho to the moon must, for surprise and novelty of subject, take the strongest hold on the reader: we experience here the power of a great and eccentric genius, who without any restraint gives a loose to the reins of his imagination, and with his adventurous knight, on his own Ippogriso, soars

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere!

Amidst the general wildness, and perhaps absurdity of particular parts in this book, we are hurried along by the strength and liveliness of the poet's descriptive powers, and have no leisure to attend to the cool phlegm of criticism!

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B.XXXIV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 221

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So light he feem'd, fo rapid in his pace,
As from his birth inur'd to lead the race.
Whither he went, and why he cours'd fo well,
On what defign, th' enfuing book shall tell;
If, as you still were wont, with favouring ear
You seem intent the pleasing tale to hear.

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THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

Discourse of Saint John with Aftolpho. Allegory of Time. Eulogium on writers. Bradamant meets with Flordelis, and undertakes to deliver Brandimart from the hands of Rodomont. Her joust with the Pagan on the bridge. Bradamant arrives with Flordelis at the walls of Arli, and sends Flordelis with a challenge to Rogero. She unhorses, at three several encounters, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau.

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THIRTY-FIFTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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↑ H! who, my fair, will wing his flight so high To fetch my wandering wits from yonder sky: My wits, still wasting, fince the fatal dart Came from those lovely eyes to pierce my heart? Nor will I yet of banish'd sense complain, Let me the little I've preserv'd retain: But thus decreasing still, when all is flown in Orlando's fate may paint my own. let, to retrieve my loss, I need not foar o far from earth, or Paradise explore; IO It to the circle of the moon repair; ly waining wits are never treasur'd there. o-in your eyes, your lovely face they stray, our ivory neck, your bosom's milky way; hen let these lips your favouring grace obtain 15 o fearch those charms till I grow wise again. VOL. IV. When

When now the knight had seen the satal wheel
Its scanty thread to wretched mortals deal,
From room to room through all the dome he stray'd,
And every future life unspun survey'd.

Amidst the rest a beauteous sleece he view'd;
Not radiant gold such beamy lustre shew'd,
Nor gems, if drawn to threads by wondrous art,
Could reach in dazzling light its thousandth part.
This sleece, that midst a countless store excell'd, 25
With raptur'd gaze the wondering duke beheld;
And much he long'd to know what age should claim
This valu'd life, and whose the happy name.

To him the great Evangelist replies:

To him the great Evangelist replies:
This glorious star shall to your world arise,
Ere yet, by twenty years, is mark'd on earth
With M and D the word's Incarnate Birth.
As through the mystic store, this sleece so fair
Amid so many shines beyond compare,

Ver. 31. Ere yet, by twenty years,—] The poet means the year 1480, in which Hippolito was born, twenty years before the year 1500, marked by the Roman numerals M.I. This conceit will appear strange in English versification, but was thought right to preserve it. The idea of this correspond from Dante, Paradiso, Cant. xix. ver. 129.

Vedraffi al Ciotto di Gerusalemme Segnata con un I. la sua bontate; Quando 'l contrario segnera un emme. B.

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	B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO.	227
	So shall the life, that issues thence, bestow	35
	Unequall'd bleffings on mankind below;	
d,	Since every grace of genius and of art,	
20	That nature gives, or learning can impart,	1
	Shall there unite to crown with boundless fame	
	This happy mortal's unexampled claim.	40
	'Twixt either horn, where rolls through marshy la	inds
t.	The king of floods, an humble village stands:	
25	Before it flows the Po; behind, a lake	
;	Turbid and deep collected waters make:	
laim	This, now obscure, in future I foretel	45
	Shall every town in Italy excel,	
	For walls, and stately domes, for every grace	
30	Of polish'd life, exalting human race:	
3	For thus has Heaven ordain'd the feat to raife	
,	Worthy his birth whose name employs my praise	
	So where the hind engrafts the tender fruit,	51
	He tends the plant that feeds the leafy shoot:	1
eanst	ri- 0:16-1 10 61 11 6	
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s M.	No other foul in your terrestrial reign	55
tion,	A mortal hader shall like this obtain	-
this r. 120		low
	Ver. 55. No other foul—] Rufcelli, the Italian commator, here attempts to apologize for the liberty take triofto, of introducing Saint John to give so hyperbolication of Hippolito. But surely it is altogether unnecessity	n by
	Q 2	to

How rarely from innumerous spirits here
So fair a spirit quits this upper sphere,
As that which Heaven's all-comprehensive mind
Has for the great Hippolito design'd!

Hippolito of Este is he nam'd,
By God's decree for countless virtues sam'd;
Such virtues, as diffus'd, might well adorn
Full many a mortal in your region born.
Goodness by him, by him each studious art
Shall sind support; but would I here impart
His high deservings in as copious strain,
Orlando might expect his wits in vain.

Where roll'd with mingled fand the troubled flood
The hallow'd fage and noble warrior stood,
To view that aged man who to the shore
The sculptur'd names within his mantle bore.
I know not if you still in memory hold
What late of this mysterious sire I told,
Of mien decrepid, but whose rapid pace
TS
Excell'd the sleetest of the stags in chace.

put in the mouth of the apostle, but in many other passage of this most extraordinary poem, to attempt a serious de sence of them, must be deemed an extravagance little less than the sictions of the poet; nor can our wonder be raise at this speech of Saint John, after the prophecy delivered in the xxixth Book, at the death of Isabella.

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B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 229

With ceafeless labour from the heap he took The various names, and from his vesture shook, As oft as to the water's brink he came, Th' oblivious waters known by Lethe's name. 80 What tablets finking there, to rife no more, The rapid eddies to the bottom bore! Beside and o'er the stream a feather'd crew Of crows, of choughs, and ravenous vultures flew, And many a different bird that hover'd nigh With clattering pinions and discordant cry. These, as they saw the wayward fire display His treasure, hasten'd to partake the prey: One with his crooked talons, one with beak A tablet feiz'd, but found his strength too weak 90 To bear it far, and when in air he try'd His daring flight, the weight his flight deny'd: So Lethe to eternal night must give These honour'd names that well deserv'd to live. Amidst the winged tribe two swans appear'd, White as the banners by my patron rear'd,

Ver. 80. — Lethe's name.] Ariosto has seigned Lethe to be in the moon, and Dante places it in purgatory.

Ver. 96. White as the banners —] The standard of the house of Este was a white swan.

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That each recover'd from the stream at will Some finking medal in his facred bill; And spite of him who with such fell intent Innumerous titles from his mantle fent, 100 The pious birds a chosen few repriev'd: Oblivion's whelming gulph the rest receiv'd. Along the tide now fwam the fnow-white pair, Now foar'd on fluttering wings through yielding air, Till near the borders of the fatal flood They reach'd a hill, on whose high summit stood A temple built to never-dying Fame, Whence, down the steep, a beauteous virgin came, Of each fair cygnet on the banks to take The names redeem'd from Lethe's filent lake. 110 These round the statue that sublimely plac'd Upon a column's height the center grac'd, She hung aloft in honour of the fane, And bade them there unchang'd for ages to remain.

What hoary fire was this, and why he gave The names engraven to the greedy wave; Much of the fwans to know, the duke defir'd; Of that fair virgin and her hill enquir'd; And much he long'd to hear the sense reveal'd, Beneath those visionary forms conceal'd. All

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B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 231

All this to learn, he ask'd his gracious guide:
And thus the holy man of God reply'd.

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Know first, that not a leaf on earth can move, But bears its correspondent type above. On earth and here the fame effects we find, 125 In femblance differing, but alike in kind: The fire, whose beard adown his bosom flows, Whose wondrous speed no mortal equal knows, Here works the same effect in mystic show, That time performs on changing things below. 130 When here the fatal thread of man is spun, Of human life below the course is run. While Fame is there, lo! here her equal fign, And both alike were deathless, both divine; But that you fire here makes the names his prey, 135 And time below wastes all with flow decay: This, as thou fee'ft, configns to whelming tides, And that for ever in oblivion hides. Crows, vultures, choughs, and all the feather'd train, Here strive to bear the finking names in vain: 140 These are on earth the servile band and base, Flatterers and parasites that courts disgrace; Buffoons and flaves, with every vice indu'd, But priz'd too oft above the wife and good.

Q4

All

All these are courtiers call'd, of fordid mind, 145 (Like the vile ass, or swine's detested kind) Who bred in feafts to waste the glutton hour, With greedy taste the savoury cates devour; Who when the Parcæ end their mafter's days, When Bacchus or intemperate Venus flays, 150 Bear in their mouths awhile each patron theme, Then drop the burthen in oblivion's stream. But as the swans, with foft melodious strain Convey the medals fafe to yonder fane; So virtue's deeds the poet's tuneful breath 155 Extends to latest times beyond the stroke of death. O! happy princes! train'd in learning's lore, Who tread the path by Cæfar * trod before, And while you lift each writer to your fide, Fear not th' absorbing waves of Lethe's tide. 160 Rare as these fwans, so rare the poet's name, Such poets as the Muses' honours claim: For Heaven bestows but with a sparing hand Illustrious men, to grace a favour'd land; And oft the churlish lord, without regard, 165 Leaves godlike Genius pining for reward. The bad meet smiles; the good oppression find; And noble arts are banish'd from mankind. * Augustus Cæsar.

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B.XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 233

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Sure Heaven deprives the great of inward light, To quench their fouls in intellectual night, And makes them fcorn the bard's mellifluous lays, That death may blot their name to future days. Would these but make one tuneful muse their friend. (Whate'er their crimes) their mem'ry might extend In time's fair page, and favours sweet dispense, 175 As costly myrrh, or odorous frankincense. Eneas' felf was not fo pious found, Nor Hector nor Achilles fo renown'd For deeds of arms, but numbers might we tell Whose martial glories could those chiefs excel. The favour, by their rich descendents show'd, The princely gifts, the palaces bestow'd, Exalt their actions to the highest praise That fiction paints, or history can raise. Deem not Augustus' life so free from blame 185 As Virgil's trump delivers him to fame; His skill in verse and love to bards display'd,

The dire profcription veils in friendly shade.

Not

Ver. 185. Deem not Augustus' life—] "The Triumvir and Proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him (Virgil) and Horace. Ariosto has put these words

Not one might now on Nero's guilt exclaim,

Nor infamy perchance attend a name

By Gods and men abhorr'd, had he enfur'd

The pen of writers, and the muse secur'd.

On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,

And paints the Trojans vanquish'd by their soes;

Tells how Penelope, amidst the train

Of lawless suitors, could her faith maintain:

But would you see the truth no more conceal'd,

Who knows but thus the tale might stand reveal'd,

That Greece was routed, Troy the conquest gain'd,

And that Penelope her nuptials stain'd?

200

words into the mouth of an evangelist, but whether they will pass for gospel now I cannot tell.

Non fù si santo, ni benigno Augusto Come la tuba di Virgilio suona, L'aver avuto in poesia buon gusto, La proscrittione iniqua li perdona."

DRYDEN, Preface to Æneid.

Ver. 193. On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows,] Mr. Warton in his History of Poetry tells us, that Lydgate blames Homer, "notwithstanding all his rhetoric and sugred elequence, as a prejudiced writer who favours the Greeks;" a censure which slowed from the savourite and prevailing notion held by the western nations, of their descent from the Trojans. Dion of Prasa, an historian, took great pains to shew that Homer had falsified the truth, and that Achilles was slain by Hector, and the Greeks vanquished.

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Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found,
Dido with truth and every virtue crown'd:
But she, since Maro was her soe, has lest
A name of chastity and truth berest.
Be not surpriz'd if on this theme I dwell,
And warmly speak of what I feel so well.
To writers every debt of love I owe,
Myself a writer in your world below.
Above my peers I gain'd such honour'd grace,
No death shall end it, and no time deface;
And every grateful thought tohim is ow'd,
To holy Christ, whose hand such gifts bestow'd.

But

Ver. 201. Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found, Trogus Ausonius, and Marcellus, as likewise Petrarch, affirm
that Dido, whose proper name was Eliza, killed herself that
she might not become the wise of Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to which union she was strongly pressed by her subjects. An old Greek epigram is extant, in which she is
made to complain of the Muses for inciting Virgil to write
against her chastity. It is a certain sact, that she lived long
before Æneas is said to have left Troy; which Petrarch sets
forth in his Triumph of Chastity. PORCACCHI:

E vegghio Dido Ch'amor pio del fuo sposo a morte spinso, Non quel d'Enea, com' è publico grido. Dido, who loyal to her consort, sell Not sor Æneas' love, as lying legends tell.

Mr. Hayley, in his instructive and entertaining notes to his poem on epic poetry, speaking of her story given by the Spanish

But wretched those, in hours of grief expos'd, On whom the gates of courtefy are clos'd; Who with pale want and famine on their cheek, 215 By night or day in vain an entrance feek! And hence (th' unpleasing subject to pursue) Few are the poets as the patrons few; Since favage beafts from that rude climate fly, Whose barren fands nor shade nor food supply. 220

So spoke, with kindling warmth, the bleffed fire, While either eye-ball flash'd with heavenly fire, Till, turning to the duke, his speech he clos'd, And in a smile benign his looks compos'd.

Thus they: but let us now Astolpho leave 225 With him from whom mankind redeem'd receive The gospel truth, while from the lunar steep To lower worlds I meditate a leap, A leap from Heaven to earth-nor can I more Self-pois'd aloft on weary pinions foar. 230

Spanish poet Ercilla, says, " I must observe, that many bards of his country have considered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil, with a kind of poetical Quixotism, for having slandered the chastity of so spotless a heroine." He afterwards gives us the words of Ercilla at the conclusion of his account of Dido. "This is the true and genuine story of the famous defamed Dido, whose most honoured memory has been belied by the inconsiderate Virgil, to embellish his poetical fictions." Notes to the Third Epistle. The

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The strain to her I turn, whose gentle heart
Was pierc'd by jealousy's envenom'd dart;
Whom late I lest, when in succeeding joust
Three kings, by turns, she humbled in the dust.
At night a castle, on the way, reliev'd
235
Her wandering course, where tidings she receiv'd
That Agramant with all his numerous bands
In camp was routed by her brother's hands;
That Arli's walls he sought, and well she knew
That there Rogero with his king withdrew.
240
Soon as the first grey light in Heaven appear'd,
To rich Provence the dame her journey steer'd;
For thither (spread the same) his conquering crew
King Charles had led, the vanquish'd to pursue.

Now near the camp a lonely fair she met; 245
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with tears were wet;
Noble her mien—lo! this was she who won
The manly heart of Monodantes' son;
Who from the bridge beheld her lover's fall,
And lest him Rodomont's unhappy thrall: 250
A knight she sought whose dauntless soul could brave
The narrow pass above; below, the rapid wave.
Soon as Rogero's valiant maid distress'd

Soon as Rogero's valiant maid distress'd Beheld a dame no less by grief oppress'd,

Ver. 231. The strain to her I turn, —] See Book xxxiii. ver. 555. He resumes the narrative of Astolpho, Book xxxviii. ver. 180.

With

With courteous greeting she besought to know 255 What secret cause had wrought the stranger's wee. Her Flordelis beheld, and at the sight Believ'd in her she secund the wish'd-for knight; And now describ'd the dangerous bridge and slood, Where Algiers' king against all strangers stood; 260 How from his seat her hapless lord he threw; Not that th' insulting Pagan better knew The use of arms, but that with crast apply'd, He to his 'vantage us'd the bridge and tide.

If thou, O warrior! (faid the weeping fair) 265 Art brave and courteous as thy looks declare, For Heaven's dear fake on him thy valour turn, Through whom I thus my lord, my champion mourn. Or teach me in what near or distant land To meet with one you Pagan to withstand; 270 A knight whose courage can my foe affail, That little shall his bridge and stream avail. Not only shalt thou act as suits the right Of chivalry, and fits a wandering knight; But more—thy valour shall the cause maintain 275 Of one, the truest of Love's faithful train. How shall I all his other virtues tell. Such numerous virtues that his fex excel? Who own not these, must breasts unfeeling prove, Which neither faith can touch, nor worth can move. The B. X

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B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 239

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The generous maid, whose mind no little weighs Whate'er may lead to fame and martial praise, Heart-broken with her grief, in anguish dares Danger and death, and for th' attempt prepares. She thinks no fortune to her arms can give 285 Her dear Rogero back, and loaths to live.

Fair love-lorn stranger (Bradamant replies)
Such as I am, this arm thy foe defies.
Thou speak'st thy lover loyal to his vows,
When truth to few so high a praise allows;
290
'Till now I deem'd who dar'd in man to trust,
Would find in love all perjur'd and unjust.

Thus she; and as the latter words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.

Lead on—she cry'd; and with th' ensuing day 295
They view'd the fatal stream and dangerous way;
There soon discover'd by the watch, who stood
To warn his lord what strangers reach'd the stood.
The horn is blown; the Pagan, arm'd with speed,
Stands on the shore oppos'd with spear and steed: 300
He guards the pass, and when the dame he spies,
Denounces instant death with threatening cries,
Unless she yields, t' avert her threaten'd doom,
Her horse and armour offer'd at the tomb.
But Bradamant, before instructed well,

305
Who heard fair Flordelis th' adventure tell,

How

How by his fury Isabella dy'd, Thus to the haughty Saracen reply'd.

Why, wretch! should those who ne'er partook thy guilt,

Be punish'd for the blood thy rage has spilt? 310

By thee she fell—thy life should here atone

That impious deed through every region known.

Thy life were here a better victim paid

In just oblation to her virgin shade:

More grateful far than all the trophies won 315

From luckless knights that on this bridge have run:

Her ghost would prize the vengeance best, that

From one, who bears like her, a woman's name:

A woman fee—but ere in joust we meet,

On equal terms together let us treat:

320

Shouldst thou in fight prevail, my fate with those

Already taken at thy will dispose.

But (as I deem) on me should conquest light,

Thy horse, thy armour, shall be mine of right:

My hand shall yonder arms and mail displace,

325

And, in their stead, shall thine the marble grace:

Thy prisoners shall be mine.—'Tis just (reply'd)

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Stern Rodomont) nor is thy claim deny'd.

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BXXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 241

But should'st thou win, I shall not yet restore
The knights, my captives, late in yonder tower,
Since these are sent to Afric's distant shore.

331
But here I swear, shouldst thou thy seat retain

By some strange chance, and I unhors'd remain,

Each captive shall be freed, by our command

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Dispatch'd in message swift to Afric's land.

But should'st thou fall when we in fight contend,

(As furely thus the contest soon must end)

Thou shalt not leave thy arms, nor shall thy name Grav'd on the marble thy defeat proclaim:

To that fair face, bright locks, and sparkling eyes,

Already vanquish'd, I resign my prize. 34
Thine be the day—so may'st thou but remove

Each angry thought, and change thy hate to love:

Such is my strength, my courage, known to all,

Thou need'st not deem it shame by me to fall. 345.

The virgin smil'd, but sternly smiling show'd

A generous wrath that in her features glow'd,

Nor to the Pagan aught reply'd again,
But turning to the bridge her courfer's rein,

Urg'd all his speed, while in her hand she bore 350

The lance of gold to charge the furious Moor.

Fierce Rodomont prepar'd the joust to meet,

Rapid he came: beneath their coursers' feet

Vol. IV. R The

The tough bridge shook, while many an ear around At distance trembled with the deafening found. 355 The golden lance its wonted virtue held, And he, whose arm so oft his foes had quell'd, Swift on the bridge was tumbled from his feat, His head laid low, high rais'd his quivering feet, Scarce could the virgin, as the warrior lay, 360 Speed o'er the narrow pass her courser's way: Great was her rifk; a step but swerv'd aside Had plung'd her headlong in the subject tide. But Rabican fo light, fo fleady came, (That wondrous courfer bred of air and flame) 365 Along th' extremest verge he sped so fast, That on a fword's sharp edge his feet had safely past. Then to the Pagan king, supinely spread, She turn'd, and thus in sportive humour said: Behold who now has loft-fee whither tends 370 Thy empty boaft, and how the contest ends! Foil'd by a woman's hand, without reply, Depriv'd of sense, the Pagan seem'd to lie, Till flowly rifing, with dejected look, A few fhort steps with filent gaze he took, Then fudden from his limbs the armour drew,

And fill'd with rage against the marble threw:
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B.XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. Alone, on foot, he haften'd from the place The scene detested of his foul disgrace) But ere he went, he gave a squire in charge 380 As late he vow'd) to fet the knights at large To Afric fent: No more of him we tell, ave that departing thence he turn'd to dwell from living haunts in fome fequester'd cell. 60 Meantime against the monumental stone, The Pagan's mail, by law of arms her own, loft the virgin hung; but thence remov'd ach Christian's armour that the joust had prov'd, Known by their names infcrib'd) that left the train 365 Charles's court; the rest she let remain 390 ler trophies plac'd t' adorn the virgin-fane. baft. elide the arms of Monodantes' fon, lith Sansonetto's, Olivero's shone; Tho, while Aglante's noble prince they fought, 370 heir path pursuing, to the bridge were brought, nd, here made captive by the Pagan's hand, hapless exile sent to Afric's land: heir arms, which now the lofty structure bore, he dame remov'd and plac'd within the tower. 375 Ver. 384. From living baunts -] Rodomont appears no te till Book xlvi, ver. 794. Alone, R 2 All

d

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All other harness won, the conquer'd spoil 400 From Pagan knights, she left to deck the pile.

There hung the monarch's arms who sought in vain,

With length of peril, Frontalet to gain; Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore, Who wandering many a plain and mountain o'er. By evil chance to lofe his fleed arriv'd, And travell'd thence of horse and arms depriv'd. Thus every warrior of the Pagan crew Dismis'd, with freedom from the pass withdrew: But shame forbade Circassia's king's return, 410 To risk amid the camp opprobrious scorn, For honour fully'd, arms and courfer loft, Disgrace ill-suited to his frequent boast. And now defire rekindled in his breaft To feek the damsel, who his foul posses'd, Who (fame had told) her native country fought: Hence, as the power of fond affection wrought,

Ver. 404. Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch word, The last time we heard of Sacripant was in Book xxvii ver. 837. where he was said to pursue Rodomont, in orde to recover from him his horse Frontaletto (or Fronting and where the poet mentioned his being afterwards mad prisoner by Rodomont.

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B.XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 245

While he pursues with speed the slying fair, To Amon's daughter let the Muse repair.

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Each Christian name eras'd, the martial maid, 420 In words new graven on the tomb, display'd To every passing eye her glorious deed, The knight dismounted and the passage freed; Then turn'd to Flordelis, whose heart was fill'd With tender grief, whose eyes big tears distill'd, 425 And ask'd her purpos'd way: The dame replies: To Arli, where the Pagan army lies: Companions there I seek, there hope to find A bark for Afric with a favouring wind:

Ne'er will I rest till to these arms restor'd, 430 These eyes behold my husband and my lord:

Nor shall he long in cruel prison live, Though treacherous Rodomont should falsely give

His promise to deceive thyself and me:
All shall be try'd to set my consort free.

Behold me ready (faid the martial fair)
With thee each peril of the way to share
Till Arli we behold, where, for my fake,
Within her walls thy entrance shalt thou make;

Ver. 419. To Amon's daughter —] We hear no more of Sacripant in the course of the poem.

R 3

There

There seek Rogero, sam'd through every land, 440
Lov'd of his king o'er all the martial band:
Thy gift on him this courser must bestow,
From which I late o'erthrew our haughty soe:
Then shalt thou say—" The knight from whom I came 444
"Dares to the world thy breach of faith proclaim;

To thee this steed he sends, and bids thee brace

Thy arms, his force on yonder plain to face."

Here end thy speech; but should he further try

To learn my name, be this thy sole reply:

"Unknown to me the knight whose words I bear."

Thus she—and thus return'd the grateful fair: 451

What danger (generous warrior!) for thy sake

Shall I decline, what toil resuse to take?

My life is thine—Not less than life she owes

To thee, who could for her thy own expose.— 455

Good Bradamant returns in courteous strain,

Along the margin of the winding flood
These beauteous dames their eager way pursu'd,
Till Arli they beheld, and heard the roar
Of billows breaking on the neighbouring shore.
Here Bradamant her courser check'd, to wait
Herself at distance from the city's gate,

And to her hand commits Frontino's rein.

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B.XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 247

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Till Flordelis to Arli should repair,

And to the noble youth his courser bear. 465

The barrier now attain'd, the gentle dame

The draw-bridge pass'd, and to the portal came:

The knight she found, perform'd her task enjoin'd,

And good Frontino to his hand consign'd.

Her message done, no longer would she stay, 470

But to the port pursu'd her eager way.

Perplex'd Rogero stood, his mind confus'd,
On this, on that, in vain alternate mus'd:
What knight could such mysterious challenge send,
With gifts to court him, and with arms offend? 475
He knows not who the combat thus may claim,
Or dare for wrong sustain'd attaint his name:
Yet no suspicion ere could raise a thought
That Bradamant such charge against him brought.
Sometimes he deem'd of all the warrior crew 480
The knight was Rodomont, nor yet he knew
What cause on him the Sarzan's anger drew.
Yet, him except, through all the world remain'd
No single chief with whom he strife maintain'd.

Meanwhile Dordona's dame, in generous scorn,
To claim the combat, blows her sounding horn. 486

Ver. 471. But to the port pursu'd—] He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxix. ver. 299.

R 4 Now

Now Agramant, and now Marsilius heard That near the walls some champion strange appear'd, With these, as chance befel, a gallant knight, Call'd Serpentino, stood, who for the fight 490 Requested leave to arm, and vow'd to bring That bold unknown in bonds before the king. Soon fpreading rumour to the ramparts drew Each fex and every age, the field to view: Not feeble years, nor childhood stay'd, but all 495 Alike impatient throng'd to line the wall. With radiant arms, and rich embroider'd vest, King Serpentino of the star address'd His dauntless course, and entering on the joust, The first encounter stretch'd him in the dust. 500 The courteous dame purfu'd, and by the reins Secur'd his steed, that startled fled the plains; Him to the Saracen her hand restor'd: Refume thy feat (fhe cry'd) and bid thy lord Select another warrior from his band 505 Who better may in arms my force withstand. The king of Afric faw with wide furvey, Amidst his train, the fortune of the day: Behold (th' enraptur'd prince exclaim'd aloud, 510 In accents heard by all the Pagan crowd)

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You gallant chief a victor's right forego, And from the plain dismiss his vanquish'd foe! He faid; when Serpentino present stands, And, in her name, a braver knight demands. Grandonio of Volterna next appears, 515 No lord of Spain his creft fo proudly rears; With leave obtain'd the fecond course to try, He issues forth the stranger to defy. Then he-thy courtefy avails thee nought, When thou in bonds before our fovereign brought Shalt wait his nod, or by my weapon flain Here stretch thy length on this contested plain. Think not my foul (the noble maid reply'd) Shall quit her purpose for the threats of pride: I warn thee to retire, ere vanquish'd here Thy batter'd limbs confess my stronger spear. Return, return-and to thy king declare, 'Tis not for fuch as thee these arms I bear: But hither am I come to meet in fight Some warrior that deferves a warrior's might. These bitter words, in taunting vein addrest, With burning wrath inflam'd the Pagan's breaft: He nought reply'd, but reining round his steed

Against the virgin urg'd his fiery speed;

Prepar'd

Prepar'd to joust, her golden lance she held, 535
And Rabican to meet his rage impell'd;
When scarce the fatal spear had touch'd his shield,
With spurning heels aloft he press'd the field.
The noble championess his courser stay'd:
Confess that justly I foretold (she said) 540
Thy tongue might better far my message bear,
Than in the list thy arm my weapon dare.
Go then—and in my name thy king entreat
To chuse a knight that may my challenge meet
On better terms; nor let me toil in vain 545
With those that knightly same so ill sustain.

The gazers from the walls, who wish'd to tell What brave unknown had kept the seat so well, Recall'd to mind each chief, that oft in field Midst summer's heat their blood with sear congeal'd. To Brandimart some gave the champion's claim, 551 But to Rinaldo more ascrib'd his same:

Orlando most had deem'd, but well they knew His state, that tears from every hearer drew.

The third in turn, Lanfusa's son *, apply'd 555
To run the course; with little hope (he cry'd)
To win the palm, but, falling, that his shame
Might with his friends unhors'd partake the blame.

• FERRAU.

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B. XXXV. ORLANDO FURIOSO. And furnish'd now with all that warriors need In lifted fight, he mounts a fiery fleed, Led from a thousand which his stalls contain. For swiftness priz'd and steady to the rein. He issues forth, but ere in joust he meets. The virgin him, and he the virgin greets: Then she-If this thou seek'st not to conceal, To me in courtefy thy name reveal. To her request Ferrau in full reply'd, Who feldom fought himfelf or deeds to hide. Thy proffer'd jouft I take (rejoin'd the dame) Though here to prove another knight I came. 570 What knight? return'd Ferrau-to whom the maid Rogero cry'd-and scarce the word she faid, When o'er her face the mantling colour flew And dy'd her lovely cheeks to crimfon hue. She thus pursu'd-That warrior's fame in arms My beating breaft with emulation warms: Eager I burn with him in field to wage The fingle fight and face to face engage. Simply she spoke, what some malicious mind May turn far other than the maid defign'd. Ver. 579. Simply the Spoke, -] An instance, amongst many others, of those ludicrous turns interspersed through the

poem, for which Lavezuola, the Italian critic, in his com-

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ment on this place, in general condemns the author.

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To her Ferrau—Be first our conslict try'd,
The prize of strength between us first decide:
Then, should I fall, as fell my peers before;
To heal the chance of this disastrous hour,
That gentle knight shall enter next the course, 585
With whom thou long'st at tilt to prove thy force.

As thus they parlying stood, her helm unclos'd,
Her visage to the wondering gaze expos'd;
And while Ferrau those angel seatures view'd,
His heart confess'd him more than half subdu'd. 590
Then to himsels—A form I sure behold
From Paradise, not bred of mortal mould;
And should I sail in joust the lance to meet,
Those conquering eyes have wrought my sure deseat.
Each measur'd now the ground, when, like the

Ferrau o'erthrown the earth indignant press'd.

For him his courser Bradamant detain'd:

Return (she cry'd) and be my wish explain'd

To yonder knight. Ferrau abash'd withdrew,

And sought Rogero 'midst the courtly crew; 600

Before king Agramant the message told,

That him to joust defy'd the champion bold.

Rogero, while as yet he little thought

What unknown knight with him the combat sought,

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As fure of conquest, with a fearless air 605
Bade all his armour for the field prepare:
Still glow'd his courage, though so late he view'd
Three warriors by a single spear subdu'd.

But how he arm'd, how iffu'd to the fight,
And what enfu'd, hereafter I recite,
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THE

THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

WHILE Rogero is preparing to leave the walls of Arli to answer the challenge of Bradamant, Marphisa meets her, and is unhorsed. Distress of Rogero. Skirmish between the Christian and Pagan forces. Rogero entreats a parly with Bradamant, and both the lovers retire from the field of battle into a grove. Marphisa, impatient to revenge her fall on Bradamant, pursues them. Battle between Bradamant and Marphisa. Rogero attempts to part them, and is attacked by Marphisa. Their combat is broken off by a supernatural event, followed by an unexpected discovery.

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THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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off ifA NOBLE heart by noble deeds is known,
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;
In every lore of courtefy refin'd,
Where habit stamps what virtue had enjoin'd.

Ver. 1. A noble heart by noble deeds is known,] Spenser, the great admirer and imitator of our author, borrows this entiment in his Fairy Queen:

True is, that whilom that good poet faid,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known:
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners; in which plain is shown
Of what degree and what race he is grown.
Book vi. c. iii. st. 1:

Again,

Like as a gentle heart itself bewrays

In doing gentle deeds with frank delight.

Book vi. c. vii. st. 1.

Vol. IV. S Not

Not less the heart, which vice polluting stains, At every turn its wretched bent maintains, Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes, And favour'd he fuch habit who forfakes. The times of old fupply'd a martial race, Not less endu'd with every gentle grace: 10 Few boafts the modern page; fince there we find Each outrage that debases human kind. As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine With conquer'd enfigns deck'd each hallow'd fhrine, That arm, which from the port their gallies bore 16 With spoils encumber'd to thy native shore: O! then what dreadful scenes of carnage spread, As where, to deeds of favage fury bred, Moors, Turks, and Tartars round them heap the dead!

Yet think not Venice could partake the guilt 20
Of hireling bands, and blood unjustly spilt.
I speak not here of slames, whose torrents pour'd
From street to street, whole sumptuous piles devour'd:

Ver. 13. As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine] In the Notes on the iiid Book, an account was given of this victory gained over the Venetians in the Po, in which Cardinal Hippolito took feventy enfigns from the enemy, which he afterwards caused to be fixed up in the great church of Ferrara. Porcacchi.

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Though fuch a favage vengeance must proclaim The worst of insults to thy better fame: 25 For when proud Padua's turrets shook with fear, And, join'd with Cæfar, flam'd thy dreadful fpear, Thy voice humane forbade the fires to rife, And stopp'd the blaze when bursting to the skies; While towns and cities by thy pity spar'd, 30 Thy inborn worth to either hoft declar'd. Yet these, nor all their savage fury wrought, Deeds never harbour'd in the courteous thought, So touch my breast as one heart-rending woe, Which rocks might weep, could rocks compassion know; 35

Ver. 26. For when proud Padua's turrets—] Andrea Gritti, after he was doge, recovered Padua from the hands of the emperor Maximilian; who, disturbed at the loss of so important a place, came from Germany with an army to retake it; and arriving in Italy, he was joined by the Franks, Spaniards, and the forces of the Pope; so that when he encamped at Padua, he found himself at the head of a vast army: among others who came to his affistance was Cardinal Hippolito de Este, who seeing the wanton cruelty of the Imperialists, with difficulty restrained them from committing many acts of violence, and particularly prevented the destruction of many neighbouring towns, and of the edifices at Padua. Porcacchi.

S. 2

When

When you, great prince, your noble offspring fent To where the foes, in guarded fortress pent, Fled from their ships, and where in dread they lay To wait th' event of that ill-omen'd day, As dauntless Hector and Æneas strode 40 To burn the Grecian ships that brav'd the flood; Like Hercules and Alexander go The friendly pair, their hearts too boldly glow, They leap the trench, and rush amidst the foe. Too far advanc'd, the second scarce regain'd 45 His focial band; the foe the first detain'd. Feruffin scap'd, behind Cantelmo stay'd-O Sora's duke! what pangs must then invade Thy wretched breaft, when from thy generous fon His helm unlac'd, a thousand swords on one, 50 Thou to the veffel faw'ft thy darling led, And fever'd from the trunk his beauteous head!

Ver. 36. When you, great prince, -] In this war, amongst many gallant warriors, with the Cardinal, were Hercules Cantelmo, fon of the duke of Sora, and Alexander Feruffino: these two rashly attacking the enemy, Hercules was made prisoner, and condemned by the Venetians to lose his head, as one who, being in their service, had attached himself to the Ferrarese: the sentence passed on him was executed in the presence of his father. Feruffino seeing Cantelmo taken, made his escape with difficulty to his own peo-EUGENICO. Why,

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Why, when the cruel edge his blood could spill, Did not fuch fight the wretched father kill? Say, curs'd Sclavonian, from what favage bands 55 Brought'st thou the trade of war? Did Scythia's hands E'er shed a captive's blood, who freely gave His yielded arms his forfeit life to fave? Was this thy plea to murder him who shone His country's brave support? O powerful sun! 60 Withdraw thy beams from this remorfeless age, Where all like Atreus, like Thyestes rage. Thy favage foul, barbarian! could deftroy The foldier's early hope, the nation's joy! Whose fame no chief from pole to pole outshines, From Indian shores to where the day declines. Not those who make the flesh of man their food, Not eyeless Polypheme's inhuman brood, But touch'd with pity had that grace confess'd, That grace and youth to melt an iron breaft: Thou, only thou, could'it harm that angel face, Than Lestrigons more fell, or Cyclops' hideous race. Not fuch example ancient times can show; ach vanquish'd chief then met a generous foe; ach warrior then was train'd in courteous lore; 75 he battle ended, slaughter rag'd no more. Why,

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Unconquer'd Bradamant, who smote the shield

Of each brave knight, and stretch'd them on the field,

From her fall'n foe withheld her bloody fword,

And every courfer to his lord reftor'd. 80 This warlike virgin (as we fung before) To earth the gallant Serpentino bore, Knight of the star; next by her noble hand Grandonio of Volterna press'd the land; And last Ferrau: then rising from his fall, 85 Each rein'd his steed, and turn'd to Arli's wall: The third her challenge bore, and call'd the knight, Rogero once belov'd, to mortal fight; As 'midst the peers he stood, where all deceiv'd By outward deeds, the maid a knight believ'd. 90 Rogero, who the bold defiance hears, Demands his arms, while in his look appears A noble warmth: in fight of Afric's lord, While thus he arms, the chiefs, with one accord, Again enquir'd what warrior could fo well 95 With rested spear in single fight excel; And ask'd Ferrau, who with him lately drew To near discourse, if he the stranger knew. Securely rest (Lanfusa's son rejoin'd) No tongue has yet this pride of Mars divin'd.

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To me he seem'd, as first his face I view'd,
Amon's young hope; but when the joust ensu'd,
And show'd his prowess in the manly course,
Not such I knew was Richardetto's force:
His sister hence you knight unknown I deem,
Whose semblant features Richardetto seem.
Brave as Rinaldo lives her fair report,
Brave as each Paladin of Gallia's court;
But sure, by this day's proof, her arm in fight
Transcends her brethren's and her kinsmen's might.

When this Rogero heard, the deepening red 111
Of morning blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread;
A sudden tremor seiz'd his beating heart,
Swift through his vitals slew the amorous dart:
He glows—he burns—and now as fear assails, 115
Through all his bones an icy cold prevails:
He dreads some new-born anger has suppress'd
The love that once her gentle soul posses'd;
Divided thoughts by turns his bosom sway,
He doubts to go, nor yet resolves to stay. 120

Meantime Marphifa, breathing martial fires, There present stands, and to the joust aspires; All clad in steel; for seldom day or night She stood without her mail and corset bright.

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She sees Rogero arm, and fears to yield 125 To him the foremost honours of the field; Should first the warrior issue to the plain, And with preventive speed the palm obtain. Her steed she takes, and vaulting in the feat, Impatient spurs th' expecting fair to meet, 130 Who waits with beating heart Rogero's fight, In hopes to hold in bonds her faithless knight; While oft she ponders where the lance to bend, That least in combat might the youth offend.

Now from the portal fierce Marphisa press'd, 135 The phoenix towering on her radiant creft, To prove that she, above each martial name, Shone the fole phœnix in the field of fame; Or boaft her chafte defign to lead a life Estrang'd from love and all the joys of wife. On her brave Amon's daughter bent her view; But when no semblance of her knight she knew, Her name she fought; her name disclos'd the maid With whom Rogero had his faith betray'd; Or rather her, whom, by report deceiv'd, 145 She now the partner of his heart believ'd:

Ver. 136. The phænix towering-] In Boyardo the crest of Marphisa is a dragon.

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Her whom she loath'd, on whom she burn'd to prove
The vengeance due to wrongs of slighted love.
Her steed she turn'd, again with fury wheel'd,
Nor sought to hurl Marphisa on the field,
But through her breast to drive the thrilling spear,
And free her own from every jealous fear.

Compell'd Marphisa from her seat was thrown, To try if flinty rock or yielding down Receiv'd her fall; at fuch a chance unthought, 155 What rage her fiery foul to madness wrought! Scarce rifing from the ground, her fword she drew, And for revenge against her victor flew; When Amon's daughter, with indignant pride-Thou art my prisoner! yield thy arms (she cry'd); Think not on thee, Marphifa, I'll bestow 161 The grace I lately show'd each vanquish'd foe; On thee, whose deeds thy vicious foul proclaim, Reproach and scandal to the female name! At this Marphisa foam'd, as 'mid the waves 165 Around some rock the wind indignant raves: She strives to speak; but rage her voice confounds, And her lips mutter undiftinguish'd founds. She whirls her fword; and while she aims to strike, On steed and rider aims her strokes alike. 170 But

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But Bradamant her courser by the rein
Swift wheeling round, with wrath and sell disdain
Again her spear impell'd—her spear anew
Marphisa backward on the sand o'erthrew.
Once more from earth arose the wrathful maid, 175
Once more for vengeance grasp'd her beamy blade.
Again her weapon Bradamant extends,
Again Marphisa to the ground she sends.
Yet deem not, though her same so high was held,
Her strength so far Marphisa's strength excell'd, 180
That every stroke had thus the maid o'erthrown,
But that the lance retain'd a spell unknown.

Meantime a band of christian warriors, near
Encamp'd to where with brandish'd sword and spear
These heroines rag'd, beheld with wondering sight
Th' exalted prowess of their country knight: 186
Nor other, by his mien and arms they knew,
But for some warrior of the Christian crew.
When now Troyano's generous son survey'd
The Christians bending tow'rds th' extended shade
Of Arli's walls; still cautious to provide
191
For every ill or chance that might betide;
Without the gates he bids a squadron go,
And arm'd attend the motions of the soe.

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With these Rogero came, who late prepar'd 195 To meet the tilt which first Marphisa dar'd. Th' enamour'd youth beheld with earnest look The virgins meet, his heart with terror shook; He shook with terror for his foul's delight, Since well he knew Marphifa's force in fight. Such were his fears when first with lance oppos'd Each dame on each with mutual fury clos'd; But when the iffue of the jouft he view'd, All motionless in wonder rapt he stood. Their wrath, as if the strife was then begun, 205 Rag'd on each fide; nor here fuffic'd to run A fingle course, as when the virgin's hand First stretch'd the three bold Pagans on the fand. Rogero gaz'd, and gaz'd with anxious heart, His doubts, his hopes engag'd on either part: Both dear he held: this love's fierce passion fir'd; And that mild friendship's gentler flame inspir'd. Fain would he see the hated conflict cease, But honour's laws forbade t' enforce the peace : Not so his comrades thought, who when they fpy'd The scale of conquest on the Christian side, Refolv'd to part the fray; and fudden wheel'd Their eager fquadron to dispute the field:

The

The knights of Charles their nearer course oppose,

And soon in general fight the warriors close. 220

"To arms, to arms!" is heard on every hand,

Such cries as daily rous'd each martial band.

These mount their coursers, those their armour take;

The rattling trumpets to the battle wake

The trampling horse; while drums and timbrels

join 225

To fire the foot, and form each deepening line. Fierce and more fierce the skirmish'd troops engage With mutual flaughter and with mutual rage. Dordona's valiant dame *, who hop'd in vain To fee Marphisa by her weapon slain, 230 With wrath beholds her eager vengeance cross'd, And from her hand her hated victim loft. Now here, now there, with quick exploring eyes She feeks Rogero, for whose fake she fighs; And foon she knows him by his targe reveal'd, 235 The filver eagle on an azure field; And now, with every tender thought impress'd, She marks his well-turn'd limbs, his manly breaft, Each grace, each action of the youthful knight, On which she oft had gaz'd with fond delight. 240

* BRADAMANT.

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But when her fears fuggest these nameless charms Decreed to bless a happy rival's arms, Furious she cries-Am I deny'd the blifs, When other lips those balmy lips may kis? Ah! never fure another's shalt thou prove, 245 And, fcorning mine, return a rival's love! Rather than fingly by thy hate expire, This hand, inhuman, shall thy life require; If here I lose thee-death at least shall join Our hearts once more, and make thee ever mine. 250 If by thy fword I fall, thou fure must go A willing victim to the shades below; For human laws, and laws divine ordain, Who flays another shall himself be flain. Nor can'ft thou murmur here, nor feek to fly 255 That fate thou justly meet'st, unjustly I: I kill but him who feeks my life to take, Thou, cruel, her, who lives but for thy fake. Rouse, coward hand, and with a righteous blow Lay bare the bosom of thy treacherous foe, 260 Whose looks, in love's diffembled smiles array'd, Have wounded oft to death a helpless maid! Who now can bid my life's fad period close Without one pang in pity to my woes!

Then

Then from his impious breast with generous ire 265 Exact that death, thy thousand deaths require.

She faid; and to her fleed the spurs apply'd-Perjur'd Rogero! guard thy heart! (she cry'd) Think not unquestion'd victor hence to bear The glorious trophies of a maid's despair! 270 Soon as these accents reach Rogero's ears, In these his confort's well-known voice he hears, That voice so deeply on his mind impress'd, That tongue amidst a thousand tongues confess'd. He thinks her words conceal'd reproach imply 275 For some imputed crime of deeper dye Than late his promise fail'd; and hence his hand He wav'd, a friendly audience to demand, And plead his cause—but she with beaver clos'd, Her spear already in the rest dispos'd, And threatening rush'd to hurl him from his seat, Where no foft turf perchance his limbs might greet.

When now he faw the furious virgin near, Collected in his arms, his ponderous spear He plac'd in rest, but rais'd the point in air, Through doubt to wound the lov'd but cruel fair. The dame, who with unpitying rage inflam'd, Against the knight her siercest vengeance aim'd,

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Now feels fome sudden power her wrath disarm,

Nor dares unhorse him, nor the warrior harm. 290

Thus guiltless of a stroke the weapons prove,

Both turn'd aside: not so the lance of Love;

This in the joust he drove with matchless art,

And six'd the amorous point in either's heart.

The dame on others from Rogero turn'd 295

The rage that in her jealous bosom burn'd,

And 'midst the tumult of the mingled fight,

Such deeds perform'd as ne'er shall set in night.

Soon with her golden lance to earth she threw
Three hundred warriors of the Moorish crew; 300
Her single arm that day the ranks defac'd,
Her force that day the slying Pagans chac'd.
Now here, now there, Rogero cours'd the plain,
And oft he sought t' accost the fair in vain;
At length they met—And O! I die (he cry'd) 305
Yet hear—nor be my sole request deny'd:
Grant me to speak—alas! what crime is mine?
Why dost thou thus my speech, my sight decline?
As, when the balmy southern wind prevails,
And o'er the ocean sweeps with tepid gales,

Ver. 305. At length they met —] Taffo has a fimilar paffage, where he describes the casual meeting of Tancred and
Clorinda in the iiid book, when in like manner he makes
Tancred solicit a parley with Clorinda.

Long-

Long-frozen streams disfolve, and mingling flow With rocks of ice, and hills of crusted snow: So when Rinaldo's valiant fifter hears These few short words, and sees her lover's tears, Her melting heart relents, and feems no more That heart which wrath to marble chang'd before.

The virgin to Rogero nought reply'd, But gor'd with iron heel her courfer's fide; And fwiftly turning from the warring band, She made a fignal with her beck'ning hand. 320 Far from the throng she reach'd a vale, where stood Amidst a verdant plain a cypress wood, Whose fable boughs extended o'er the glade The folemn honours of coeval shade. In this fequester'd place, this awful gloom, 325 Of purest marble rose a stately tomb; Where to th' enquiring eye was feen difclos'd In fculptur'd verse what body there repos'd: But Bradamant, arriv'd, with heedless gaze Alike the sculpture and the stone surveys. 330 Rogero spurr'd his steed, and swiftly came In this retreat to join his virgin-dame. .To brave Marphisa let us turn the strain,

Who now recovering press'd her steed again,

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And fought the warlike maid, whose potent thrust Had thrice her length extended on the dust; Whom parting from the fight afar she view'd, And faw Rogero, who her course pursu'd; Nor deem'd that love impell'd the youthful knight, But eager warmth to end th' unfinish'd fight. With sharpen'd spur her fiery steed she drove, And join'd the lovers, as they reach'd the grove: How grateful to the pair her fight must prove, Those best may tell whom equal passions move. But Bradamant was fir'd with rage to view 345 The hated cause of all the woes she knew; What from her foul this firm belief can shake, She thither came for her Rogero's fake? O false Rogero (once again she cries) Perfidious man! and could it not suffice, 350 Fame speaks thee base, but thou in fell despite Must bring you hated gorgon to my fight! I fee thy wish, to drive me from thy foul, Nor will I more thy cruel wish control: Farewell to light !- but ere I yield my breath, 355 She first shall die, by whom I meet my death. Furious she spoke; and on Marphisa press'd With more than viper's venom in her breaft; Vol. IV. Soon

Soon as her spear had touch'd the rival-shield,
Back sell Marphila helpless on the field;
Even while aware, t' oppose the stroke she tries,
With heels retorted to the radiant skies,
And helm half sunk in earth, the haughty virgin lies.

But Amon's daughter who, in frantic mood, Refolv'd to die or shed Marphisa's blood, No more with spear the conflict would renew, But from her hand th' enchanted weapon threw, And leaping from her steed her falchion drew. Furious she rush'd to lop with trenchant blade Her head, half-buried, from the struggling maid: But ere she came, Marphisa on the plain Recover'd stood to wage the fight again, Enrag'd to find once more in equal jouft, Her former glories humbled to the duft: With grief Rogero views the growing fight; In vain with earnest prayers the gentle knight Would calm their fouls; all peace the dames refule, While each alike her mad revenge pursues. Now, at half fword, these female warriors close, Near and more near they press, each bosom glows With tenfold pride; and now together join'd, 381 Each round her foe a powerful arm has twin'd:

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They let their falchions useless fall to ground, And with their daggers aim a fatal wound. To both by turns Rogero bends his prayer, 385 But all his words are loft in empty air. Entreaties vain, and every milder art, The youth resolves by force their strife to part: He wrests the dagger from each struggling maid, And hurls the weapon in the cypress shade. 390 Their hands disarm'd, he steps between their rage, With threats to move them, or with prayers affuage; In vain—his prayers and threats alike prevail, Still burns their wrath, and when their weapons fail, They gripe, they fqueeze, they strike with spurning heel. And with their gauntlets clench'd the tempest deal: Oft by her hand or arm the gentle knight Each virgin draws to interrupt the fight;

Ver. 395.—they firike with spurning heel,] Perhaps it may be thought by some, that the poet, in this passage, as in some others, has rather done violence to his semale characters: it must perhaps be acknowledged that the idea is not pleasing; but after all, human nature is the same in every rank of life, and there are situations when extreme passion levels all distinction; which truth the reader must often have learnt from that great master of human manners, Shakespear.

Till

Till stern Marphisa could no more control

The fury kindling in her haughty soul, 400

That haughty soul which all the world despis'd,

As little now Rogero's friendship priz'd:

But, leaving Bradamant, her sword she took,

Rush'd on Rogero, and indignant spoke.

O! insolent of mind, discourteous knight, 405

O! infolent of mind, discourteous knight,
Uncall'd to mingle in another's fight!
But know this hand thy folly shall chastise,
This hand whose single weapon both defies!

Thus she: with balm of soothing words address'd Rogero still would touch Marphisa's breast: 410 But such her rage, no soothing can control The stubborn purpose of her siery soul:
At length, his cheek with kindling anger dy'd,
The knight unsheaths the falchion from his side.
Not Rome or Athens, once with riches crown'd, 415
Nor wealthier city, through the world renown'd,
Could on the gazer such delight bestow,
With dazzling splendors of some public show,
As now, to jealous Bradamant, the sight
Of deadly strife between the dame and knight; 420
A sight that to her grief sure med'cine prov'd,
And every pang of cruel doubt remov'd.

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She fnatch'd her fword, that on the herbage lay, And stood a glad spectatress of the fray: Rogero in his force, his martial air, 'And matchless skill, she deem'd the God of war: But while like Mars he seem'd, with vengeance fell Marphifa look'd a fiend from deepest hell: Yet still the generous warrior would restrain His wonted nerve, nor give his wrath the rein: 430 Too well the virtue of his blade he knew, That oft, in battle prov'd, fuch numbers flew; That cut its bloody way through toughest arms, Through temper'd steel, or steel secur'd with charms: And hence his wary hand declin'd alike With thrilling point to thrust, with edge to strike. At length the virgin aim'd a dreadful blow, That rous'd the vengeance of her gentle foe: To cleave his head the thundering steel she drove; Against the weapon, hissing from above, Rogero rais'd his eagle-painted shield, And stay'd the fury on its azure field: His eagle held fecure by magic charm, But the dire blow benumb'd the warrior's arm, And had not Hector's mail the falchion stay'd, 445 Thro' shield and mail had driven the trenchant blade,

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Thence on his head had fall'n with fwift descent, Nor mis'd the mark the raging virgin meant. Rogero scarce can lift his arm with pain, And scarce his eagle's ponderous orb fustain. All pity fled, his bosom glow'd with ire, And either eye-ball flash'd vindictive fire! Then at full force he whirl'd the pointed steel, Ill chance had met her, such dire stroke to feel. Some guardian power was near to fave the maid, And in a cypress trunk the erring blade Stood deep infix'd, where thickly planted stood Of mournful trees the venerable wood. Sudden a fearful earthquake rock'd the ground; The meadow shook, the mountain trembled round: When from the tomb, in central filence rear'd, 461 A found, exceeding mortal founds, was heard. Then thus the voice of horror-O! forbear This impious strife, this most unnatural war, Where brother's hands a fifter feek to kill, 465 Where fifter's hands a brother's blood would spill. Ver. 461. When from the tomb-] So Virgil, Eneid III.

Ver. 461. When from the tomb—] So Virgil, Æneid III.
——gemitus lachrymabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auras.

from the tomb I hear A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.

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O lov'd Rogero! lov'd Marphifa, hear!

For both are mine—O lend a heedful ear!

One womb conceiv'd you both, one happy birth

Produc'd you both, the future boafts of earth. 470

Your fire, Rogero, fecond of the name,

Lov'd Galacella, who return'd his flame:

Ver. 471. Your fire, Rogero,—] For Boyardo's account of the birth of Rogero and Marphifa, see Note to Book ii. ver. 217. Take this further account of Rogero of Risa and Galacella, the father and mother of Ariosto's hero.

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III.

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When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of king Garnieri on the Christians, he took with him his fifter Galacella, a female warrior of great courage; but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galacella alternately fought with Rogero of Rifa, without victory to any party. Galacella turned Christian, and married Rogero; but Beltram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a passion for his fifter-in-law, but unable to corrupt her chaffity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Rifa to Almontes, who entering by night, put all to the sword. Rogero and his father Rampallo were killed: but Almontes afterwards repenting of the part which he had acted, caused Beltram to be put to death. Galacella, then big with child, was put on board a veffel with eight attendants, whom she afterwards killed; and landing at a castle, was delivered of two children, and died. ASPRAMONTE, c. iv. vi. ix. & feq.

The latter part of this story is differently told by Boyardo and Ariosto, who relate that she was exposed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and cast on the coast of Africa.

T 4

But

But him, alas! her cruel brothers gave An early victim to th' untimely grave; And mindless of the dear, the precious load 475 Your mother bore, unheeding kindred blood, Her in a slender bark these fiends confign'd To threatening death amid the feas and wind. But Fortune that decreed you, yet unborn, With glorious deeds your country to adorn, 480 Your vessel to a realm unpeopled bore, And fafely landed on the Syrtes' shore. Eas'd of her birth, to death your parent bends, Her spotless soul to Paradise ascends. Such was your fate, fo will'd fome favouring power, Myfelf was present at the needful hour: 486 Then (as the place allow'd) this friendly hand Interr'd your mother on the lonely strand: Wrapt in my vest your tender limbs I laid, And to Carena's towering height convey'd. 490 I caus'd a gentle lioness to come, Her whelps deferting, from the woodland gloom; Who twice ten months (her nature's rage fubdu'd) From favage teat fupply'd your milky food. But roving o'er the fields one fatal day, 495 As distant from my home I chanc'd to stray,

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On you a band of Arab spoilers fell, (Your memory may supply the tale I tell) Marphifa, thee they feiz'd; with feet more light By better chance Rogero 'scap'd by flight. Return'd, your cruel loss I long deplore, But guard my fole remaining hope the more. Thou know'ft, Rogero, well my ceaseless care, While fad Atlantes breath'd this vital air. I saw, from boding stars, thy life decreed 505 In Christian lands by treacherous guile to bleed; For this I strove to keep thee thence afar T' evade the influence of each threatening star: But when thy ardour all my hopes oppos'd, My wretched days with grief and fickness clos'd. 510 Yet ere I died, where my prophetic fight Here with Marphifa long foretold thy fight, I call'd the demons from Tartarean gloom With marbles heap'd to raise this stately tomb; And with loud cries to Charon thus I pray'd: " Awhile forbear to claim my mournful shade! "Though freed from life, permit my ghost to stray " In this drear grove till that predestin'd day, "When my Rogero, in this lone retreat, " In fingle combat shall a fister meet." 520

Impatient

Impatient here I chid the lingering hour
That stay'd thy coming to this cypress bower:
O Bradamant, by our Rogero lov'd,
Henceforth be every jealous thought remov'd!—
But now, farewel! farewel to chearful light,

525
I sink for ever in eternal night!

Here ceas'd the voice; and ceasing left impres'd Fear, wonder, love, in every hearer's breast. The knight Marphisa for his sister knew; She, in Rogero, with enraptur'd view
530
Her brother own'd; and both with pious haste
Advancing in each other's arms embrac'd:

Ver. 527. Here ceas'd the voice; —] There is scarce a passage in this, or perhaps it may be allowed in any poem, more noble, poetical, and affecting, than this discovery of Rogero and Marphisa to each other: the several workings of rage, love, and jealousy, are inimitably painted, and the attention of the reader wonderfully suspended, till the whole mystery is unravelled by the sublime machine of the ghost of Atlantes, which may be truly called dignus vindice nodus. The sudden transition of scene from the hurry and tumult of a field of battle to a sequestered grove and sepulchre, and the terrible voice that issues from the vault, are circumstances of strong imagination. Indeed the many natural, sublime, and beautifully wild strokes of this book would not have been unworthy of a Shakespear himself!

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While she, whose foul no more with doubts was mov'd,

Shar'd in their meeting, and their joy approv'd: Now recollection, waking many a thought, The time long past to their remembrance brought, The sports in which their childish years they led, Confirming all Atlantes' spirit said.

Rogero to his fifter now reveal'd

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What love his heart for Bradamant conceal'd; 540 And, with affection's warmest glow, display'd The ties that bound him to the generous maid: Meantime fell discord, late a cruel guest, Was banish'd far from either virgin's breast, And both, to peace and amity dispos'd,

Their friendly arms around each other clos'd.

Marphifa now impatient burns t'enquire The state and birth of their illustrious fire; By whom he fell, and how the chief was flain In fingle fight, or on th' embattled plain: What impious hands their hapless mother gave A guiltless victim to the greedy wave:

If e'er the tale had reach'd her infant ears, The trace was scarce retain'd in lapse of years.

Rogero then began: From Ilium's coast, 555 Through Hector's mighty line our race we boaft.

When

When young Astyanax had fled the bands Of Grecian foes, and 'scap'd Ulysses' hands, He left behind him in his native place A youth of femblant stature, mien, and face: Long wandering o'er the spacious seas he gain'd Sicilia's ifle, and in Messina reign'd. His progeny at length by Faro dwell'd, And in Calabria's realms dominion held; Till fons fucceeding fons, th' illustrious town 565 Of Mars* they reach'd, where chiefs of high renown Sprung from their line, whom mighty Rome obey'd, Who regal or imperial fceptres fway'd; Whose blood to Constantine from Constans run, And thence to Charles imperial Pepin's fon. 570 'Midst these Rogero (first that bore the name) Buövo, Gambaron, Rambaldo came: Rogero last, the second, he who led, As old Atlantes from you marble faid, Our honour'd mother to the nuptial bed. Your eye may clear in ftory'd annals trace The glorious actions of our generous race. Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's shore How Agolant his double offspring bore

Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's shore

How Agolant his double offspring bore

Almontes and Troyano; how he brought

A daughter, who in arms so bravely fought,

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That many a Paladin to earth fhe threw; Till of their fire the fair enamour'd grew: That for his fake her father she forfook, And how, baptiz'd, his hand in marriage took. 585 He told the traitor Beltram's impious flame, Who burnt incestuous for the beauteous dame: Whom to poffess all nature's ties he broke, And basely yielded to a foreign yoke Sire, brethren, country-Rifa's town betray'd To foes whose fury scenes of death display'd. How Agolant and his dire fons combin'd (When billows dash'd, when howl'd the raging wind) Unhappy Galacella's death to doom, Six moons beholding then her growing womb: 595 And how her feeble skiff without a guide They launch'd at mercy of the roaring tide. While thus her brother his discourse pursu'd, In mute attention rapt Marphisa stood, With joy exulting from fuch fpring to trace The shining streams of her illustrious race: Mongrana thence and Clarmont thence she knew (The double progeny) their lineage drew; Names that through earth had pass'd unrivall'd long, Fame's darling chiefs, and themes of future fong.

of the through their bared bard. So

But when at length fhe heard the cruel brood 606 Of Agramant had shed Rogero's blood By treacherous guile, and doom'd his blameless wife On furgy tides to end her wretched life; No more the fifter could her wrath difguife, But thus abrupt-O brother lov'd! (fhe cries) Forgive me, if I gently must complain That you, a fon, could filial warmth reftrain, And unreveng'd behold a father flain! What though Almontes and Troyano fled 615 From mortal state, are shelter'd with the dead, Thy jestice may the fon of life deprive-Thou liv'ft-and yet shall Agramant survive? What foul dishonour must thy courage blot, Thy parents' wrongs neglected and forgot! 620 Not only from this king thy fword abstains, But thee, his soldier, Afric's court retains: By CHRIST, the God henceforth I will adore, That God to whom my father bow'd before, I fwear this armour never to forfake, 625 Till for my parents' wrongs revenge I take. Griev'd I behold, and ever shall behold, Rogero's force with Agramant enroll'd, Or mix'd with Moors, unless with sword in hand To scatter saughter through their hated band, 630 While B. 2

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While from Marphifa's lips these accents flow'd,
The heart of Bradamant with rapture glow'd,
And oft she urg'd her lover to pursue
The path Marphisa pointed out to view,
And seeking Charles, affert his lineal claim
635
To honours due; for long his father's fame
Had Charles confess'd, and deem'd no living knight
Eclips'd his valour in the field of fight.

To them Rogero courteous thus reply'd:
He long ere this had left the Pagan's fide, 640
Had all been known, or known been duly weigh'd;
But fince from Agramant the martial blade
Now grac'd his thigh, on him that fword to raife
With treason's guilt would stain his former praise;
To shed his blood whom for his lord he chose, 645
And pledg'd the faith of knight to guard him from his foes.

Yet, as engag'd to Bradamant he stood,
So to his martial sister now he vow'd
The first fair hour occasion gave to take,
The Moorish camp with honour to forsake.

This had he sought before, but lest in fight
To death near wounded by the Tartar knight
Long time he lay, which numbers could attest,
(As late the muse has told) but o'er the rest

Marphifa

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Vhile

Marphifa knew, who every day befide 655 His languid couch her friendly cares supply'd.

He said; the word each noble virgin took,
And all by turns their pleaded reasons spoke;
At length they six'd Rogero should repair
To Agramant, whose standards sann'd the air 660
At Arli's town, and with his lord remain
Till he some just occasion might obtain
To seek imperial Charles and join the Christian train.

Marphisa then th' enamour'd maid address'd: Permit his absence, nor alarm thy breast; 665 Few days shall see him to your fight restor'd, Nor longer Agramant be call'd his lord. Thus pleasing she; while yet her doubtful mind Had scarce revolv'd the purpose she design'd. Rogero bids adieu, and turns the rein 670 To feek his king encamp'd on Arli's plain. When fudden from the neighbouring vales they hear The founds of forrow breaking on their ear; And female plaints they feem'd-but here we close The pleafing book to feek a short repose; Yet nobler deeds th' enfuing page displays, If still you deign to mark your poet's lays.

END OF THE THIRTY-SIXTH BOOK:

Marbhil

THE

THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK

O F

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Vol. IV.

VI.

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II

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, find three damsels cruelly treated, and undertake to revenge their cause. They arrive with them at a town where they are acquainted with the shameful law made by Marganor against women. Tale of Marganor and his sons. Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, attack the castle of Marganor, and take him prisoner. Marphisa institutes a new law. Death of Marganor.

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THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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The fruit of anxious toil!—If fuch can raise
A name in future times deserving praise,
Would but the sex those paths of learning take,
Which mortal virtues can immortal make,
And thus themselves to distant ages tell
The deeds in which the semale race excel,
Without the poet or historian's aid,
Who oft by malice or by envy sway'd,

Whate'er

Ver. 10. Who oft by malice —] Spenser in like manner omplains of the jealousy and injustice of writers.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find

That in their proper praise so partial be,

IJ 2 And

Whate'er of good they knew have kept conceal'd, And, blaz'd abroad, each little fault reveal'd; Then might fuch honours crown the lovely kind, To leave the leffening fame of men behind. With equal ardor man to man repays 15 The mutual tribute of reflected praise; Nor this alone, but labours to proclaim Each blemish that may blot the woman's name; As if he fear'd their merits fair display'd Would fink his own, like funs that fet in shade. 20 But not a tongue or hand, though bent in spite With voice to utter, or with pen to write, With every fraud of jealoufy indu'd, The bad to heighten and obscure the good, Can fo prevail the gentle fex to stain 25 But still their glory shall in part remain, Though far beneath what their deferts might claim, If candid truth allow'd their genuine fame.

And not indifferent be to woman-kind,
To whom no share in arms or chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave gests, and prowess martial:
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and shame their glories all.
FAIRY QUEEN, Book iii. c. ii. st. I.

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Not fam'd Harpalice, on Scythia's shore;
Not Thomyris, who brav'd the Persian power; 30
In Troy or Latium, not each warrior maid*
Who gave to Turnus or to Hector aid;
Not she † who sled with Tyre and Sidon's train
Through length of seas to fix her Lybian reign:
Not great Zenobia; not the queen ‡ whose hand 35
Subdu'd Assyria, Ind, and Persia's land:
Not these alone, and some selected sew,
Demand the same to mighty actions due:
Not those alone in Greece and Rome display'd,
For virtues bred beneath their softering shade,
But dames as wise, as faithful, just, and brave,
Have liv'd from Indus to th' Hesperian wave;

* PENTHESILEA and CAMILLA. † DIDO.

† SEMIRAMIS.

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Ver. 35. Not great Zenobia—] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who, when her husband Odenatus was taken prisoner by Sapores, king of Persia, raised a great army, set her husband at liberty, and afterwards conquered the east. At the death of Odenatus she had the courage to make war upon the emperor Aurelian; who, having taken her prisoner, caused her to be led in triumph, and when he was reproached by some, for triumphing over a woman, he replied, that her courage and power had been superior to any man.

PORCACCHI.

U 3

Whofe

Whose praise, whose honours are for ever flown, And scarce, amidst a thousand, one is known; Since partial writers, in an envious age, With cruel falsehood have debas'd their page. Yet, O ye noble dames! who pant to gain The wreaths of virtue, virtue's track maintain, Nor let despair of future time's regard Your venturous steps from high attempts retard: 50 For learn this truth, by just experience found, Nor good, nor ill has one eternal round. If writers oft your praises have deny'd, The present time has well that want supply'd. Your wondrous worth Marullus late has shown; 55 Pontanus, and the Strozzi, fire and fon:

Capello,

Ver. 55. - Marullus -

Pontanus, and the Strozzi, -] Marullus Tarchoniata, a Greek, no less skilled in arms than letters: he served in Italy, and married Florentina, daughter of Bartholomea Scala, a lady of erudition. He lost his life by a fall into a deep pit, and died the same day that Ludovico Sforza fell into the power of the French. Pontanus was born at a castle belonging to the duke of Spoleto; his father being killed in an infurrection of the people, he fled when a youth to Naples in great poverty, and was received by Antonio Panchernita, fecretary to Alphonso of Arragon; he succeeded Panchernita in his office, and married a rich Neapolitan lady: he wrote well in profe and verse, and died at seventyfeven years of age at Naples.

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mance.

Tito

Capello, Bembo, plead your fex's cause; And he * whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws, And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws. There Alamanni: here th' immortal pair Lov'd by the Muses and the God of war,

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Tito

* CASTIGLIONE.

Tito Vespasiano Strozzi, and Hercules his son. Tito wrote many things, but was excelled by his fon Hercules, who was also a great improver of the theatre: he was much addicted to women, which passion at last ended in his death. They both lived at Mantua. Hercules wrote in praise of Isabella, wife to the duke of Mantua. FORNARI.

Ver. 57. Capello, Bembo, -] Capello, a Venetian gentleman, and an excellent Tuscan poet. Bembo, afterwards cardinal; he wrote in profe and verse, and excelled on amorous subjects, which was objected to him when Paul III. raised him to the cardinalship. FORNARI.

Ver. 58. And he whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws, And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws.]

Count Bandassar Castiglione, who excelled in all the qualities of an accomplished courtier: he wrote a treatise entitled Il Cortegiano (The Courtier) in which he introduces many praises of women: it is said, by Ariosto, that in dekribing a perfect courtier he drew his own picture.

FORNARI.

Ver. 60. - Alamanni :-] Luigi Alamanni, an excellent poet: he lived some time in banishment in France, like another Ovid, where he wrote many things, particularly his Girone il Cortese (Girone the Courteous) a poetical ro-

U 4

Sprung

Sprung from the race that rul'd the favour'd ground,

Which Mincius' stream divides, and lakes surround. Of these, while one, by nature still inclin'd To pay due homage to your beauteous kind, 65 Bids Cynthus and Parnassus sound his lays, And high to Heaven extend your fwelling praife; The love, with truth and constancy unmov'd, So well by him in Isabella prov'd, Exalts your fex fo far, your fair renown 70 From envy's shafts he guards above his own; Nor lives, throughout the world, so brave a knight Who less shall fear in virtue's cause to fight: His deeds to other bards a theme can give, His pen can bid another's glories live: 75

Ver. 60. —th' immortal pair] Two of the name of Luigi; Gonzaga of Castel Ginfredi, cousin to the duke of Mantua, and Gonzaga called of Gazalo, for his intrepidity surnamed Rodomont, who afterwards married Isabella. FORNARI.

Ver. 69. —in Isabella prov'd, This Isabella was daughter of Vespasian Gonzaga, and being promised to signor Luigi, of the same samily, Pope Clement, exasperated with Luigi for being in arms with the Imperialists at the sack of Rome, endeavoured by every means to make her marry another; but she, neither by threats or promises, would be ever induced to break the saith that she had plighted.

PORCACCHI.

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Worthy a dame so wealthy who (endow'd With every gift by bounteous Heaven allow'd The semale name) thro' every chance could prove A steady column of connubial love.

He worthy her, she worthy him to bless; 80 No worthier two each other to possess.

New trophies see he rears on Oglio's shore, Amidst the din of arms and cannon's roar; So rich a work his polish'd genius gave, That envy seem'd to swell the neighbouring wave. Hercules Bentivoglio pours along, 86 And paints your triumph in triumphant song.

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Ver. 76. —a dame so wealthy—] Rodomont received with her a dowry of twenty thousand ducats. FORNARI.

Ver. 79. A steady column of connubial love.] Alluding to her name, Colonna, the ancient race of the Colonese.

Ver. 82. —Oglio's shore—] The castle of this lord of Gazalo was situated not far from the river Oglio; by the neighbouring wave he means Mincius, and thus seems in some fort to equal him to Virgil. FORNARI.

Ver. 82. So rich a work—] Luigi Gonzaga Rodomont, not only excelled in military talents, but was an accomplished writer. As a proof of his easy vein in poetry, we may refer to the stanzas printed with his name at the end of the Furioso, in most of the editions of the work.

Ver. 86. Hercules Bentivoglio-] Son of Annibale: he wrote eclogues and comedies, and likewise excelled in muso: he lived at Ferrara. FORNARI.

Trivultio

Trivultio follows; then in equal lays My own Guidetto your defert displays; And Molza, nam'd by Phoebus to record your praise. See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke appears, Son of my patron duke-his wings he rears Like the fweet fwan, and finging as he flies, Bears your lov'd name refounding to the skies. See Vasto's lord (whose virtues might inspire 95 Full many a Roman and Athenian lyre) Exalts your deeds, while numbers more that live In this our age your honour'd praifes give.

Ver. 88. Trivultio-

Guidetto-] Rinato Trivultio of Milan; he composed in octave stanzas on amorous subjects. Francesco Guidetto, a Florentine, a good writer in Tuscan verse.

FORNARI.

Ver. go. - Molza Maria Molza da Madonna from her earliest life shewed a genius for poetry. She excelled in Latin and Tuscan verse, and was patronized by every Mecenas of the age. Her life was licentious, being, like another Sappho, addicted to a multiplicity of lovers, and died at last of disease, a victim to her incontinence. FORNARI.

Ver. 91. See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke-] Hercules II. then only duke of Carnuti, afterwards duke of Ferrara.

Ver. 95. - Vafto's lord-] Alphonso, marquis of Vasto, who enriched poetry with many elegant amorous compositions. FORNARI.

Ver. 97. — numbers more—] Ludovico Dominichi was among the most celebrated: he composed an entire volume to the honour of women. FORNARI.

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Behold your fex their female labours leave, Forget to turn the reel, the web to weave, And guide the pen on learning's facred theme; Who quench their thirst at Aganippe's stream, And, thence return'd, fuch honours you bestow, Man owes you much-to man you little owe. Should here the muse recount the splendid names 105 And mighty worth of these distinguish'd dames, How would the subject shine from page to page! What other story could the verse engage? What course is left !- shall I the whole reject, Or, midst the train a single name select? IIO One I'll felect; in whom fuch gifts combine Not envy's felf shall at the choice repine. She not alone, with fweet mellifluous lays Preserves her name to far succeeding days, But calls the flumbering worthy from the tomb, 115 And bids his fame reviv'd eternal bloom. As Phœbus on his fifter feems to throw More vivid light than on the stars that glow Around his orb; so he her breast inspires, Whose praise I sing with more exalted fires; Gives every word with energy to flow, And bids her shine a second fun below.

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Victoria

Victoria is she call'd-and well the name Befits her, born to triumph and to fame; With every trophy deck'd of laurell'd pride, 125 And victory attendant at her side. Like Artemisia she, the queen who prais'd For nuptial duty, to Mausolus rais'd The stately pile: but more to her is due, Who from the fepulchre her confort drew, And bade his buried honours rife anew. If Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife, Evadne and Argia, fled from life;

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Ver. 123. Victoria is she call'd-] Victoria Colonna, a marchioness of Pescara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a commander of great courage and conduct: she was wife to Francisco Davolo, marquis of Pescara: she was a lady of confummate genius and piety, and composed many elegant poems in praise of her husband, and other works on religious subjects. Porcacchi.

Like Artemifia-] Ver. 127. Artemisia, queen of Caria, who built a most magnificent tomb for her husband Mausolus, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; but not fatisfied with this proof of her affection, and deeming no other monument fo worthy as her own breast to contain the remains of her husband, she caused the body to be confumed to ashes, and having mixed these with a precious liquid, she drank the potion so prepared.

Ver. 132. Laodamia, Arria, Brutus' wife, Laodamia, wife

And numbers more, in ftory'd annals bloom,
Who fought their breathless husbands in the tomb:
Still

wife to Protesilaus, who went to the siege of Troy: he was the first who landed, and sell by the hand of Hector: his dead body being sent home to Laodamia, she expired upon it.

Arria, wife to Pœtus, who was condemned to death for being privy to a conspiracy against the emperor Claudius. Arria, with great intrepidity, drew a dagger, and plunging it into her bosom, presented it to her husband with this expression, "that she died without pain, but that the agony she selt was for the death which he must suffer." On this incident, Martial made the following celebrated epigram.

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Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pœto, Quam de visceribus traxerat illa suis, Si qua fides, vulnus quod seci, non dolet, inquit, Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pœte, dolet.

When Arria chaste to Poetus gave the blade,
When from her breast she drew the crimson steel,
'Tis not (she cry'd) the wound my hand has made,
But what, O Poetus! thine must make, I feel.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, hearing of the defeat and death of Brutus, put an end to her life by swallowing burning coals.

Ver. 133. Evadne and Argia,—] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, who went to the fiege of Thebes: her husband being dead, she threw herself on the funeral pile, and was consumed with him.

Argia,

Still fair Victoria yields a nobler theme, 136
Who could from Lethe and the turbid stream
That nine times round the bloodless spectres flows,
Her husband free, though death and fate oppose.
If stern Achilles once could envy raise 140
In Macedonia's king for Homer's lays;
What would the monarch, living, feel to hear
Thy name, Pescara, sound in every ear;
For whom thy chaste thy much-lov'd consort sings
Eternal honours on the tuneful strings? 145
If all her great deserts the muse could tell,
The muse for ever on the theme might dwell;

Argia, daughter to Adrastus king of Argos, and wise to Polynices. Polynices and his brother Eteocles being dead by the hands of each other, Creon forbade them to be buried; but Argia, accompanied by her fister Antigone, went in the night to the field of battle, and finding the body of her husband, gave it burial; on which the tyrant commanded Argia and Antigone to be put to death.

Ver. 137. Who could from Lethe—] Ariosto poetically intimates that Victoria, by the excellence of her compositions, preserving the memory of her deceased husband, recalled him to life. See Note to ver. 123.

Ver. 140. If stern Achilles —] Alexander the Great paying a visit to the tomb of Achilles, is said to have expressed his regret that he had no such poet as Homer to record his actions.

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And leave, what late I promis'd to unfold,
A pleafing story in the midst untold,
Of fierce Marphisa, and the gentle pair,
Which in this book I purpos'd to declare.
Since gracious now you stand prepar'd to hear
These fair adventures with attentive ear,
For better leisure I reserve the lays
That mean to trace Victoria's boundless praise.

Not that my verse can make those virtues bright
Which shine unrivall'd by their native light,
But sain my soul would those desires obey
Which prompt all honours at her feet to lay.

Thus then, ye fair, I deem in every age
Your fex might claim a place in story'd page;
But canker'd envy in the writer's breast,
Has after death each generous name suppress'd.
That time is past—since now yourselves can give
Your virtues blaz'd through latest days to live. 165
Could those two kindred dames like you excel
In arts of eloquence, as warring well,
What gallant deeds had now been brought to light,
Which envy long has kept obscur'd in night!
Of these a tenth the muse can scarce declare; 170
Of sierce Marphisa, Bradamant the fair,
I speak, and wish each glory to display,
Since virtuous deeds should shine in open day;

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Your flave am I, and burn with zeal to show To you what truth and loyalty I owe.

In act to part, I said, Rogero stood,

His sword recover'd from the yielding wood,

When from the neighbouring vale was heard the

groan

Of female plaints and undiftinguish'd moan.

He paus'd; but soon, with either warlike maid, 180

He bent his course to give the mourners aid:

All spur their steeds, and now approaching near,

With louder cries distincter words they hear.

At length they find in wretched plight distrest,

Three dames with weeping eyes and sobbing breast,

Whose vesture clipt above each lovely waist

186

By impious hands, to strangers' gaze disgrac'd

Those secret charms, which each low seated tries

To hide from sight, and sears again to rise.

As Vulcan's offspring, born from dust of earth, 190

Whom Pallas took, and gave the monstrous birth

Ver. 190. As Vulcan's offspring,—] Ericthonius, the son of Vulcan, was born with the feet of a dragon, and was given by Pallas, shut up in a cheft, to be kept by the three daughters of Cecrops king of Athens, Pandroso, Erse, and Aglauros, with strict charge not to look therein; but Aglauros, through curiosity, opened the chest, and discovered

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With charge severe to rash Aglauros' hand,
Who dar'd to disobey her high command;
As he, of old his serpent-seet enclos'd
Within the car, which first his art compos'd;
So crouch'd the virgins, fearful to reveal
Those charms that modesty would fain conceal.

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This object fir'd in either noble dame

The kindling blushes of a maiden shame:

In each fair cheek the deepening crimson glows, 200

As blooms in Pæstan groves the fragrant rose.

Indignant Bradamant, with wondering eyes,

Amidst these weeping dames Ulania spies,

Her, whom at Tristram's lodge she met erewhile,

The lovely envoy from Perduta's isse: 205

Nor less the damsels her attention drew,

Whom late companions of the fair she knew.

But to Ulania, honour'd o'er the rest,

The noble maid her courteous speech address'd;

the infant, on which they were all three punished. Ericthonius, when he was grown up, invented the use of the chariot, in order, when he rode therein, to conceal his defornity.

ver. 201. As blooms in Puestan groves—] Puestum, an ancient city, the gardens of which abounded with roses, which were reported to blow twice a year: Thus Virgil,

Biferi rofaria Pæsti.

Vol. IV. X And

And ask'd what wretch of unrelenting mind, Foe to the gentlest ties of human kind, Could to a stranger's eyes those charms reveal Which modest Nature labours to conceal.

At that known voice Ulania rais'd her eyes, Suffus'd with flowing tears, and now descries 215 The vest and arms of that victorious dame, Who late the northern champions overcame.

Then thus-Not diftant far a castle stands Where wretches dwell, who with inhuman hands Have clipt our garments thus above the waift, 220 With blows opprest us, and with taunts difgrac'd. Nought can I speak of that resplendent shield: Of those three kings, who long o'er hill and field My steps pursu'd, no tidings can I tell, Nor know if death or bondage these befel. 225 And, though it irks us such a length of way To trace on foot, we purpose to display Before the court of Charles our wrongs and shame, And every justice from the monarch claim.

She faid: her words each noble dame inspir'd With generous wrath, nor less Rogero fir'd: 231 With grief they heard the maid her tale relate, But more they griev'd to view her wretched state. All other thoughts forgot, each virtuous breaft Self-prompted glow'd to aid the three diffress'd, 235

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While with one mind the martial three prepar'd T' avenge the wrong, but first their armour bar'd Of vest and scarf, and cloth'd with tender care The naked charms of every blushing fair. But Bradamant, whom much it griev'd to view 240 Ulania thus on foot her way pursue, The weeping virgin on her crupper plac'd; Whose gentle friends, with equal shame disgrac'd, Marphifa bold and good Rogero took; Then all the fix the lonely vale forfook. 245

To Bradamant Ulania pointing show'd The nearest path to where the castle stood: Her Bradamant confol'd, and for her fake Vow'd on her foes a just revenge to take. To right and left, by turns, their course they bent, And flowly gain'd a rugged hill's afcent; Nor stay'd to rest, till deep in ocean's bed The fetting fun had veil'd his golden head. An humble village on the hill's steep side Their lodging fair, and good repast supply'd, 255 Such as the ruftic hamlet could provide.

They gaz'd around, and wondering gaz'd to find Each part, each dwelling fill'd with womankind, Some young, some old; but not a single face Of man was mingled with the female race. 260 Not

X 2

Not more furprise of old brave Jason knew,
Not more the rest of Argo's valiant crew,
To see no males on Lemnos' fatal shore,
But savage semales drench'd in kindred gore,
Than now Rogero and each martial dame,
265
When to this town at evening close they came.
Here Bradamant and here Marphisa's care
For sad Ulania, and her damsels fair,
Three vests procur'd, not wrought with semale pride,
But such as well their present need supply'd.
270
Meanwhile Rogero call'd a dame from those
Residing there, and will'd her to disclose
What place conceal'd the males, since yet his eyes
No male beheld—to which she thus replies.

While you perchance with looks of wonder view Without a man our numerous female crew, 276 Think what we feel in banishment to live From all that once could life's fond solace give:

Ver. 261. Not more furprise—] The women of the island of Lemnos being jealous that their husbands meant to forsake them for other wives, formed a conspiracy against the men, and at their return massacred them all in one night: Hypermnestra only saved the life of her old father king Thosas, and sent him in safety from the island. Jason afterwards arriving thither, found with surprise the kingdom only held by women. See Ovid's Ep. Hypsipile to Jason.

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To fill the measure of our doom severe, Sires, fons, and husbands, names for ever dear, 280 From our lov'd fight a long divorce constrains, As our inhuman tyrant's will ordains. Chac'd from the confines of the neighbouring earth, Where we, unhappy! drew our wretched birth, Our cruel lord has here our fex confin'd, With wrongs ill-fuited to our gentle kind; Denouncing pains and death to us, to all Our tender mates, should these at love's soft call Hither repair, our forrows to relieve, Or we with welcome our lov'd mates receive. To woman's name he bears fuch deadly hate, He lets no female near his presence wait, But drives us thence, as if our harmless breath Could taint the air with pestilence and death.

Now twice the trees their verdant leaves have shed,
And twice renew'd their annual honours spread, 296
Since to such height the tyrant's sury rose,
And none have dar'd his impious deeds oppose;
Such sear prevails!—for to his brutal mind,
As if in sell despite, has nature join'd 300
A strength beyond the strength of human kind.
His body, towering to gigantic size,
A hundred warriors in the sield desies.

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Nor we alone his hapless subjects mourn, But strangers feel his rage more fiercely burn. 305 He from his fight difgrac'd each female drives, That by ill fortune at his walls arrives. O! if you prize your freedom, life, or fame, Or dearly hold each fair and gentle dame, This way forfake, which leads to yonder tower 310 Where dwells the tyrant, whose detested power Maintains the law, invented to difgrace Damfels and knights that reach the fatal place. His hand he chief in female blood imbrues; Not so the wolf the tender lamb pursues. Not Nero, fam'd for every cruel deed, Nor wretch more cruel can the wretch exceed, Whose fury thus assails each hapless dame With impious force, and Marganor his name.

Thus she: Rogero with attentive ear,

And each brave virgin stood the tale to hear,

And fair befought the matron to disclose

How first his hatred of the sex arose.

You castle's lord (the dame her speech renew'd)
Was ever cruel and averse to good,
325
But for a time his nature's vice supprest,
Lay deedless, buried in his impious breast,

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Two fons his offspring were, of virtuous kind, Ah! how unlike their fire's degenerate mind! All base and cruel deeds they strove to shun, And every stranger their affection won. With these, awhile, mild love and fair report And courteous manners grac'd their father's court; For though deep avarice could himfelf reftrain, Parental fondness gave his sons the rein. Each knight and dame that rov'd the country round, Alighting there fuch friendly welcome found, That parting thence each grateful tongue confess'd The honours paid to every coming guest By both the brethren: -each, by folemn rite, Invested with the facred name of knight. Cilandro this, Tanacro that was nam'd, Alike for princely mien and courage fam'd. Their worth was prais'd of all, and still had prov'd Fair knighthood's boast, of every breast belov'd; 345 But ah! they fell to cruel love a prey, That led them foon from virtue's path aftray, To tread the maze of error's winding way. Their honour now, by fatal passion crost, In one unhappy deed was ftain'd and loft. It chanc'd that from the Grecian court there came A gentle warrior, with his wedded dame,

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Of fost demeanour and of blooming charms, Worthy to fill the noblest lover's arms. Cilandro faw, and kindling at the view 355 Such draughts of love from her fair features drew, He fear'd the hour that faw the dame depart Would see life's latest pulse forfake his heart: Too well he faw that gentle fuit were vain, And hence refolv'd by force the prize to gain. 360 He arm'd, and near the castle ambush'd lay, When well he knew the pair would pass the way. His wonted courage and his love combin'd To urge him headlong to the deed defign'd: Soon as he found th' approaching warrior near, 365 He rush'd against him with his lifted spear; With certain hope of victory he came, T' unhorfe the champion, and to win the dame. Vain hope !- the knight in field was stronger found, And pierc'd his corflet with a mortal wound. 370 The fatal tidings reach'd his parent's ear, Who wept his breathless offspring on the bier, And bade his mourning friends the corfe convey, Where long entomb'd his dead forefathers lay. Yet still were hospitable rites employ'd, 375

And friendly welcome every guest enjoy'd:

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Not less Tanacro than his brother strove In every act of courtefy and love. On this ill-omen'd year a baron came From distant regions with his gentle dame; 380 He, first of men for hardy feats of arms, She, first of all her sex for female charms; She, bleft with truth as with a blooming face, He, fprung from ancestry of noble race: And well it feem'd a knight of worth fo rare 385 Should match with one fo virtuous and fo fair: Olindro he, of Longavilla fam'd; His blameless consort fair Drusilla nam'd. Alike his dame Tanacro's love inspir'd, As late the first his wretched brother fir'd: 390 Th' unjust desire that on his vitals fed, The youth devoted to destruction led: He, like Cilandro, honour's voice forfook, The ties of hospitality he broke; And dar'd each evil, rather than endure The rankling wound that death alone could cure. His brother's end still present to his eyes, He bent his thoughts to win the lovely prize By furer means, and fuch as might afford No hope of vengeance to her injur'd lord. 400

Ah!

Ah! hapless youth! whose impious love suppress'd The last faint tracks of honour in his breast, And quench'd in guilt each spark of virtue's fire, Plung'd in the gulph that whelm'd his cruel sire.

One night, far distant from the castle gate, 405 He points a force well arm'd in caves to wait The knight's approach: in ambush close they stand, And twice ten warriors swell the deathful band To close Olindro's way on every hand. In vain his valour dar'd th' unequal strife; Subdu'd at length he loft his spouse, and life. Olindro flain, Tanacro feiz'd the fair, Frantic with grief, abandon'd to despair: And oft she begg'd his falchion would bestow The fole relief in pity to her woe: Now rushing to a tiver's winding side, Furious she plung'd amid the dashing tide; But cruel fate the wish'd-for death deny'd. Wounded and bruis'd the near affiftants bore The fenfeless victim groaning from the shore.

Ver. 412. Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair,] This story of Olindro and Drusilla is taken from Plutarch, from whom Castiglione has translated it word for word in his Cortegiano. It is likewise told with many circumstances by Apuleius in his Golden Ass: but Ariosto has altered and improved the story. LAYEZUOLA.

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Her on a bier Tanacro thence convey'd, And anxious call'd on medicine's fons in aid. To fave his lovely prey: while these employ Their healing arts, he dreams of future joy. The name of mistress his fond heart disdains; 425 So fair, so chaste a dame in nuptial chains He means to bind; these thoughts his bosom sway, By night pursue him, and possess by day. He owns his guilt, and large amends he vows; The more he foothes, her hatred stronger grows; The more the traitor pleads his fuit abhorr'd, 431 The more she thirsts t' avenge her murder'd lord. But well she knew deceit and art must join The deep-plann'd scheme to further her defign; She veil'd her former love with pious wiles, 436 And heard his tale with well-diffembled fmiles. Peace, gentle peace, her placid looks impart, But deep revenge is brooding at her heart: A thousand schemes her busy mind revolves, By turns she weighs, and doubts, by turns resolves: At length she finds her life alone can buy Her wish'd revenge, and now prepares to die: For how fo happy can she close her breath, As in her own t' avenge her confort's death?

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All joy she seems, and feigns a soft desire 445 Once more to light the torch at Hymen's fire: She decks her charms with every grace of art, As her first lord were banish'd from her heart. One only boon she begs, to join their hands With all the rites her country's law demands: Not that fuch nuptial rites, as now she claim'd, Her country us'd, but this device she fram'd In hopes her dear revenge on him to view, Whose guileful force her lov'd Olindro slew; And hence, with virtuous guile the dame describes The well-feign'd custom of her native tribes. 456 Each dame (she cries) who quits her widow'd state Must, ere she yields to take a second mate, With maffes fung and all due rituals paid, Appeale her angry lord's departed shade; 460 And in the temple, where his bones remain, Absolve his foul from past polluting stain. These rites perform'd, the bridegroom then may he weights and doubts, here gaining and And to his bride prefent the spoulal ring: Meantime the holy priest with ready prayer 465 The confecrated chalice must prepare;

Then from the chalice pour the hallow'd wine

And to the new-espous'd the cup confign;

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But first he to the bride the potion gives,

And first her lip the hallow'd draught receives. 470

Tanacro gladly yields, at her demand,
T'adopt each usage of her native land;
He bids her crown with love his faithful vows,
And at her pleasure all the rites dispose.

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Ah! wretch! he little deem'd Drufilla's mind 475 This fnare t'avenge Olindro's death defign'd; So deep one object all his thoughts poffes'd, That only one found entrance in his breast.

Drusilla near her person long retain'd

An ancient dame, that with her yet remain'd, 480

A sister-captive; her aside she took

And thus with low and secret voice bespoke.

A speedy poison in a vase prepare,

And to my hand the deadly mixture bear:

The day arrives my vengeance to sulfil,

And Marganor's detested son to kill.

Some other time shall tell—but trust my art

That thou and I in safety will depart.

The beldame goes; the venom'd bowl prepares,
And this, returning, to the palace bears:

499
The potent drugs she blends with Candian wine,
And gives the dame; the dame with dire design

Preserves

Preserves it for th' approaching nuptial day, To which th' impatient youth forbids delay.

The day appointed, to the temple came

With gold and jewels deck'd the lovely dame;

Where late with pomp of funeral splendor grac'd,

On columns rais'd her husband's tomb she plac'd.

There hymns were sung in solemn notes and loud,

And round of either sex a mingled crowd

Attentive stood: stern Marganor was there,

With him his son, both with exulting air,

And many a friend to hail the wedded pair.

At length the nuptial ceremony o'er,

Behold th' instructed priest is seen to pour

The wine and poison blest; to her he gives

The golden cup, the bride the cup receives

With steady hand; she to the brink applies

Her cheerful lip, and drinks what may suffice

For decency and death; then with a face

To smiles compos'd, resigns the fatal vase

To her new lord,—with unsuspecting soul

He takes the gift, and drains the deadly bowl.

The cup return'd, he flies with open arms

Eager to class his lov'd Drusilla's charms,

When lo! each soft, each semale grace is fled,

And kindling suries o'er her seatures spread!

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She thrusts him back, his loath'd embraces slies, While lightning flashes from her fiery eyes; Then with a dreadful voice and faltering tone, 520 Traitor! (fhe cries) infernal fiend, be gone! Shalt thou a life of love and folace know, And give my days to pass in tears of woe? O no-this hand its just revenge obtains, And sheds destructive poison in thy veins. Thou dy'st-but ah! it grieves my foul to view So mild a punishment thy crime pursue! I only grieve that these unhappy eyes See in thy death fo poor a facrifice. 'Tis all I can-fince more the fates deny, 530 Another world may every wish supply: There shalt thou, wretch, in ever-during chains Lament, while present I enjoy thy pains! Then to the skies she rais'd a dying look, Half cheer'd to smiles, and thus with tears she spoke. Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd most,

Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd most,

This vengeance paid to thy offended ghost.

Olindro, take for thy lamented life

This victim offer'd by thy widow'd wise:

And, O! for me the King of Heaven entreat

540

This day with thee in Paradise a seat:

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If none without defert inhabit there, To Heaven's high King my spotless truth declare; Tell him, I dare approach his hallow'd reign Rich with the triumph of you monster sain : What greater virtue lives than her's whose hand From fuch fell plagues can free a groaning land! She ceas'd; and ceafing, life forfook her breaft; While her pale looks a feeming joy express'd To see the traitor thus resign his breath. 550 Whose guile had wrought her lov'd Olindro's death. 'Tis doubtful whether first her spirit fled, Or first Tanacro mingled with the dead : Yet fure on him th' effect more speedy wrought Whose throat so largely drain'd th' envenom'd draught. 555

When wretched Marganor his falling fon Caught in his arms and faw that life was gone, Such rage of grief o'er all his fenses spread, His foul feem'd fleeting with his offspring dead: Two fons were his, and childless now he stood, 560 And each his wretched end to woman ow'd: Grief, pity, love, despair, and wild desire Of fell revenge, inflam'd the wretched fire; Conflicting passions now by turns prevail'd: So foam the feas by boifterous winds affail'd. 565

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He feeks Drufilla, but the hand of death Ere yet he came had ftopt her balmy breath: As with his teeth the fnake attempts to wound The pointed spear that nails him to the ground; As the gaunt mastiff rushes on the stone 570 By passing travellers in fury thrown; So he, more fell than fnake or mastiff, slies T' attack the corfe that pale and speechless lies. When long in vain his favage wrath has fed With impious outrage on the facred dead, 575 Against the dames that fill'd the hallow'd fane He turns his arm; when we (a helpless train) The havock of his murdering weapon feel, As falls the grass before the mower's steel.

Ver. 570. As the gaunt mastiff-] Tasso has the like simile.

Quasi mastin, ch'el sasso, ond' a lui porto Fù duro colpo, insellonito afferra.

CANT. ix. ft. 88.

So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar, The mastiff wages unavailing war.

And after both our Spenfer:

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565 He Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
The stone which passed stranger at him threw.
FAIRY QUEEN, Book iv. c. viii. st. 36.

Vol. IV. Y Full

Full thirty dames the bloody pavement spread; 580 A hundred wounded from the temple sled.

Such was his people's fear, none durst withstand

The mad destruction of his slaughtering hand.

Swift sled the dames, and all the vulgar crew

With equal terror from the fane withdrew: 585

At length his grieving friends with gentle force

And mild entreaties stopt his desperate course,

And led reluctant to the castle's height,

While all below was tumult, grief, and fright.

Still burns his rage; but fince his people's prayer His friends' advice had urg'd him now to spare 591 Our wretched lives, he bent his ruthless mind To banish thence the race of woman-kind. That fatal day he publish'd his command, That every semale should forsake the land; 595 And here confines our sex to this retreat, Forbid, with heavy threats, t' approach his seat. Thus wives divided from their husbands mourn, Thus weeping mothers from their sons are torn; When some too bold have dar'd to seek us here, 600 The tidings carried to the tyrant's ear, On these his rage inflicts severest pains, And those to death without remorse ordains.

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Then, at the fort, he bids a law proclaim;

None more severe ere stain'd a ruler's name: 605

The law decrees each dame or damsel led

By evil destiny you vale to tread,

Shall feel the smart of many a galling wound

From cruel stripes; then from the tyrant's ground

Be exil'd far; her garments clipt away

By impious hands shall to the sight display

What modest virtue blushes to betray.

Should one arrive whom some brave knight desends,

On her unpitied certain death attends.

All those who come with knights (their martial guard)

5

91

95

600

hen,

guard)
Are led by him, whose iron breast is barr'd
To pity's touch, to meet their cruel doom,
Slain by his weapon on his children's tomb.

Each champion's arms and courfer he detains,
Himself condemns to groan in servile chains. 620
Such is his power, that near him night and day
A thousand warriors his commands obey.

Yet more—should any hence dismission find,

By every solemn tie that holds mankind

He these adjures, unshaken to proclaim

625

Eternal hatred to the semale name.

Y 2

If these fair damsels little claim your care, If for yourselves no anxious thought you bear, In yonder fortress, where the tyrant dwells, Prove if his cruelty or strength excels.

The matron thus her moving tale address'd,

Till pity melted every warlike breast;

And had not night restrain'd their eager course,

That hour had seen them with resistless force

The castle storm—but here compell'd to stay 635

Till early morn reveal'd her saffron ray,

In gentle sleep the knight and virgins lay.

Soon as Aurora, with her blushing light, Announc'd the fun, and put the stars to flight, The fearless three their limbs in armour brac'd, 640 And each fair damsel on their coursers plac'd; When fudden from behind they heard the found Of horses trampling on the neighbouring ground: They turn'd, and gazing on the vale below, Far as an arrow parted from the bow, 645 Full twenty warriors, horse and foot, they view'd, That through a narrow pass their way pursu'd; With these a hapless pinion'd female came, Aged in looks, and fuch as might proclaim A wretch decreed by fire, or cord, or chains, 650 To bear the sentence law for guilt ordains.

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Though distant yet, the banish'd semale crew
By face and vest in her th' attendant knew
Of fair Drusilla, she who with her dame
Seiz'd by Tanacro to the castle came,
His wretched thrall! to whom the dreadful care
Was given th' envenom'd chalice to prepare.

When on the nuptial day the female train In eager numbers throng'd the facred fane, She, fearing what might chance, remain'd behind, Then fled the town some fure retreat to find. Ere long to Marganor the news was brought, That in Ofterica she refuge fought; And every means he tried, that might fecure Her person, and his vow'd revenge ensure: 665 Large gifts he proffer'd fordid fouls to bow, And wealth immense, till faithless to his vow A lord, who gave her shelter in his land, Betray'd her to the cruel tyrant's hand. As the rich wares of merchants are dispos'd, 670 On camels laid, in ample chefts inclos'd; So to Constanza captive was she sent; Where from their chief this troop with fell intent

Ver. 663. — Ofterica—] Dutchy of Austria. Ver. 672. — Constanza—] A city of the Switzers.

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Receiv'd the victim, destin'd to assuage The impious Marganor's unbounded rage. As the strong tide that from the hill descends Of Vefulus, and to the ocean bends, When Lambra and Ticeno swell the course, And Ada joins it with auxiliar force, More deeply foams, with widen'd bed appears 680 Swell'd by fresh waves: So when Rogero hears Of Marganor, he feels new wrath inflame His generous breaft; nor less each martial dame With fury glows; and all with one accord Resolve t' affail the castle's impious lord, And, fearless of his guard's furrounding band, Exact the punishment his deeds demand. Yet sudden death they deem'd too mild a fate, Refolv'd that torments should his crimes await.

But first their arms must free the wretched dame
Who with the troop to death devoted came: 691
They give the bridle to the fiery steed,
And urge through nearest ways his rapid speed;

Ver. 676. As the strong tide—] The Po, that breaks out from mount Vesulus, and discharges itself by seven mouths into the Adriatic sea, being increased by the conflux of many rivers from the Alps and Apennines.

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And never yet th' affail'd receiv'd before Affault more fierce from fuch determin'd power : 695 Each flies, compell'd before the storm to yield, And leaves the captive dame, his arms, and shield. As when a hungry wolf, furcharg'd with prey, Takes to the den secure his eager way, If chance the train of men and dogs oppose, 700 He quits his course, aside his load he throws, And where he least the beaten track espies, Through thorny brakes with nimble feet he flies: So from the field the routed band withdrew, So fwift on these the generous warriors flew. With terror ftruck, their wretched lives to fave, Some leap the rock, fome feek the mountain cave; With arms and prisoner, many leave behind Their steeds forgotten, to the foes refign'd: From these Rogero, and the joyful pair 710 Of martial dames, felected three to bear These three fair virgins, whom so late before The courfers gall'd with double burthen bore.

Now to the tower of infamy they bend,

And will the matron should their way attend,

715
To see on Marganor each wrong repaid

With full atonement to Drusilla's shade.

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Y 4

But,

But, fearing ill, the beldame this deny'd;
Her, while in vain she wept, and trembling cry'd,
Rogero in his nervous grasp compell'd,
And, on Frontino plac'd, reluctant held.

At length they came where from a neighbouring height

A town below lay stretch'd before their sight
Of wide extent, on every side expos'd,
Nor senc'd with ramparts nor with soffe inclos'd.
Full in the midst a rock high-towering show'd 726
A losty fort that on its summit stood.
To this with joy their eager course they held,
Where Marganor (detested tyrant!) dwell'd.
The town they enter'd, when the watchful guard
Before, behind, their surther passage barr'd. 731
Now Marganor, encompass'd with a crew
Of soot and horsemen, from the castle drew,
And in short speech, with haughty phrase, explain'd

The cruel law that in his castle reign'd. 735

Marphisa then (for so the fiery maid

With Bradamant and with Rogero laid

The first assault) in answer spurr'd her steed,

And onward rush'd with eq ual strength and speed:

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Nor fword nor lance she grasp'd, but many a blow ' With gauntlet arm'd fhe dealt, and laid him low 741 With batter'd helmet on his faddle-bow. Marphifa thus-not less the Dordan dame Her courfer urg'd: with these Rogero came; So fierce his onset, fix at once he flew 745 Ere from its rest his potent spear he drew. That thro' his paunch the thrilling steel impress'd; These thro' the neck, the head, or panting breaft. Within the fixth, who fled, the weapon broke; But first thro' spine and pap resistless took 750 Its bloody way-Each stretch'd on earth behold, Where Amon's daughter aim'd her lance of gold. So from the burning skies is seen to fall The dreadful bolt that rends and scatters all. The people fly-lome feek the mountain's height; Some to the plain precipitate their flight: 756 Some in their dwellings, some in temples hide, And every fence against affault provide. None fave the dead remain-meantime in bands Behind his back the wretched tyrant's hands Marphifa tied, and to the dame confign'd, That ancient dame, who bent her vengeful mind A torment worthy of his deeds to find.

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Vor

Marphifa

Marphisa threats to wrap the town in stame,
Unless they now their errors past disclaim,
Tos
Unless they now the tyrant's law forsake,
And, in its stead, another statute make.
All yield to her, for all with equal fear
Her wrath denounc'd for disobedience hear;
Lest the stern virgin with vindictive ire
Tos
Should shed their blood, and waste their domes with
fire.

They hate fierce Marganor, nor less they hate
The cruel impious law enforc'd so late:
But such their power who rule with tyrant sway,
Whom most they loath the people most obey; 775
For mutual want of confidence ensures
A tyrant's safety, and his reign secures.
Hence exile, murder, patient they behold,
Their honours tainted, and purloin'd their gold.
But grief, though mute, to Heaven's high throne will cry,
780

And draw down tardy vengeance from the sky,
When each delay the faints shall recompense
With punishment for every past offence.
By wrath and hatred urg'd, the vulgar crew
784
With deeds and words their wild revenge pursue:

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Each shares the woodland spoil (the proverb cries)
When rent by winds a tree uprooted lies.
Let kings from Marganor this truth believe,
Who deals in wrong, shall just return receive.
All ranks, and all degrees, exulting view'd 790
The righteous sufferings that his crimes pursu'd.
Many, who wept some mother, child, or wise,
Some sister by his rage depriv'd of life,
No more by fear withheld, impatient stood
With their own hand to shed the tyrant's blood; 795
Scarce now defended by th' united care
Of brave Rogero and the noble pair
Of martial dames, who doom'd him to sustain
A wretched death of slow-consuming pain.

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To her who feem'd with hatred keen to glow, 800 As woman's heart can bear her deadlieft foe,
They gave him bound—a hind that stood beside
A rustic weapon for her rage supply'd;
A pointed goad he brought, with which she drew
From every limb the streams of sanguine hue. 805
Not less Ulania and her friends combin'd
(The dire disgrace still rankling in their mind)
To work his pain; nor idle long they stood,
But with the beldame their revenge pursu'd.

Yet

Yet fuch their wish t' offend, their sex but ill With feeble nerve supplies the stronger will: With stones, with needles, puny war they wage, And every instrument of female rage. As when a river fwell'd with melting fnows And founding rains a mighty torrent grows, 815 Down the steep hills it bears with sweepy sway Trees, cots, and stones, and labouring hinds away: At length, by flow degrees, with leffening pride In narrow channels rolls the shrinking tide; Till boys and females can the current brave, 820 And dry-shod pass the late tremendous wave. Thus far'd it with the tyrant's ruin'd power, Once dreadful prov'd, but dreadful prov'd no more, Behold his creft fo fall'n, his courage broke, His strength so crush'd beneath a stronger yoke, 825 That infants fcorn the tyrant whom they fear'd, And rend his locks or pluck his briftly beard.

The knight and virgins thence their way pursu'd Where on the steepy rock the castle stood:

Ver. 812. With stones, with needles,—] In this and some other instances of the same kind, Ariosto seems to depart from the semale character; at the same time that the expressions are such as must have a ludicrous effect in any language.

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By none oppos'd, their hands the treasures gain'd,
Whate'er of wealth or stores the walls contain'd. 831
Of these they gave Ulania part to share
With those, the late sad partners of her care;
And part destroy'd: the shield of gold they sound,
And here the northern kings in setters bound; 835
Th' ill-sated three, who from their coursers cast
By Bradamant, unarm'd, on foot had pass'd
With that sair dame, who from a distant shore
The radiant shield and high commission bore.
Nor know I yet but happier prov'd her chance, 340
That these nor grasp'd the targe nor held the lance:
Arms might she wish, could arms her cause maintain,

But better left untried, than tried in vain.

One fate had then involv'd the wretched dame

With those who thither led by warriors came: 845

Like those conducted to receive her doom,

A wretched victim, at the brethren's tomb.

Unhappy females! fated to disclose
Those charms which virtue shudders to expose!
But more unhappy she, who sadly dies,
In bloom of life a spotless facrifice!
Since all disgrace, by force compell'd, may find
Some kindly balm to soothe th' afflicted mind.

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Ere these undaunted three the land forfake, A folemn oath they bid the people take, 855 That every husband shall his wife obey, And yield to her the fovereignty of fway; With threats that he who dares this mandate fcorn, Too late in forrow shall his folly mourn. While men in other climes the rule maintain, They here, revers'd, must own the female reign. Next were they bound what strangers thither came, Or knights or fquires, of high or lowly name, To chace them thence, unless they solemn swore By Heaven, by Saints-or aught that binds us more, The cause of women ever to defend, Foe to their foes, and to their friends a friend. Should any then in nuptial bonds be tied, Or foon or later woo the blushing bride, To her must each his vow'd allegiance pay, 870 And give her empire undisputed sway. Marphifa vows (ere months in circling round Have clos'd the year, or leaves bestrow'd the ground) Once more to feek the land, and should she find Her law neglected by their faithless kind, 875 To give their buildings to devouring fire, And fee at once their name and race expire.

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Ere yet they went, the knight and either maid With pious care Drusilla's corse convey'd From ground impure, and in a tomb inclos'd, 880 With her dear lord in lasting sleep repos'd.

The crone on Marganor revenge pursu'd,
And all his limbs with purple gore bedew'd;
While still she mourn'd that Heaven denied her
strength

To draw his fufferings out to endless length. 885
The warrior-virgins near a temple spy
A stately column pointing to the sky;
On this engrav'd, by his command, they saw
The tyrant's impious and insensate law.
Those arms that Marganor was wont to wield 890
Were here dispos'd, his cuirass, helm, and shield,
In trophy wise—and near they bade to place
Their new decree to bind the future race.
So long they tarried, till the column bore
Marphisa's law, far other than before, 895
When the dire sentence doom'd each wretched dame
To timeless death or heart-corroding shame.

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re

The three departing thence, Islanda's fair
Remain'd behind rich vestments to prepare,
With all the state besitting one who came 900
To Charles' high court, and such as might proclaim
An envoy from a mighty sovereign dame.

Fell

Fell Marganor was to Ulania's power

Confign'd; but lest some unpropitious hour

With new device should free him from her chain,

And he return t' afflict the semale train,

906

She made the wretch a tower's steep height ascend,

And with one leap his crimes and sufferings end.

Of these the varied story speaks no more.

But follows those that bend to Arli's shore.

That day and half the next the three pursued
Their friendly journey, till at length they view'd
Two different tracks (and well was either known)
One to the camp, one led to Arli's town.
Embracing oft, while words sad lingering fell 915
From either's lips, the lovers bade farewel:
At length they part; the knight to Arli goes;
The damsels reach the camp: and here my tale I close.

END OF THE THIRTY-SEVENTH BOOK.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK

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By the attree of the layer, Agramant fee

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Vol. IV.

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THE ARGUMENT.

BRADAMANT and Marphifa arrive at the Christian camp, where Marphisa is introduced to the emperor Charlemain, and afterwards baptized in the Christian faith. John dismisses Astolpho from Paradise with Orlando's wit. The knight returns to Nubia, where he restores Senapus to fight, who raises a vast army to enable him to lay fiege to Biferta. His march into the dominions of Agramant. The wind fecured in a bag. The transformation of stones to horses. Agramant calls a council at Arli on the state of his affairs. Speeches of Marsilius and Sobrino. By the advice of the latter, Agramant fends an embaffy to Charles with proposals to determine the war by a fingle combat. Charles accepts the conditions. Rogero is chosen on the side of the Pagans, and Rinaldo on the side of the Christians. Affliction of Bradamant. Preparation for the lift, and the ceremonies previous to the combat.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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Y E courteous fair! with gracious ear inclin'd
T' attend my story, from your looks I find
That much by you Rogero stands reprov'd
For such desertion of his best belov'd:
You share in anguish with his faithful dame,
And think he little seels love's potent stame.
Had any other cause allur'd the knight
Against her will t' absent him from her sight,
Though hopes of greater wealth might fire his breast,
Than Croesus join'd with Crassus once posses'd, 10

Ver. 10. Than Græsus join'd with Crassus—] Cræsus, a king of Lydia, celebrated for his great riches. Crassus, called by the Romans Marcus Crassus, is said to have been the most wealthy, and at the same time the most avaricious, of men. His wealth was reputed to have been so immense, that he could have maintained the whole Roman army for one year, without any apparent diminution of his possessions.

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Yet

Yet should I deem with you that Cupid's dart Had feebly struck, but fail'd to pierce his heart; Since love's dear raptures never can be fold For mines of filver, or for heaps of gold. Not only full excuse, but he who weighs 15 What honour dictates, merits lasting praise, Who shuns each action that may taint his name: Had Bradamant, regardless of his fame, Detain'd Rogero, fuch restraint might prove A female weakness more than virtuous love; 20 And argue motives of a baser kind Than fuit a generous and enlighten'd mind. If lovers like their own, or ev'n above Their own, should prize the lives of those they love, Beyond felf-pleafure, held by each fo dear, 25 Should all the honour of their friends revere: Honour, more worth than life; though life we find Preferr'd to every good that courts mankind. Though fierce Almontes had his father flain, The guilt on Agramant leaves not a stain; 30 While many a kindness to the youth express'd With grateful feeling warm'd Rogero's breaft; And urg'd him ftill unshaken to pursue His master's steps: nor less the praises due

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To one, who while her power could well detain 35 A parting lover, would that power restrain.

What though he left her thus, some future hour Might heal the seeming wrong, and love restore To all his dues—but one small wound we feel From honour's lapse, not years on years can heal. 40

Rogero now to Arli's walls return'd,
Where Agramant his shatter'd forces mourn'd;
While Bradamant and brave Marphisa tied
In friendship's bond, and soon to stand allied
By nearer claims, pursued the way that led
45
To where king Charles his conquering banners spread,
And strain'd each nerve against the Pagan soe,
By war's whole force to lay their glory low,
And free at length the Christian's fair domain
From Afric's inroad and the force of Spain.
50

Soon as th' approach of Bradamant was heard,
A fudden joy through all the camp appear'd.
Still as she pass'd, on either hand the crowd
Declin'd with reverence, while to each she bow'd:
Her coming known, to meet the glorious maid 55
Rinaldo hasten'd; nor Richardo stay'd;

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Ver. 43. While Bradamant—] The poet returns to Rosegero in this book, ver. 519.

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Brave

Brave Richardetto, all the numerous race Of noble Amon, mov'd with eager pace To bid the virgin welcome to the place. But when the tidings spread, that with her came 60 Marphifa bold, in arms fo great a name, Who from Cathay, with warlike laurels crown'd, Had bent her course to Spain's extremest bound, Nor rich nor poor within the tents remain'd, Such fond desire each bosom entertain'd 65 T' enjoy the fight; deep thronging round they drew, Together fuch a glorious pair to view. To Charles they came, and she who ne'er before Inclin'd her knee to any earthly power, Here first (as Turpin writes) that homage paid 70 To him, whose hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd, but To Pepin's mighty fon, to whom alone, Of every king through earth's wide regions known, She deem'd fuch honour due; nor held a name, Christian or Saracen, of equal claim, 75 Howe'er esteem'd for virtue, wealth, or fame. His tent forfaking, Charles advanc'd to meet The fearless maid, and on his regal feat Close at his fide in rank resplendent plac'd, Above the kings, and lords, and barons grac'd. 80 There 27575

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There due regard to noblest worth was shown:

There Paladins and princes of renown

Remain'd within, a fair selected few;

The rest are kept without, a nameless vulgar crew.

Marphifa then her grateful speech address'd: 85 O glorious king! o'er every fovereign bleft! In arms unconquer'd-who from India's waves To where in Gades' straits old ocean raves, From Scythian fnows to Æthiop's burning fand, Hast made thy cross rever'd in every land! Wifest and best !- whose name all praise transcends, And draws me now from earth's remotest ends: Here let me own that first, as envy wrought, Fell war and enmity with thee I fought; And came refolv'd fuch mighty power to wrest 95 From him, whose soul a different faith profess'd: For this I dy'd the fields with Christian blood; For this, thy ruthless foe, prepar'd I stood To work thy further harms—but stronger fate To fudden friendship chang'd my former hate. 100 While to thy lofs I plann'd the future blow, I found (but how fome better time shall show) Rogero, nam'd of Rifa, was my fire; 'Gainst whom a brother's treason durst conspire. Ver. 88. - in Gades' straits -] The pillars of Hercules.

Z 4

Me,

Me, in her womb, my luckless mother bore 105 Far o'er the feas, where at my natal hour A fage magician bent his care to rear My infant life—the feventh revolving year Arabian spoilers fnatch'd me from his hands And fold to Persia, where in savish bands 110 My person grew, till urg'd by lawless flame The king my lord affail'd my virgin fame. Then him, and with him all his court, I flew, Destroy'd his kindred, and his realm o'erthrew: The crown I feiz'd-and scarce my age had told The eighteenth fun in annual progress roll'd, 116 Seven realms subdued beneath my arms I won; When envying, as I faid, thy high renown, I bent my thoughts to lay thy trophies low, With what fuccess succeeding time would show. 120 But now my will, by stronger power depress'd, To milder purpose vails its haughty crest, Ere fince I learn'd my honour'd birth to trace In lineage near thy own illustrious race. Thus, like my fire, a double tie I own, 125 Child of thy blood, and subject of thy throne. That hate, that envy, which fo late before My bosom sway'd, I cherish there no more in Gader findin- T The pillars of Heronics.

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Or bend on Agramant the vengeful tide,
All to his fire or grandfire's name allied,
The foul, detefted race by whom my parents died.

Thus she; and claim'd the hallow'd baptist rite,
Resolv'd when first her sword had slain in fight
The Turkish prince, by Charles dismiss'd to go
And on her eastern realms the faith bestow; 135
Then turn on those her arm's resistless power,
That Trevigant and Mahomet adore;
With promise all her victor-sword might gain,
Should own the cause of Christ, and strengthen
Charles's reign.

The emperor, no less eloquent, than skill'd 140
In sage debate, and valiant in the field,
Much prais'd the generous maid, and much he prais'd
Her sire, her lineage, high in honour rais'd.
To all her words he fram'd a fair reply,
Intrepid courage beaming from his eye; 145
Then clos'd his speech, her proffer'd love to take,
And her his daughter by adoption make.

Again he rose; he clasp'd her to his breast, And with a father's kiss her forehead press'd.

Ver. 132. Thus she;—] Gregorio Calaprese, an Italian, published a book intitled "A Lecture on the Oration of Marphisa to Charlemain;" being a long tedious eulogium on this speech, and on the speech of Armida to Godfrey in the ivth book of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

With

With welcome joy advanc'd on either hand in 150 The chiefs of Clarmont and Mograna's band. Twere long to tell how good Rinaldo paid Diftinguish'd honours to the glorious maid; Her deeds he witness'd, when the numerous powers Begirt Albracca's close beleaguer'd towers: Twere long to tell what joy in Guido's breaft Her presence wrought; what equal joy impress'd Brave Sanfonetto's foul; nor less delight Had fable Aquilant, or Gryphon white, Who late with her that cruel city * view'd 160 Where murderous females held their rule in blood. With these good Malagigi, Vivian came, And Richardetto, who the generous dame Had feen in fight, what time with theirs the join'd Her conquering arms against the treacherous kind * CITY of the AMAZONS.

Ver. 154. - when the numerous powers] Alluding to 10 horig 18th don BOYARDO'S flory.

Ver. 158 .-- Sanfonetto -] This is undoubtedly a slip of the poet's memory. In the xxxvth book, Sanfonetto, who had been made prisoner by Rodomont at the bridge, is said to have been fent by him to Africa, and was not released at the time Marphifa came to the Christian camp; for in the xxxixth book the ship arrives with him and the rest of Rodomont's prisoners on the coast of Africa, where he meets with Aftolpho, and first recovers his liberty. idle a to melalure I and to dead thirt of

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Of foul Maganza, and Lanfusa's train, 166
Who met to sell their kin for sordid gain.

Imperial Charles himself with zealous care
Bids for th' ensuing day the pomp prepare,
When in the list, before the public sight,
ITO
Marphisa might receive the hallow'd rite.
Bishops and reverend Clerks, to whom is given
T' explain the Christian laws prescrib'd by Heaven,
He next conven'd, that these by truth inspir'd
Might teach Marphisa what our faith requir'd.
ITO
Th' archbishop in his pontiff's weeds array'd,
Good Turpin, then baptiz'd the kneeling maid;
While pious Charles ministrant seem'd to stand,
And gently rais'd her with his regal hand.

But time requires me now for him whose sense 180
Had left his brain the medicine to dispense,
Which to our earth from yon bright orb afar,
Astolpho brings in great Elijah's car.
And now descending from the lunar height,
In Paradise the saint and warrior light;
The sacred vase they bring whose wondrous power
Must the great master of the war restore.

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Ver. 180. But time requires—] He returns to Bradamant, ver. 535 of this book. Aftolpho was last mentioned in book xxxv. ver. 225.

Then

Then holy John to good Aftolpho show'd A potent herb, with virtues rare endow'd; With this, return'd to earth, he will'd the knight To touch the Nubian king, and heal his fight. 191 Then should the grateful prince, for eyes restor'd, And hungry harpies banish'd from his board, T' affail Biserta's walls his aid afford. He taught him how to arm the troops unskill'd 195 In martial toil, and train them to the field; And how unhurt to tread the burning way, Where blinding fands in circling eddies play. He bade him now remount the steed that late Had borne Rogero and Atlantes' weight. 200 Reluctant then his leave Aftolpho took, The hallow'd faint and blissful seats forfook; Above the Nile he wheel'd his rapid flight, Till Nubia's nearer realm appear'd in fight; Then in the city's walls with fwift descent 205 Alighting, to Senapus' presence went.

Great was the joy the knight returning brought
To Nubia's king, who oft in grateful thought
Confess'd that aid, which from the ravenous power
Of famish'd harpies freed his genial hour.

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But when the champion now had purg'd away
The cloudy film that veil'd his visual ray,

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Th' enraptur'd monarch, for his fight restor'd,
His great deliverer as a god ador'd;
Nor only granted at his first demands,
T' invade Biserta's wall, auxiliar bands,
But rais'd a host to which the mightiest yield,
Twice sifty thousand marshall'd for the field;
And prosser'd these to head—the groaning plain
Could scarce the ranks of trampling foot sustain. 220
On foot they march'd, for rare the race of steeds
In Nubia nurtur'd, while in troops she breeds
The camel, patient long of parching toil,
And elephant, that shakes the groaning soil.

The night preceding, ere the numerous bands 225
Prepar'd to tread th' inhospitable sands,
The Paladin his winged steed bestrides,
Then to the south his rapid pinion guides,
And gains at length the cave, where issuing forth
The southern wind first breathes against the north:
The champion (as his sage instructor taught) 231
With him prepar'd a bag capacious brought;
And while satigu'd within the cavern deep
Th' outrageous blast lay hush'd in quiet sleep,
This at the entrance close, with silent care, 235
Unknown to him, who little dreamt the snare,
Astolpho

Aftolpho held; and when with rapid force
At morn the wind effay'd its wonted course,
The closing bag the rushing plague repell'd,
And in its womb the struggling captive held.

The knight, o'erjoy'd at such a valued prey,
To Nubia turn'd; and now began his way

With all his fable hoft, while plenteous ftores
Were borne behind to feed the numerous powers.
With these the duke his glorious march pursued 245
Sase in th' imprison'd wind, while round he view'd
Th' unstable sands, till from a mountain's height
The plain and distant shore appear'd in sight.
His army here he stays, and here the best
In discipline he singles from the rest, 250
And where the mountain bounds the spacious plain,
Encamp'd in legions leaves his martial train.
Himself, as one who seem'd by looks intent
On some great purpose, gain'd the hill's ascent;

Ver. 240. And in its womb—] This fiction is borrowed from Homer, where Eolus makes a present to Ulysses of the winds in a leathern bag. Odyss. B. x.

The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd:
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast.
Pope's Odyss. B. x. ver. 17.

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There first the ground with knee devoutly press'd. Then to his patron faint his prayer addrefs'd: 256 Secure that Heaven would liften to his vows, From scattering hands a stony shower he throws: O! wondrous deeds of those who CHRIST believe! The falling stones a sudden change receive; 260 Each takes new shape, and grows a living beast, With well-turn'd hoof, arch'd neck, and nervous cheft: To neighings thrill the winding crags refound; The new-form'd race in many a sprightly bound Rush to the subject vale with eager speed, 265 Where every stone is now a generous steed. They front, they foam, they leap in sportive play, Of various colour, dappled, roan, or bay. The fquadrons, that beneath in order stand, These soon behold; as soon with ready hand 270 Secure, and mounting pour along the plain; For each was form'd with saddle, bit, and rein.

Thus in one day Astolpho chang'd the force
Of fourscore thousand men from foot to horse:
With these in waste the country round he laid, 275
And wealthy plunder gain'd, and prisoners made.

When Agramant had pass'd to Gallia's strand,
Three kings he left to guard his Afric land:

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The king of Ferza, Algazieri's king, And king Branzardo-these their numbers bring 280 T' oppose the duke, but first with sails and oars A rapid bark they fend to Europe's shores, That Agramant might learn what ills arose From fuch incursion of the Nubian foes. Through furging tides the vessel night and day 285 To Arli's port pursues her ready way; There finds the king with various woes diffres'd, And near by Charles' advancing powers oppress'd.

King Agramant, who heard his own domain Endanger'd thus, while Pepin's realm to gain 290 He cross'd the seas, conven'd to deep debate The chiefs and princes of the Pagan state. There once or twice his careful eyes he cast Where king Marsilius and Sobrino plac'd, The council join'd; of all the honour'd train 295 Wifest and eldest-when he thus began,

Though ill it fits a leader's name to own, He ne'er divin'd what future time made known; Yet will I fay should fuch misfortune light, As mock'd the prescience of a mortal fight, Error were venial then—that Afric's lands Were left difarm'd expos'd to Nubia's bands, The The B. .

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The fault was mine--but who fave Heaven (whose eye Can every deep event of time descry) Could e'er have thought from realms remov'd afar, So huge a host would wage in Afric war; Whose clime beyond the burning defert lies, Where clouds of fand in dufty whirlwind rife? Yet to Biferta's walls the fiege is laid, Our Afric pillag'd, and her fons difmay'd. 310 Declare, O chiefs! if spent with fruitless toil Our baffled troops shall quit this hostile soil; Or urge the conflict on, till hence we bear Yon Christian Charles a prisoner of the war: But how to guard at once my regal feat, 315 And leave this empire crush'd with great defeat; Let each disclose the thought that sways his breast, While we from various counfels chuse the best.

Here ended Agramant; and as he spoke,

On Spain's imperial lord, who next him took 320

His honour'd place, he fix'd an earnest eye,

As from his lips awaiting a reply.

He, rising slow, awhile in silence stood

Before his chief, and first with reverence bow'd;

Resuming then his place, in words prepar'd, 325

He thus the purport of his mind declar'd.

Vol. IV. A a When

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When Fame, O monarch! good or evil tells,
Evil or good beyond the truth she swells.
I little trust in tales, that idly bred,
From tongue to tongue with lying rumours spread.
Less can I credit that which sure will find 331
No credit from a cool considerate mind.
Who can believe that, with such numerous bands,
A king, who holds the sway o'er distant lands,
Should bend his march to Afric's peaceful soil 335
Through parching sands, where shrunk with heat
and toil

Cambyses once had led, in evil hour,
With wretched omens his devoted power?
Perchance from native hills th' Arabian train
May make incursion on the neighbouring plain, 340

Ver. 337. Cambyses once had led,—] Cambyses, king of Media, undertook two expeditions; one against the Amonites, the worshippers of Jupiter Amon; and the other against the Macrobians, a people of Ethiopia that inhabited the country near the Southern ocean. He divided his army into two parts; with one he marched himself into Ethiopia, and the other he sent against the Amonites; but their provisions failing, and finding no supplies in the barren son through which they passed, they were reduced to the most dreadful extremities, and at last constrained to return with great loss: the other army, in attempting to pass over the deferts, was buried under the mountains of sand.

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 355

And, while no force oppos'd, destruction make, And fack and kill, and many a captive take: Meanwhile Branzardo, to whose trusted hand Thou gav'ft the rule (thy viceroy in the land) For every ten a thousand writes, that blame 345 For fuch defeat may less attend his name. Grant that the Nubians are by wondrous power Sent like some storm or heaven-directed shower; Grant that they feem from clouds on earth to light, Their march conceal'd from every mortal fight; 350 Weak were indeed thy foldiers' hearts to show Inglorious fear of fuch a dastard foe. Yet from thy ships dispatch a chosen few, And let thy standards but appear in view; Nubians and naked Arabs all shall fly, 355 And in their wonted confines trembling lie: Though unexpected now those spoilers dare Difturb thy kingdom with invafive war, While distant here thy banded powers remain, And feas divide thee from thy native reign. 360 But thou on Charles with double ardor press, His kinfman's absence must ensure success; Orlando loft, of all yon Christian foes Not one shall more your rising fates oppose,

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356 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

Unless yourself neglect the glorious crown, 365
That waits to bind your temples with renown;
Till time from thee his favouring lock shall turn,
And we too late our shame and ruin mourn.

With words like these, in reason's garb address'd, Spain's mighty lord the peers assembled press'd, 370 And urg'd to keep in France the martial bands. Till Charles was exil'd from his native lands.

Then king Sobrino spoke, whose judgment view'd
That king Marsilius less in speech pursued
The general cause, than labour'd to conceal
375
His private aims with show of public zeal.

He thus—When peace I counfell'd, would to

Th' event had shown that ill th' advice was given!

Or that thou then hadst deign'd, O king! to hear

Thy old Sobrino with a willing ear;

Nor then in Rodomont confided most,

In Marlabusto and Alzirdo's boast,

With Martisino—would that each I name

Were present now!—but chief that son of same,

Stern Rodomont, who vow'd in every chance 385

Thy sate to follow with his single lance,

And crush beneath his arm the brittle power of

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 357.

So might my tongue reproach the recreant knight Who lives in floth, a truant from the fight; While I who durst ungracious truths declare, (Then deem'd a coward) still thy fortune share, And yet will share, while life informs my breast, That life, which now with weight of years oppress'd, I stand prepar'd for each event to yield To every Frank that dares us in the field. Nor is there one shall tax Sobrino's name, Of all who boast their deeds eclipse my fame. Thus far I speak, that what with fervent zeal I once declar'd, and what I now reveal, May no effect of fear or weakness prove, 400 But marks of loyal truth and faithful love. Hear then, O king! my counsel to retreat, And turn with speed to thy paternal seat. Unwife the man whose fruitless aim pursues The good another holds, his own to lose! What is our gain thou know'st-from Afric's shore Full thirty kings, the vaffals of thy power,

Ver. 389. Who lives in floth, —] Rodomont, fince he had been defeated by Bradamant on the bridge at the tomb of Isabella, was retired from the field, and lived a recluse, as was the custom of chivalry, to expiate the disgrace which he had brought on the profession of knighthood.

So

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358 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

We cross'd the seas-now count the remnant train, And scarce a wretched third alive remain! Forbid it, Heaven, or more must yet be lost! 410 Shouldst thou, O monarch! follow to our cost Th' improsperous war, soon death may level all, And chiefs and people share one common fall! Orlando's absence yields but little aid To force like ours with every day decay'd: 415 No ruin hence remov'd—though ruthless fate Some little space prolongs our wretched date. Behold Rinaldo, fam'd in many a fight, And scarcely yielding to Orlando's might. Behold his brethren, kinfmen, all the train 420 Of Paladins, whose deathless arms maintain The Christian cause; whose deeds the world reveres, And every Saracen with terror hears! With these another Mars exacts the praise Which to a foe my tongue reluctant pays; 425 The valiant Brandimart, whose fearless breast (Like his Orlando) danger ne'er depress'd: Part have I heard, and part by trial known, His deeds to others' cost in battle shown. And fince Orlando to their arms was loft, 430 Less good than evil has befall'n our host.

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 359

To fufferings now endur'd, my boding mind

Foretels, alas! more fufferings yet behind.

Lo! Mandricardo pale in death is laid,

And stern Gradasso has withdrawn his aid,

With Algiers' king—yet would the last as well

But prove his duty as his arms excel,

Gradasso's absence might be held more light,

Nor should we so regret the Tartar knight.

While these we lose, while breathless on the plain

Thousands by thousands lie our warriors stain, 441

While all our troops are drawn from Afric's shore,

Nor can supplies our drooping hopes restore,

Four knights have join'd with Charles, whose martial name

Equals Orlando's or Rinaldo's fame;

Since from these realms to where cold Bactros flows,
No chiefs in field can four such chiefs oppose:

Perchance to thee is savage Guido known,
With Sansonetto, and each generous son
Of Olivero born *—these more I fear
Than many a knight, than many a valiant peer,
That Germany and various regions send
Against our force their empire to defend;

· GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

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Though

360 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

Though each new aid that swells their hostile bands From us new courage, new allies demands. Whene'er we dare the field, the field we lofe, And infamy with rout our arms purfues. If Spain and Afric oft with loss engag'd, When, two to one oppos'd, the fight they wag'd, What chance is ours, where Franks and Scots combine, Where English, Germans, and Italians join, Where every fix of ours twelve Christians meet? What hope of aught but shame and foul defeat? In time retire—and with thy kingdom fave Our few furvivors from a foreign grave. 465 Marsilius left, the world perchance may blame Thy breach of faith, but to preserve thy name From all reproach, such terms thou may'ft ensure As shall, with thine, Marsilius' peace secure. Yet with thy fame if ill it feems to stand, That thou, first injur'd, should'st a truce demand; If still untir'd on war thy thoughts are bent, (With what success thou seeft by sad event) One only way remains to turn the tide Of wavering conquest from the Christian side: 475 Hear but my counsel-to some valorous knight Entrust our kingdom's cause in single fight, And be Rogero nam'd the champion of thy right. We B

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 361

We know Rogero, arm'd with fword and shield, Can equal prowefs in the lifted field With great Orlando or Rinaldo boaft, Or any leader of the Christian host. But if thou still pursu'st a general war, Though more than human deeds his worth declare, He stands but one amidst innumerous foes, 485 Where warriors like himfelf their strength compose. If thou my words approve, a message send To Christian Charles, that mutual strife may end: He for the lift shall name his boldest knight Who dares encounter thine in equal fight Till one shall fall-that king shall tribute pay, Whose champion slain or vanquish'd yields the day. Nor Charles I trust (whate'er his arms have won) Will proffer'd peace on fuch conditions shun: In brave Rogero firmly I confide 495 That certain conquest must his force betide: So just our cause, that all to him shall yield, Though Mars himself oppos'd him in the field.

With these persuasive words Sobrino mov'd
Th' assembled peers; the peers th' advice approv'd.
That day th' important embassy they frame,
That day to Charles the chosen envoys came:

When

362 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

When Charles, who knew what warriors of renown Maintain'd his quarrel, deem'd the prize his own.

Then to Rinaldo he the combat gave, 505

Whom next Orlando, bravest of the brave,

He trusted most—Meantime, on either hand,

The truce was welcom'd by each martial band:

With labours spent, with anxious cares oppress'd,

They hail the hour that promis'd future rest; 510

And curs'd that discord (bane of human good)

That urg'd their souls to hate, their hands to blood.

Rinaldo thus with honour'd preference grac'd

Above his peers, in whom his fovereign plac'd

The charge his empire and his fame to guard, 515

Exulting for the glorious lift prepar'd;

Nor fear'd Rogero's arm might his excel,

Though by that arm ftern Mandricardo fell.

But good Rogero, while his foul confess'd
His monarch's favour, singled from the rest; 520
From Afric's lords by Agramant decreed
In such a cause to conquer or to bleed,
Yet look'd with downcast eyes of heavy cheer,
Though, unappall'd, his bosom knew not sear.
Rinaldo had he scorn'd, and with him join'd 525
Orlando's self; but, ah! his troubled mind

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 363

View'd in his foe a warrior near allied

To noble Bradamant, his future bride;

His best-belov'd, who oft with anguish mov'd

In tender lines his breach of faith reprov'd:

And should he thus her future hopes requite,

To meet her brother now in mortal fight,

Such change to hatred must her bosom feel,

As all his cares could ne'er suffice to heal.

If to himself Rogero mourns in vain 535 The part that Heaven has call'd him to fustain, Soon as the flying news his fair-one hears, Sighs follow fighs, her eyes are fill'd with tears: She strikes her lovely breast, her golden hairs She rends away, her bloodless cheek she tears: 540 She calls Rogero perjur'd and ingrate, And, loud lamenting, weeps her cruel fate. Whate'er event should chance on either side, To her, in every chance, must woe betide: She dares not think the day may fatal prove 545 To him, the object of her dearest love: But should high Heaven his righteous doom dispense To punish France for some remote offence, Beside a brother's loss, more thrilling pains Must rend her soul, a deeper curse remains: 550 She

364 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

She durst not then, but to her foul disgrace, And hate incurr'd from all her angry race, Again her dear, her plighted lord review, And in the face of all those vows renew, Those vows, which ever present to her mind, 1555 By night, by day, her anxious thoughts defign'd To fee fulfill'd-fo strong was either tied, No struggling could the mutual knot divide, Or late repentance fet their loves aside.

But she, whose friendly succour ne'er had fail'd, Whene'er ill chance against the fair prevail'd, 561 The fage Melissa, with attentive ears, Not unconcern'd her plaintive forrow hears: She comes with gentle words to foothe maid, And promise gives of unexpected aid; 565 When need requires, to give her fears relief, And ftay the fight, her fatal cause of grief.

But now the rival knights, with equal care, Their weapons for th' expected lift prepare: The choice of weapons to the chief remains, 570 Whose valiant arm the Roman cause maintains; And he, who fince his gallant steed he lost, Still fought on foot amid th' embattled hoft, Refolves, in plate and mail, on foot t'engage, With axe and dagger keen the fight to wage. 575 Thus,

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B.XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 365

Thus, whether fix'd by chance, or whether wrought By Malagigi with foreseeing thought;
Who knew full well how Balisarda's force
Through arms and armour takes its ruthless course,
Without their trusty swords each noble knight 580
With axe and dagger will decide the fight;
And near the walls of Arli's ancient seat,
They chuse a spacious plain for combat meet.

Aurora scarce had rais'd her watchful head
Above the waves from old Tithonus' bed, 585
To usher in the day that seem'd decreed
To see the victor crown'd, the vanquish'd bleed,
When, lo! on either hand, with equal care
A chosen squadron to the field repair:
They pitch the tents in due proportion'd space, 590
And near the tents two rising altars place.
Ere long, in order marshall'd train by train,
The Pagan forces issued to the plain:
Full in the midst, in barbarous splendor dress'd,
Proud Afric's king a fiery courser press'd; 595

Ver. 584. Aurora scarce had rais'd—] The several circumstances of the truce between Charles and Agramant, and the breaking of it by the intervention of Melissa, are copied from the xiith book of Virgil, where the Latin poet describes the ceremonies preparatory to the single combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the machine of Juturna.

366 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

His colour bay, his skin was glossy bright,
Black was his mane, two seet and front were white.
Beside the king his steed Rogero rein'd;
Nor him t' attend Marsilius' self disdain'd,
Whose hand the helmet held, so late in sight 600
With peril conquer'd from the Tartar knight:
That helmet, once in Trojan battles borne,
A thousand years ago by Hector worn.
With king Marsilius various chiefs of same,
Nobles and barons, plead their equal claim; 605
On either side his arms and weapons hold,
His arms with jewels set and rich with gold.

Then iffuing from their works in shining swarms
Imperial Charles conducts his troops in arms,
In blazing pomp and military show,
As if on equal terms t' engage a foe.
His noble Paladins their lord inclose,
And near him arm'd the bold Rinaldo goes,
Arm'd save his head—that helmet which of yore
In fatal combat sam'd Mambrino wore,
The Danish Paladin Ugero bears:
Duke Namus next beside the knight appears,
One axe he holds, of two for sight ordain'd,
One royal Salomone's hand sustain'd.

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B. XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO, 367

Here various chiefs each Christian squadron led, 620 And there the powers of Spain and Afric spread. Between the camps was left an ample space, Where, fave the champions, none the fatal place Must dare to tread—the trumpet's dreadful breath For each offence denouncing certain death. The Christian warrior first, prepar'd for fight, His weapon seiz'd, and next the Pagan knight: When now advanc'd before the martial bands Two priefts appear'd, each bearing in his hands A volume clos'd: one hallow'd page proclaim'd 630 CHRIST's blameless life; the Koran one was nam'd; With that, the emperor came, devout in mien; With this, the Pagan Agramant was feen. Imperial Charles before his altar stay'd, And thus with lifted hands to Heaven he pray'd.

O Goo! who could'ft in flesh resign thy breath 636
To save devoted souls from sin and death!
O Virgin pure! from whom, for our frail sake,
That Goo vouchsas'd a human form to take,
And in thy hallow'd womb nine months remain, 640
Thy virgin-slower preserv'd from mortal stain;
Be witness now, that for myself I swear,
And each that may henceforth this sceptre bear,

re

368 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXVIII.

To Agramant, and all whose future hand Shall hold the rule of his paternal land, 645 Of finest gold an annual fum to pay, Should here my chosen champion lose the day: And more—I fwear to fix a peace fo fure As may to time's remotest verge endure. If this I fail, let each offended power 650 On me, on mine, the heaviest vengeance shower, But spare my people-here thy wrath let fall, Nor stretch, for my offence, thy scourge to all. Yet to the world a dread example show, What punishment awaits the broken vow. Thus while he pray'd, he grasp'd the sacred book With pious zeal, and upwards fix'd his look. And now they pass'd to where with splendor grac'd, The Pagan train a fecond altar plac'd: There vow'd king Agramant to waft his powers 660 Through midland waters back to Afric's shores, And tribute to the Christian monarch yield, Should good Rogero vanquish'd press the field; And bid (as Charles had fworn) all hatred ceafe, To bind the folemn league with lasting peace. 66; The Pagan then, amidst the listening crowd,

His prophet Mahomet invok'd aloud,

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B.XXXVIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 369

And on the book t' observe his oath he swore, The book which in his hand the Pontiff bore.

Then from the altars fworn each prince withdrew Back to his train; when from the martial crew 671. The noble champions, ere in fight they join'd, Advanc'd with mutual oaths themselves to bind.

Rogero swore, if heedless of the right
His monarch should disturb th' approaching fight,
No longer to confess his sovereign sway,
(His chief or peer) but only Charles obey.
Then vow'd Rinaldo, if the Christian lord
Should the first cause to break the truce afford,
And sudden call him from the listed field
Ere he should fall, or see Rogero yield,
Then for his sovereign Agramant to own,
His suture knight and guard of Afric's throne.

Now all perform'd, as folemn rites requir'd,

Each champion backward to his lines retir'd, 685

To wait the fign—when foon refounding far

The shrill-mouth'd trumpet gave the peal of war.

Ver. 669. — the Pontiff—] This word may probably appear not strictly proper when applied to a Mahometan priest; but it is after the Italian—Papasso. Liberties of this kind are common with the poets of that time.

VOL. IV.

Bb

The

370 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXVIII.

The fight begins-loud strokes are echo'd round; Now high, now low, the brandish'd weapons found. Above, beneath, the thundering axe is fped; Now aim'd against the breast, and now the head. So well they strive, no words suffice to praise The matchless skill that either arm displays. But good Rogero, who the brother fought Of her whose love posses'd his every thought, So cautious struck, his caution feem'd to show A strength inferior to his gallant foe; Readier to ward than strike, he feldom aim'd a blow. Scarce knows he what he feeks; nor would he try To wound Rinaldo, nor himself would die. But now methinks the flated bound in view Permits me not the story to pursue. The book enfuing shall the rest unfold, If then you deign to hear the sequel told.

END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH BOOK.

THE

THIRTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

ROGERO and Rinaldo being engaged in fingle combat to decide the dispute of the two nations, Melissa, by a device, incites Agramant to break the truce. A general battle enfues, and the two knights separate by mutual agreement. Valour of Bradamant and Marphifa. Proceedings of Aftolpho in Africa. The leaves of trees transformed to Arrival of Olivero, Sansonetto, Brandimart, and other Christian knights, who had been prisoners to Rodo-These are received with great joy by Astolpho. Orlando, in his madness, wandering from place to place, comes to the camp of Aftolpho, who, according to the instructions of Saint John, restores him to his senses. Preparations for the fiege of Biserta. The Pagan army in France being routed by Bradamant and Marphifa, Agramant is obliged to quit the field, and with some of his ships fails from the port of Arli for Africa; but is met by Dudon's fleet, that attacks him unawares during the night, and burns and deftroys most of his vessels.

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THIRTY-NINTH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

GREAT is the woe that good Rogero knows,
A woe by far furpassing other woes:
On either side too cruel fate prevails;
His honour here, and there his love assails.
He now may perish by Rinaldo's hand;
Or should his arm the Christian soe withstand,
He to his mistress must resign his breath,
Whose hate incurr'd shall seal his bitterest death.

Rinaldo, not with thoughts like these distress'd,
On conquest bent, his brave opponent press'd

10
With every nerve; his axe of temper steel'd
Now here, now there, in rapid circles wheel'd,
At head or arm he aim'd; while still prepar'd
On every part the threatening wound to ward,

B .b 3

Rogero,

374 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

Rogero turn'd; but when a froke he dealt, 15 The cautious stroke Rinaldo little felt. Anxious the Pagan lords the knights furvey, Who feem'd ill pair'd for fuch a glorious day. Too flow his arm and axe Rogero moves; Too well his arm and axe Rinaldo proves. 20 The king of Afric, pale with alter'd hue, Bent on the doubtful fight his fearful view: On old Sobrino now he turn'd the blame, Whose erring counsel risk'd a nation's fame. But fage Melissa, that eternal source Of magic power transcending human force, Now cast aside her female form, and took The king of Algiers' habit, voice, and look. Like haughty Rodomont her arms she bore, Like him a dragon's femblant hide she wore; 30 Like him she seem'd her pointed lance to wield, So hung her fword, fo gleam'd her boffy shield: A demon, in a courfer's shape, she rode, And fudden piercing thro' the wondering crowd, Before Troyano's pensive fon she press'd, 35 And, frowning, thus with thundering voice address'd. Ill have you judg'd, O king! with fuch a knight To match a stripling warrior, raw in fight; In B. X

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 375

In fuch an arm so rashly to conside

For what must Afric's weal and crown decide.

Haste—stay the combat—on whose issue wait

Disgrace and ruin to yourself and state.

'Tis Rodomont that speaks—attend no more

To keep the truce or oath you madly swore.

Unsheath the sword; let every valiant hand

Enforce its edge on yon devoted band.

Lo! I am here—and each amid your host

May now the vigour of a hundred boast.

Thus she: unwary Agramant approv'd,
And forth he rush'd, with headlong sury mov'd: 50
The lying form of Sarza's monarch wrought
Such sudden change, he banish'd from his thought
The treaty made; nor had he priz'd so high
A thousand warriors as this sole ally.
Behold on every side with eager speed
55
They couch the spear, and spur the foamy steed:
Melissa, when her arts had mix'd in sight
The jarring nations, vanish'd from the sight.
The champions, who the growing tumult saw,
The lists disturb'd against all martial law,
60
With-held their strokes, and join'd their friendly hands,

Till time should tell what fury mix'd the bands

B b 4

In

376 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

In impious strife, and whence the breach had sprung,
From ancient Charles, or Agramant the young.

Again each vow'd to prove the suture soe

65

Of him whose guilt could thus his faith forego.

Wild uproar now succeeds—and shouting loud

Here forward press, there backward shrink the crowd.

One act alike is honour or disgrace,

And stamps alike the valiant and the base.

70

Alike, on every side, in heaps they run,

But these to meet, and those the sight to shun.

As when a well-breath'd hound impatient views
A beast swift stying which the pack pursues:
He hears the dogs, he pants to join the train;
His lord forbids it, and he pants in vain:
So, with her noble friend, Marphisa's breast
Till then the feelings of the brave confess'd;
Till then the pair with deep regret survey'd
Each mighty host in idle pomp array'd;
And oft repin'd to think the solemn day
Forbade their arms t' invade so rich a prey.
But now, the league dissolv'd, they gladly slew
To sate their warmth on Afric's warring crew:

Ver. 69. One at alike—] The sense of this passage, which at first may appear rather obscure, is, that some show their valour by running to engage the enemy, and some their cowardice by running to avoid the enemy.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 377

Her spear Marphisa through the foremost sent; 85 His breast it pierc'd and issued at a vent Two feet behind; her falchion then she took, And four strong helmers shatter'd at the stroke. Not with less valour Bradamant engag'd, Though with her golden lance the virgin wag'd 90 A different fight, while all to earth fhe threw, But not a warrior by her weapon slew. Thus, fide by fide, the pair undaunted fought, And witness'd each what deeds the other wrought: Till, parting now, they took a separate course, As anger drove them on the Moorish force. Who can the name of every Pagan tell, That by the lance of gold difmounted fell? Or those, whose heads on earth full low were laid, Or cleft or lopt by fierce Marphifa's blade? As where on Apennine foft breezes blow, And verdant turf the heights afcending show, Two rolling torrents rush with sweepy sway, And from the fummit take divided way: They whirl huge stones, from craggy hills uptear The towering trees, and to the vallies bear The labourer's hope, and ftrive with rageful force Which most shall scatter ruin in its course:

The

378 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXIX.

The fearless virgins thus their progress held Along the plain, while Afric's legions quell'd 110 Confess'd their might, and shrunk with chilling fear Where that the falchion wielded, this the spear.

King Agramant can scarce the troops detain Around his standard, and their slight restrain. He calls aloud—he turns—intrepid stands To brave the foe, and Rodomont demands. Impell'd by him, he deem'd his fame betray'd; The folemn league diffolv'd, fo lately made; His Gods profan'd-while he, for whom he broke All ties of honour, now his fight forfook: Nor yet Sobrino he beheld, for fled In Arli's walls Sobrino veil'd his head; Abjur'd the deed, and in his fears divin'd Some plague that day by righteous Heaven affign'd To punish guilt of fuch an impious kind. With him Marsilius to the town retir'd, Such dread religion in their fouls inspir'd. Thus Agramant can ill th' affault fustain Of royal Charles, conducting in his train The English, German, and Italian name, All valiant chiefs, and men of mighty fame. With these the Paladins their station hold, Like sparkling jewels set on tissued gold;

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 379

And join'd to these were knights of high renown,
Whose praise in arms thro' all the world was blown;
Guido, whose worth his noble deeds declare; 136
And Olivero's sons *, a dauntless pair.
Already told, 'twere needless now to tell
Of those two dames that sought in field so well.
By hands like these the carnage wider spread, 140
And countless Pagans strow'd the fields with dead.

But leave we here the fight, and traverse o'er
Without a ship the sea to Afric's shore;
Nor think with Gallia's arms my mind so fraught,
To banish good Astolpho from my thought.

145
What grace the sage Apostle show'd the knight
Already have I told; and if aright
My mem'ry serves, how king Branzardo rose
With all his force to meet the Christian soes,
And Nubia's strength; and how to his the train 150
Of Algazieri's king was join'd in vain:
Such motley succours, as in haste supplied,
Through all her kingdom Afric could provide

GRYPHON and AQUILANT.

Ver. 142. And leave we here the fight,—] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa in this book, ver. 540; and to Agramant, ver. 528 of this book.

Of

380 ORLANDO FURIOSO, B. XXXIX.

Of every kind, were mix'd without regard;

The levies scarce old age or semales spar'd:

For Agramant, on vengeance bent, had drain'd

With two descents on France his native land:

Her strength exhausted thus, the remnant sew

Compos'd a seeble and unwarlike crew:

And such they prov'd; for when with distant sight

They view'd the soe, they turn'd their backs in

slight

(Like timorous herds) before the Christian knight.)

With Pagans slain Astolpho heap'd the ground,

But some their safety in Biserta sound.

Brave Bucisaro prisoner then remain'd:

The sheltering city king Branzardo gain'd,

Who deeply mourn'd for Bucisaro's sate,

A loss not little to the public state.

Large was Biserta, and requir'd his care

Against a siege her bulwarks to repair:

170

Ill could he this pursue without the aid

Of Algazieri's king †; and oft he weigh'd

The hapless prince's loss, while, deep distress'd,

ASTOLPHO. + BUCIFARO.

A thousand cares lay brooding in his breast.

Ver. 157. With two descents —] It appears from Boyardo, that Agramant had twice invaded the dominions of Charlemain.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 381

At length his mind recall'd a Danish knight 175
Whom many a month, a prisoner made in fight,
He held in bonds, and Dudon was his name:
Near Monaco him Sarza's king o'ercame,
When first to France he cross'd from Afric's shore;
The Paladin from that disastrous hour 180
Remain'd a captive in Branzardo's power.
For Bucifaro now Branzardo meant
T' exchange the Dane, and trusty envoys sent
To Nubia's chief, for o'er the Nubian bands
By spies he knew that England's duke commands;
And deem'd he gladly would such terms receive, 186
A Paladin from bondage to relieve:
Nor err'd the prince, since good Astolpho clos'd
With king Branzardo for th' exchange propos'd.

Dudon, releas'd, the gentle duke repaid 190 With grateful thanks, and now companions made

Ver. 177. — Dudon was his name: This knight is one of the personages in the Orlando Innamorato, and is there said to be made prisoner with Rinaldo, Prasildo, and others, at the bridge of Arridano; and mention is made by Boyardo of his being taken prisoner by Rodomont, as here set forth by Ariosto.

Ver. 185. — that England's duke commands; By this passage it appears that Senapus gave the effective command of the whole army to Astolpho.

382 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

In glorious toils, in counsel both unite,

And plan by land and sea the future fight.

Aftolpho, leader of fo vast a power That Afric's forces, seven times number'd o'er, 195 Could ne'er oppose, revolving in his thought What from the holy fage in charge he brought, To take Provence and all the neighbouring strand Of Acquamorta from the Pagan's hand, Which late they won, he from his numerous train? Selects the foldiers that might best sustain New toils and dangers on the gulphy main. Then either hand with gather'd leaves he fill'd, Which laurels, cedars, palms, and olives yield: Beside the margin of the seas he stood, And cast the foliage in the dashing flood. O happy fouls! fo highly priz'd in Heaven! Stupendous grace to mortals rarely given! O wonder! scarce by human faith believ'd! Soon as the waves the scatter'd leaves receiv'd, They fwell'd in bulk, and (miracle to view!) Each long, and large, and curv'd, and heavy grew. The fibres fmall to cables chang'd appear'd, The larger veins in folid masts were rear'd; One end the prow, and one the steerage show'd, 215 Till each a perfect ship the billows rode.

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B. XXXIX. OR LANDO FURIOSO. 383

In equal number now the tides they fweep,
As leaves before were fcatter'd on the deep.
Strange was the fight, as these in turn became
Barks, galleys, transports, every various name 220
That forms a fleet, with compass, oars, and fails,
Prepar'd to stem the surge and catch the gales.
Nor fail'd the duke such skilful hands to find
As oft were wont to dare the storm and wind.
Corsians and Sardians, bred to plough the wave, 225
His pilots, masters, and his seamen gave.
Embark'd full twenty thousand quit the land
Of every kind, o'er whom the chief command
Brave Dudon held, whose name to none could yield
For skill at sea or courage in the field.

While near the coast the sleet at anchor lay,
Awaiting winds to speed them on their way,
From distant lands a vessel reach'd the shore
That many a luckless warrior captive bore.
Those knights she brought, who at the risk of life
Prov'd on the narrow bridge th' unequal strife; 236
Whom haughty Rodomont awhile detain'd,
And doom'd to lie in foreign dungeons chain'd.
With these the kinsman * of the earl was found,
And Sansonetto, Brandimart rehown'd; 240

* OLIVERO.

384 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXIX.

With more, whose titles need not here a place,
Of Gascon, German, or Italian race.
The pilot, driven before th' impetuous wind,
Had lest his destin'd Algiers far behind;
And now, unconscious of the lurking soes,
Not fearing danger, to the bay he goes;
There peaceful thinks among his friends to rest,
As Progne slies to her loquacious nest.
But when he saw th' imperial eagle sly,
The golden lily and the leopards nigh,
250
The frighted colour from his features sled;
As one who, unawares, with heedless tread,
Has crush'd a snake that swoln with poison lay
In slumber roll'd amid the grassy way:

Ver. 248. As Progne flies to ber loquacious neft.] —loquace nido:—this phrase is used by Dryden, speaking of the swallow in his version of Virgil:

To furnish her loquacious nest with food.

Ver. 249. —— th' imperial eagle fly,

The golden lily and the leopards nigh,] The eagle
and the golden lily were the arms of the empire and of
France, and therefore borne by Charlemain. The leopards
are faid by Ariosto, I know not with what authority, to
have been the arms of England, and borne by Astolpho, son
of Otho, king of England; hence in the xvth book he says
of this knight that he was

Known by the baron of the leopard's name.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 385

Trembling and pale he flies the venom'd pest 255
That darts his tongue and rears his sanguine crest.
In vain the pilot would regain the deep,
Or in his hold the captive warriors keep.
Brave Brandimart and Olivero freed,
With Sansonetto, from the deck proceed 260
To greet the generous duke and Dudon brave,
Who to their friends a cordial welcome gave;
While him whose ship the noble prisoners bore,
They doom'd for penance to the labouring oar.

Great Otho's fon * within his tent receiv'd 265
The warlike guests, with welcome rest reliev'd;
With needful food, with arms and vests supply'd,
What want could claim or friendship could provide.
With these to waste awhile the social hour
In pleasing converse, Dudon near the shore 270
Detain'd his sleet, and deem'd the time delay'd
With such distinguish'd warriors well repaid.
Of these he heard whate'er of late besel
To Charles or France; by these instructed well
Where best prepar'd his navy's strength to bend, 275
To guard the faithful and the soes offend.

While thus in useful talk the peers he held, A sudden noise was heard, that louder swell'd,

* ASTOLPHO.

Vol. IV.

Cc

From

386 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

From man to man purfu'd with deep alarms Of rattling drums that rous'd the camp to arms. 280 Aftolpho with his noble comrades press'd Their ready steeds, and to the found address'd: With eager looks enquiring as they pass'd Whence came the tumult, till they view'd at last A favage man, who naked and alone 285 Had all the camp in wild disorder thrown. Grasp'd in his hand a club he brandish'd, rude With frequent knots, of firm well-feafon'd wood: Where'er it fell, each wretch that felt the blows Lay stretch'd on earth, nor soon recovering rose. 290 A hundred had his fenfeless fury flain, All strength was fruitless, all resistance vain, While here and there the fcatter'd arrows light, None daring now t' engage in closer fight. Astolpho, Dudon, Brandimart amaz'd, 295 With Olivero, on the favage gaz'd. Drawn by the noise they came, and wondering stand To fee the prowefs of a fingle hand: When, on a palfrey pacing fwift, they view A comely dame in robes of fable hue, 300 Who straight to Brandimart impatient goes, And round his neck her eager arms she throws.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOS O. 387

This dame was Flordelis, whose gentle breast The love of Brandimart fo far posses'd, That when she left him, in the stream o'erthrown, The Pagan's thrall, her grief too mighty grown 306 Her reason shook: but when she heard the knight Had fent her lover, fince the luckless fight, To Algiers' town with others in his train, Her love refolv'd to cross the furgy main. But ere she parted from Marseilles, she found A foreign ship from eastern climates bound, That brought a knight who many years had told In royal Monodantes' household old; Who now had travers'd various regions o'er 315 (Or tost on seas or wandering on the shore) For Brandimart, who late in France appear'd (So went the fame) and hence for France he steer'd. She knew Bardino in the hoary fage, The same who Brandimart in infant age Resentful

Ver. 319. She knew Bardino—] This Bardino is faid by Boyardo to be an old fervant in the house of Monodant, father of Brandimart, who, for some offence taken at Monodant, stole from him this son, and put him into the hands of a knight, called the lord of Sylvana's rock, where he attended himself the infancy of the young prince, who, after the death of the knight, became heir to his possessions; but

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Cc 2

388 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

Refentful from his forrowing father took,
And careful nourish'd in Sylvana's rock,
His cause of travel known, the faithful fair
Urg'd him with hers to join his pious care,
And told how Brandimart to Afric sent,
325
A wretched prisoner in Algiers was pent.
Soon as the land they reach'd, they heard the towers

Of fam'd Biserta, by Astolpho's powers,

Were close besieg'd, and heard, but doubting heard,
That with him Brandimart in arms appear'd. 330

When Flordelis her dearest lord beheld,
Her speedy step, by heart-selt love impell'd,
Declar'd her secret joy, a joy that rose
To greater height from sense of former woes.

The gentle knight who equal rapture prov'd, 335

To see that wise o'er every blessing lov'd,
With eager warmth to meet the fair-one press'd,
Receiv'd, embrac'd, and held her to his breast,
On her dear lips imprinting many a kiss;
Nor soon had sated with the guiltless bliss, 340

at the time that Ziliantes was delivered by Orlando from Morgana, Bardino making his peace with Monodant, discovers his son to him, and Brandimart and Ziliantes are the same day restored to their father.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 389

But, lifting up his eyes, by chance he view'd
Where near the dame his old Bardino stood.
He stretch'd his hand, preparing to embrace
And ask what fortune from his native place
344
Had drawn him thus—when now the tumult spread
Cut short their greeting, while huge numbers fled
Before the club, which with resistless sway
The naked swain impell'd, and clear'd each crowded
way.

When Flordelis beheld with heedful eyes
The strange assailant—Lo! the earl (she cries); 350
At once Astolpho near, with earnest view
Survey'd, and soon his lov'd Orlando knew,
By tokens, which the sainted three who dwell'd
In earthly Paradise, to him reveal'd:
Else had the wondering warrior ne'er explor'd, 355
In such a form, Anglante's courteous lord,
Who, long distraught, thus wild and savage ran,
And to the wretched brute debas'd the man.
Astolpho, by his starting tear, confess'd
The tender feelings of a generous breast, 360

Ver. 350. — Lo! the earl—] The last we heard of Orlando was in Book xxx. ver. 108.

Ver. 353. — the fainted three—] Enoch, Elias, and Saint John.

C c 3

390 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXIX.

To Dudon then and Olivero near He turn'd and faid-Behold Orlando here! These, bending on the hapless earl their view, At length in him their long-loft champion knew, Alike beholding with amaze and grief A ftate that feem'd fo hopeless of relief. Of all the warlike peers were few but show'd Infectious forrow which their cheeks o'erflow'd. To whom Aftolpho thus-No longer wafte The time in plaints, but rather let us haste To work his cure-he faid, and left his fteed: The rest their seats forfook with equal speed. Now Brandimart by Sanfonetto flood: With holy Dudon, Olivero show'd

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Ver. 374. - boly Dudon -] An Italian commentator calls Dudon a pattern of meekness and piety. Romances tells us, that this knight, leaving the military profession, became a hermit; and the poet here, by a kind of poetical anticipation, gives him this epithet, which he repeats in the next book. Such a story is told of our famous Guy of Warwick; to which circumstance Mr. Scott very poetically alludes in his elegant descriptive poem intitled AMWELL.

- Warwick's ancient walls, Where under umbrage of the mosfy cliff, Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd His hoary head beside the silver stream, In meditation rapt ver. 188.

Cervantes

B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 391

A ready zeal, and all at once drew near 375
With force combin'd to feize the madding peer.
Orlando, who the shining band perceiv'd
That hemm'd him round, his knotty weapon heav'd
With twofold strength, and, lo! as Dudon spread
The fencing shield to guard his daring head, 380
And nearer drew, the club descending weigh'd
His buckler down, but Olivero's blade
Met half the blow, which else so siercely driven
Through shield and helm the mortal wound had
given.

The shield it broke, the helm its sury sound; 385
And Dudon lay extended on the ground.
At once his falchion Sansonetto drew,
With swift descent the well-aim'd weapon slew,
And cleft the madman's ponderous mace in two.

Now Brandimart behind Orlando plac'd, 390
With either arm in strictest grasp embrac'd
His heaving slank: his legs Astolpho took,
While to and fro enrag'd Orlando shook

Cervantes has a humorous passage, with an eye no doubt to these legends of romance, where Don Quixote and Sancho debate upon turning saints or archbishops.

See DON QUIXOTE.

C c 4

The

392 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

The valiant pair, till with refiftless might Ten paces off he threw the English knight, 395 Who backward fell: but still in vain he strove From Brandimart's tenacious grasp to move. With forward step as Olivero came, His hand the madman clench'd with furious aim, And fent him pale to earth, while drench'd in blood His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood. 401 Strong was the helm that fury to fustain; That fury else had Olivero slain: Yet prone he fell, and look'd like one in death, Who yields to Paradife his fleeting breath. 405 Aftolpho now and Dudon rose, who press'd The earth so late; but Dudon still confess'd His blow receiv'd-again erect they stood, With Sanfonetto, who the knotted wood So ftrongly cleft: all three their forces join'd: 419 Brave Dudon then with matchless strength behind Orlando held, while with his foot in vain The madman strove to cast him on the plain, The rest his arms confin'd, but uncontroll'd His nervous arms foon burst their strongest hold. 415 Whoe'er perchance in some wide field has view'd By dogs and men a ftately bull purfu'd,

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B.XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 393

That, bellowing loud, as here and there he wheels, In either ear the fangs indented feels: So feem'd Orlando, more than mortal strong, So drew with eafe those mighty chiefs along. But Olivero, who the ground forfook, Where stretch'd he lay beneath the madman's stroke; Beheld their vigour thus in vain combin'd T' effect the deed Aftolpho had defign'd: And now he ponder'd in his fecret thought Some better means t'effect the purpose sought: Sudden he bade th' affiftant train provide Strong lengths of cord, with running noofes ty'd: These round Orlando's legs and arms he threw: The diffant ends among the warlike crew He gave, and each with force the cables drew. As fome large fleed or ox, which fwains furround With rustic toils, is headlong drawn to ground; So fell the earl-All rush'd with eager haste, Compress'd his hands and feet, and bound them fast. Thus proftrate laid, in vain Orlando strove Now here, now there, his fetter'd limbs to move. Aftolpho, who the high commission bears To heal his madness, for the task prepares: He bids them thence remove the fenfeles's knight; When Dudon, large of bone, of finewy might, The

394 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

The earl uplifting on his shoulder laid, And to the fea th' enormous weight convey'd. Seven times Astolpho bade his limbs to lave, 445 Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave, Till from his face and body, black by toil In parching funs, they wash'd the fetid soil. With herbs collected then (in vain oppos'd By struggling breath) the madman's mouth he clos'd, That not a passage might for air remain, 451 Save through the nostrils leading to the brain. And now Aftolpho in his hand fuftain'd The veffel where Orlando's wit remain'd: Beneath his nostrils this with nicest care 455 He held unftopp'd, when (wondrous to declare) With air inhal'd the breath returning drew The fubtile wit, that from the prison flew Back to its native feat, nor left behind A fingle atom of th' ethereal mind: 460 But more enlarg'd his manly foul is grown, With eloquence and wisdom scarce his own.

Ver. 461. But more enlarg'd-] Thus Homer, speaking of the restoration of the companions of Ulysses to their native shape, says they grew

More young, more large, more graceful to the eyes!
POPE, ODYSS. B. x.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 395

As one, whose sense by noxious dreams oppress,
Sees horrid forms disturb his broken rest,
Monsters unknown! or in his troubled thought 465
Has some strange deed of dreadful import wrought,
Ev'n when he wakes, his phantom sears remain,
And still the vision haunts his teeming brain:
So when his reason had resum'd her sway,
Orlando long in stupid wonder lay:
On Brandimart, on England's valiant lord,
Whose pious care his better self restor'd;
On Aldabella's brother, with a look
Of deepest thought he gaz'd, nor silence broke:

But

Ver. 473. On Aldabella's brother,—] Alda the fair. By Boyardo, Pulci, and other romance writers, it appears that Orlando was married, and that the name of his wife was Aldabella, fifter to Olivero. In the Morgante of Pulci, Orlando, at the defeat of Ronscevalles, recommends her at his death, in a pathetic prayer, to the protection of Heaven. Her name is mentioned with Clarice (Rinaldo's wife) in the first Canto of the Innamorato, amongst the lords and ladies of the court of Charlemain, but no where else, as I remember, in the whole poem.

Era qui nella fala Galerana,
Eravi Alda la moglie d'Orlando,
Clarice, e Armellina tanto humana

BOYARDO.

Era

396 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

But while he much his present state admir'd, 475
Nor whence he came, nor how convey'd, enquir'd;
He marvell'd when his naked limbs he spy'd
From head to foot with cords so sirmly ty'd:
At length he spoke, as in the cavern'd shade
To those who bound him once Silenus said—480
Solvite me—and with such courteous mien
He spoke, and look'd with seatures so serene,

the land rousemble They

Era in sala Clarice, e Galarena,

Del Danese Ermellina, Alda d'Orlando,

L'una Palla parea, l'altra Diana

BERNI

In the old poem of Aspramonte, Aldabella, sister to Olivero, makes peace between Orlando and Olivero, who were at variance, and is afterwards married to Orlando, with which event the poem concludes.

See ASPRAMONTE, C. xxiii.

As her name only appears in the above passage of the Furioso, it may be thought that Ariosto was led inadvertently to introduce it here, from the samiliarity of romance tradition ever present to his imagination; for it is likely neither he, nor Boyardo, meant that Orlando should be considered in their poems as a married man: but no such apology can be made for Ariosto with respect to Rinaldo's marriage, which he has so fully adopted. Sir John Harrington omits here the name of Aldabella: the last translator, Mr. Huggins, retains the name, but probably was not acquainted with the circumstance that gave rise to the present note.

Ver. 481. Solvite ME-] Release me-Ariosto here alludes B.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 397

They loos'd his bands, and heedful to provide

For every want, with covering vests supply'd.

While all alike their friendly influence join'd 485

To soothe the anguish of a noble mind,

For actions past that left a sting behind.

Orlando, heal'd of every love-fick care,

The dame whom once he deem'd fo good, fo fair,

So highly priz'd, he now esteems no more,

But scorns those charms he held so dear before;

And every wish he bends t' essace the shame

Which love had cast on all his former same.

Meanwhile to Brandimart Bardino faid,
That Monodant, his royal father dead,
He from his brother Gigliantes came,
And all the lands that own'd his rightful claim,

ludes to a passage in Virgil, and puts into the mouth of Orlando the words spoken by Silenus when he was surprised by Egle the Naïad and two shepherds (by Dryden called Satyrs) in the cave where he lay assept.

SOLVITE ME, pueri : fatis est potuisse videri.

Eclog. vi. ver. 24.

Unloose me, boys (he cry'd) Enough that by surprise I've been espy'd.

As Ariosto has inserted the Latin words in the Italian, it was thought right, however strange it may appear, to follow him in the translation.

(Nations

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX. 398

(Nations that dwell amid the scatter'd isles Which chearful Phœbus gilds with evening fmiles) T' invite him now to realms beyond compare 500 With every other, peopled, rich, and fair: To many a reason urg'd he this adjoin'd, Sweet is his country to a patriot mind! And would he now embrace his better fate, Henceforth his foul might fcorn a wandering state. Then Brandimart reply'd-His force to prove, 506 In aid of Charles, and for Orlando's love, The fword he drew, nor would the cause forego, Till Heaven should reconcile the Pagan foe: The war once done, hereafter might he weigh 510 The duties of his own paternal sway. Next morn the Danish * leader to the shore Of fair Provence his vast Armada bore. From England's duke Orlando learns the state Of Afric's war, and oft in deep debate

Employs the time, bids stronger siege inclose Biferta's town, but on the duke bestows The praise of all, while yet the noble duke From Brava's warrior every counsel took. What order they pursu'd, and how affail'd Biferta's city; how their arms prevail'd;

* DUDON

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 399

The first assault what deeds Orlando dar'd,
And who with him the foremost honours shar'd;
Be not displeas'd if these I pass awhile,
For subjects not unlike to change the stile.

525
Vouchsafe to hear what now demands a place,
How by the Franks the Moors were held in chace.

Unhappy Agramant alone remain'd, And all the perils of the day fustain'd, While many a Pagan by Marsilius led, 530 And king Sobrino, to the city fled: Each prince for fafety hasten'd to his fleet, Their fafety doubtful while at land to meet. By their example many a knight and lord, Of Moorish nation, went with speed on board. 535 Still Agramant th' unequal combat bore; But when he found his force avail'd no more, He turn'd the reins, and yielding to his fate, Pursu'd the ready way to Arli's gate. Behind him Rabican, like lightning, came, 540 Impell'd by Bradamant, the noble dame, Who glow'd with ardour for Rogero's fake (So oft withheld) the Pagan's life to take.

Ver 524. — if these I pass awhile,] He describes the siege of Biserta, Book xl. ver. 68.

Not

400 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

Not less Marphisa burn'd with fierce defire T' appease, with late revenge, her murder'd fire : The goring rowels in her fiery steed 546 She drove, and by her own impell'd his speed, But this nor that, though borne on fury's wing, Could in their course outstrip the flying king, Who foon the city's closing gates attain'd, And fafely thence his anchoring veffels gain'd. As when two generous leopards through the wood (A beauteous pair) have long with speed pursu'd The nimble goat or stag, return'd at length Defrauded of their prey, with baffled strength, They leave the tardy chace, and with disdain Lament their force and swiftness urg'd in vain: So feem'd the virgins, fo with shame return'd, And oft with fighs the Pagan's fafety mourn'd, Nor ceas'd their rage, but on the remnant crew 560 Dispers'd in broken ranks again they flew; Now here, now there, their thundering weapons pour On those that falling fall to rise no more. What now avails the wretched bands to fly, When flight no longer safety can supply? For Agramant, t' ensure retreat, had clos'd The gates of Arli next the camp expos'd;

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 401

While every bridge that o'er the Rhodan led, His friends destroy'd, and took from those who sled All hope—Ah! when a tyrant's need demands, 570 Like worthless herds are held Plebeian bands. Some in the stream, and some in seas are drown'd, And fome with crimfon torrents drench the ground. What numbers perish'd !- Prisoners few remain'd, For few, fo bold, the foe's attack fustain'd. 575 Of all that in this last embattled plain, On every fide by countless heaps lay slain; Though huge the throng, yet most had press'd the land By Bradamant and by Marphifa's hand. Still through the region many a fign appears; 580. Where Rhodan flows, her walls where Arli rears, The neighbouring fields are throng'd with fepulchres.

Now Agramant impatient gives command
To launch the heaviest vessels from the strand;
Yet some he left with lighter barks behind,
To take the sugitives that wish'd to find
Their safety in the sea: two days he stay'd,
So long the adverse winds his sleet delay'd;

Ver. 583. Now Agramant—] He returns to Bradamant and Marphifa, Book xlii. ver. 170.

VOL. IV.

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The

402 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

The third he stretch'd his canvass to the gale,
And hop'd for Afric's coast secure to fail.

But king Marsilius with increasing dread
Beheld the blackening clouds around him spread;
And sear'd at length his own paternal Spain
Would all the remnant of the storm sustain;
Then sought Valencia, and with anxious care 595
Began his forts and castles to repair
For war, that seem'd himself and friends to threat,
From which himself and friends their ruin met.

Now Agramant for Afric bids expand

His fails, with ships ill-stor'd and thinly mann'd. 600

Few were his men, but not their forrows few,

When looking back on Gallia's shores, they view

Three-fourths deserted of their wretched crew.

One calls his sovereign proud; one, cruel calls;

Imprudent, one; and, as it oft befals

for times like these, each gladly would accuse,

But sear forbids the murmuring tongue to loose;

Yet some there were, who met in secret, durst

On friendship's faith each other's seeling trust:

Ver. 598. From which himself and friends their ruin met.] Nothing further is said of Marsilius, or what besel him, at the conclusion of the war. It appears only from what the poet says in the xliid book, that the Christians obtained a complete victory over all their enemies.

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 403

These vent their rage, while he their wretched chief Thinks each his sovereign loves and shares his grief. A king no face beholds without disguise, And all he hears is flattery, fraud, and lyes.

The king of Afric, well-advis'd, forbore To steer his vessels for Biserta's shore, 615 Since there he knew that all the hostile land The Nubians held: but higher up the strand, Where rocks display'd a less impending steep, He thinks with winding course to stem the deep; There, landing fafe, his forces backward steer, 620 And with unlook'd-for aid his people cheer. But foon his cruel destiny withstood The fage intent the prudent leader show'd, And brought th' Armada form'd by wondrous power Of gather'd leaves (that through the billows hoar Had fail'd for France) in dead of night to meet 626 The toffing vessels of the Pagan fleet, 'Midst murky clouds without a gleam of light, And unprovided for fo fierce a fight. Nor yet king Agramant the tidings heard, 630 That Otho's fon with fuch a navy steer'd; Or had he heard, what faith would man bestow To tale fo strange, that 'midst the seas could grow A hundred yessels from a slender bough.

Dd 2

Hence.

404 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B.XXXIX.

Hence without fear he fail'd, nor deem'd to find A fingle ship t' obstruct his course design'd; No watch, no centinel, was plac'd on high, To give him notice of a foe fo nigh. Aftolpho's navy, well by Dudon ftor'd With arms and mariners, and troops on board, 640 At rifing eve the Pagan veffels view'd, And favour'd by the darkening night purfu'd. These soon affail the unprovided foe, And iron hooks and missive weapons throw, And grapple close; till now so near they drew, 645 That by their speech the hostile Moors they knew. The bulky ships, with such o'erbearing force, By winds propitious that impell'd their course, Amidst th' affrighted Saracens were fent, That many a veffel to the bottom went. 650 The Christians now their eager weapons ply'd: Flames flash'd with wreathy smoke on every side : Huge stones were cast, and dire confusion swell'd The troubled ocean, that had ne'er beheld So fierce a tempest on his watery field. Brave Dudon's men, to whom by favouring Heaven Unwonted strength and dauntless hearts were given (For, lo! the hour by righteous powers defign'd To plague for past misdeeds the Pagan kind)

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B. XXXIX. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 405

Afar and near fo well their arms employ'd, 660 That Agramant could no defence provide: A cloud of arrows his'd above his head: Around him fwords, and spears, and axes spread: Of fize enormous many a ponderous stone Thundering from high, by mighty engines thrown, Through prow or steerage drove with crashing sway, And op'd to rushing waves a dreadful way. But most th' increasing fires annoy'd the foe, In kindling rapid, but in quenching flow. The wretched feamen would from danger run, But swifter rush on what they seek to shun. Some by the foe with murdering steel purfu'd, Leap headlong from the decks and fwim the flood; Some while their nervous arms their weight fustain, Now here, now there, to fave their lives would gain A friendly bark; the bark with numerous freight 676 Already charg'd, rejects their added weight: The cruel fword each clinging hand divides, The fever'd hand still grasps the vessel's sides, The shrieking owner finks in crimson tides. Some feek by water to prolong their breath, Or, dying, perish by a milder death: Till, swimming long, when hope no more prevails, When strength decays apace, and courage fails,

Dd 3

The

406 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XXXIX.

The thought of drowning, spite of former dread, 685
Recals them to the slames from which they sled:
Eager they seize some burning wreck, and loth
To die of either death, they die of both.
Some from the biting axe, or brandish'd spear,
Back to the seas return with double fear;
690
Till scarce escap'd the sate they deem'd so nigh,
A dart or stone o'ertakes them as they sly.
But cease we here, lest we the tale prolong
To tire your patience with a tedious song.

END OF THE THIRTY-NINTH BOOK.

THE

FORTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

AGRAMANT with great difficulty escapes, with Sobrino, in a small bark, from Dudon's fleet. The siege of Biserta. The affault described. Valour of Brandimart. The flight and despair of Agratown is taken by ftorm. mant: he meets with Gradasso, who engages to fight in his cause. A messenger is dispatched to Orlando, in the names of Agramant, Gradasso, and Sobrino, to challenge him and two more knights to the combat. Orlando accepts the challenge, and names for his fellows Brandimart and Olivero. Rogero, after the truce was broken, having debated some time, determines to follow Agramant to Africa; arriving at Marseilles, he engages in combat with Dudon, to release seven kings, whom that knight had taken prisoners from the fleet of Agramant.

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FORTIETH BOOK

OF

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

ARD were the task, and tedious, to recite
The various chances of that naval fight:
Useless for thee to hear, O glorious heir
Of Hercules unconquer'd! as to bear
To Samos vases with unfruitful toil,
To Athens owls, or crocodiles to Nile:

Since

Ver. 3. — Oglorious heir] Cardinal Hippolito de Este. Ver. 5. To Samos vases —] A kind of proverbial expression, as we would say, "to carry coals to Newcastle." Samos is reported to have been famous for the making of earthen vessels, from the plenty of earth or clay adapted to that purpose.—Concerning the owls of Athens, Tully uses this expression: Hoc est, Athenas noctuas mittam; "That is, "I will send owls to Athens." But the proverb arose (say some) not so much for the plenty of those birds, as because the Athenians had a coin stamped with the figure of an owl, as appears from Plutarch in the life of Lysander, where it

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Since all I paint, but from tradition known, Thou saw'st thyself, and hast to others shown.

Great was the spectacle thy faithful band Enjoy'd by night and day, when fafe on land, 10 As in a theatre, they view'd the foe With fire and fword opprest in winding Po. What groans and shrieks were heard, what human blood

With purple streams distain'd th' infected flood! What cruel deaths in fuch dire fights they die, Thou faw'st, and numbers could with thee descry. Myfelf was absent far-fix days had past Since thence dispatch'd I went with duteous haste,

was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gysippus, that he roofted too many owls in his penthouse; meaning the money which he had concealed of the kind of coin here described. The Nile has been always well known to abound with crocodiles.

Ver. 17. Myself was absent far-] Ferrara, being befieged by the troops of Venice, and by those of Pope Julius II. the duke sent Ludovico Ariosto, our poet, to the pope, to mitigate the anger which he had conceived against the Ferrarese. In the mean time Cardinal Hippolito obtained a victory over the enemy in the river Po; and Ariosto, returning from his embaffy, with great hopes of restoring peace, heard the account of Hippolito's success. EUGENICO.

See the life of Ariosto, where he appears to have been twice fent ambassador to the pope.

Before

B. XL. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 411

Before the holy Sire our wants to speak, Embrace his knees and timely fuccours feek. But foon no aid of horse or foot we claim'd: Thy fearless arms the golden lion tam'd, And crush'd so far that from that fatal hour, He ne'er again resum'd his wonted power. But from Alfonsin Trotto, present there, 25 Afranio, Peter Moro, skill'd in war, Alberto, Annibal of noble name, Bagnio and Zerbinetto, like in fame, And Ariostos three that honours claim: From these the deeds I learnt, and fince survey'd 30 The numerous banners in the fanes display'd; And fifteen gallies that I captive view'd, With barks a thousand moor'd in Tyber's flood. Whoe'er beheld the flames, what wrecks beneath The waves were whelm'd, what grievous forms of death 35

Ver. 25. — Alfonsin Trotto, —] A kind of steward in the household of duke Alphonso, who kept account of all expences. FORNARI.

Ver. 29. — Ariostos three that honours claim.] Alphonso, to whom Castiglione addressed his book: the other, Ludovico's brother Allessandro, who, from the satire addressed to him, appears to have been in the service of Cardinal Hippolito; the third may be Carlo or Galasso Ariosto. FORNARI

Reveng'd

412 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XL.

Reveng'd our palaces by fire laid low,
Till every fhip was conquer'd from the foe,
May judge what dreadful ills the Pagan train,
Unwarn'd and weak, were fated to fustain,
With Agramant their king, at dead of night,
Affail'd by Dudon with unequal fight.

'Twas night; and not a feeble glimmering shone, When first the Christians had th' assault begun: But foon as fulphur, pitch, and brimstone pour'd On fide or ftern the crackling ships devour'd, So clear each object feem'd reveal'd to view, As day from ocean's face the darkness drew. Thus Agramant who, by the gloom deceiv'd, Of fmall account the hoftile fleet believ'd, When now the flame disclos'd their numerous power, He fees, alas! what fcarce he deem'd before, 51 The navy's strength; and in his alter'd mind Far other iffue to the fight divin'd. Then with a few the veffel he forfakes, And with the gallant Brigliadoro takes 55 Whate'er he priz'd: a lighter bark receives The wretched prince; in filent haste he cleaves (Stealing from ship to ship) the troubled tides, Till fafe at distance from the foe he rides:

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B. XL. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

While far behind his wretched friends remain, 60
By Dudon thus with dreadful carnage flain.
Fire burns them, water drowns, and steel destroys,
And he, the cause of all their ruin, slies.
So slies king Agramant, and in his fate
Sobrino shares, with whom he mourns too late
He once unheeding heard the sage foretel
Th' impending ills that since too sure befel.

But let us to Orlando turn the strain,
Who, ere Biserta's town might succours gain,
Advis'd her walls and bulwarks to destroy,
That never more her power might France annoy.
Thus six'd; the third ensuing day was nam'd
T' assault the town, and thro' the camp proclaim'd;
With duke Astolpho many ships remain'd
T' assist the siege, from Dudon's sleet detain'd:
Of these he made brave Sansonetto guide,
A chief by sea and land of courage try'd.
Who now with these against Biserta stood,
And from the port a mile at anchor rode.

Astolpho and Orlando, who, with mind

Of Christian frame, no enterprize design'd

Ver. 68. But let us to Orlando—] He returns again to Agramant, ver. 278 of this book.

Heaven

413

2

414 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XL.

Heaven unimplor'd, bade through the camp declare
By herald's voice a day for fast and prayer,
Exhorting each the third returning light,
Prepar'd to wait the signal for the fight,
To storm with fire and sword Biserta's town,
And from her buildings heave the lowest stone.

When now the host from morn till eve had pray'd,
And every due of pure religion paid,
All those in blood or friendship bound, invite 90
Each other to partake the festive rite;
Their languid bodies then refresh'd with food,
They wept, embrac'd, and such their actions show'd,
Their looks, their words, as dearest friends that part
When thoughts of absence rend the feeling heart. 95
Within Biserta's walls the priests no less,
'Midst thronging numbers, to the temple press:
They beat their breasts, to Macon they complain,
But Macon hears not, and their plaints are vain.

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Ver. 98. — to Macon they complain,] By Macon is meant Mahomet. In this passage, as in several others, the poet without scruple blends the manners of Mahometans, Pagans, and Christians. The old Italian poets and romance writers, as has been before noticed, use indiscriminately the appellation of Pagan to Insidels of every denomination; and Ariosto here makes his Mahometans talk of votive gifts and statues

B. XL. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 415

What prayers are offer'd, and what alms bestow'd

By each apart! what public gifts are vow'd

Of statues, fanes, and altars, to disclose

In future times their past and present woes!

Now by their Cadi blest, in arms prepar'd,

The people rush their city's walls to guard.

In Tython's bed still fair Aurora lies,
And darkness still o'erspreads the morning skies,
When there Astolpho, Sansonetto here,
In armour sheath'd before their ranks appear.
Orlando now the signal gives, and all
Advance with eager speed t' attack the wall.

With four extended fronts Biserta stood,
Two next the land, and two o'erlook'd the flood.
Her ramparts, once by skilful artists rais'd,
Were much for strength and much for beauty prais'd.
Now, wanting hands, the works by slow decay 116
Declin'd; for since within Branzardo lay
Begirt with soes, no workmen could his care
Procure, nor time the bulwarks to prepare.

statues, ideas totally repugnant to the doctrine of Mahomet; but a strict observance of what painters call the costumi (or manners) is not to be looked for in Tasso or Ariosto. By the word Cadi is meant here the high-priest or chief teacher of the sect, though it seems to be rather the title of the civil judge amongst the Turks.

Meanwhile

ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XL. 416

Meanwhile Aftolpho to the foremost place 120 Affign'd the king * who rul'd the fable race. Forward they rush to shake the trembling towers, With fierce affault-fo thick the mingled showers From twanging bows, from slings and engines rain, That scarce the Pagans can the storm sustain. 125 To reach the fosse the foot and horsemen drive, And fafely now beneath the walls arrive. All toil, as if on each was plac'd the war, And stones, and beams, with strength unceasing bear: These in the fosse they cast, where deep below 130 The waters drain'd an oozy bottom show. Full foon the depth is fill'd with eager pains, And, lo! the fosse is levell'd with the plains. Aftolpho, and with him Orlando join'd, And Olivero, on the walls defign'd To urge the foot-impatient of delay The Nubian bands, allur'd with hopes of prey, Each threatening danger met with fearless view, And shelter'd with the tortoife nearer drew. Huge battering rams and vast machines they bore, To burst the gate, and shake the folid tower; 141 * SENAPUS.

Ver. 121. Affign'd the king who rul'd-] Senapus, king of Nubia, who, after he was reftored to his fight, accompanied Aftolpho with a powerful army.

Beneath

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F

Beneath the walls they pour'd compact and strong, Nor unprovided found the Pagan throng. These, from on high, fire, darts, and jav'lins throw, And ponderous stones, and rafters fend below. 145 The thundering tempest falls, and batters down The planks of engines rais'd against the town. Much toil and pain the Christian bands endure The first assault, while glooms the air obscure: But when the fun in eastern splendor burns, 150 Then changing Fortune from the Pagan turns. Orlando then on every fide purfues manibanta la la The fiege, and close by land and fea renews. Brave Sanfonetto with his naval power The port has enter'd, and posses'd the shore; 155 With bows and flings he galls the foes from far, And every engine fram'd for missive war; And darts, and spears, and scaling-ladders sends (Whate'er his ships supply) to aid his friends.

Orlando, Olivero, and the knight * 160
Who late in air fustain'd so bold a slight,
With Brandimart, a sierce assault maintain,
Far from the sea, and next the upland plain.

The hoft is fram'd in four well-order'd bands,

And each brave chief himself a fourth commands;

• ASTOLPHO.

Vol. IV.

E e

Walls,

Walls, gates, they ftorm; alike they press the foe, And shining proofs of dauntless courage show. Each warrior fingly better can display His worth, than blended in a general fray. Who claim'd the foremost praise a thousand eyes 170 Might now be witness, and adjudge the prize. Here towers of wood are driven on wheels; and there Vast elephants, inur'd the weight to bear, Plac'd on their backs huge castles lift so high, That far beneath the hostile ramparts lie. 175 Lo! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears Against the wall, and mounting others chears: His bold example many chiefs purfue, which are For who would paufe with fuch a guide in view? None heed how well the ladder might suffice 180 To bear the numbers that attempt to rife. Brave Brandimart to reach the height intent, Fights as he mounts, and wins the battlement:

Ver. 176. Lo! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears] Very fimilar to this spirited passage is the description of Rinaldo's attack at the walls of Jerusalem, in Tasso, Book xviii. ver. 510.

with eager hafte A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd; Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour, Dauntless he mounts amid the ponderous shower.

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With hand and foot he strives, till with a bound 184. He treads the works, and whirls his falchion round; He drives, o'erturns, he scatters, thrusts, and cleaves, And many a proof of matchless valour leaves. But sudden with its freight (a dreadful fight) The ladder breaks, and headlong from the height, Save Brandimart, the bold affailants fall, Each pil'd on each beneath the well-fought wall: Still Brandimart maintains his glorious heat, Nor bends his thought a moment to retreat; Though far beneath his followers lie o'erthrown, Himself a mark to all the hostile town. His anxious friends entreat him to return: In vain they call-he hears with generous fcorn. Lo! from the walls, full thirty yards in height, Within the city leaps the fearless knight;

Unharm'd

Ver. 199. Within the city leaps—] Ariosto seems here to have made use of a passage in Quintus Curtius, when Alexander the Great, at the siege of Oxydrace, having scaled the walls, leaps singly amidst the enemy, where he sights with incredible valour, till receiving several wounds, he is nearly oppressed by numbers that surround him; when the Macedonians, terrified at the danger to which their king was exposed, force the gates to come to his assistance, and the city is taken by storm. The action of Brandimart is scarcely more romantic than that of Alexander, whose courage, strongly stimulated by his enthusiastic admiration

Unharm'd he lights, as if his fall to meet 200 Soft down or turf were stretch'd beneath his feet. Through deepening ranks of arm'd encircling foes, As if unarm'd, his trenchant weapon goes. Now here, now there, he pours with generous ire; Now these, now those, before his face retire. 205 His friends, without, think all relief too late T' avert his death, and yield him up to fate. From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome tidings grew: Loquacious Fame, enlarging as she flew, To good Orlando first her speed pursu'd With restless wing, then Otho's fon she view'd, And Olivero last-all three, who lov'd The noble Brandimart, his danger mov'd; But most Orlando-should they help delay, Their dear companion on that fatal day Might breathe his last-Each for a ladder calls, With emulation each ascends the walls: With fuch fierce femblance, and with looks fo bold, The wither'd Pagans trembled to behold. As 'midst the seas, when rattling winds prevail, 220 'The roaring floods th' endanger'd bark affail; of the ancient heroes, brings him nearer to the fabulous warriors of romance, than any other historical character; unless perhaps we except, in our own times, that of Charles XII. f Sweden. See QUINTUS CURTIUS, Book I. ch. iv. v. And

And now the prow and now the poop engage, To force their passage with tempestuous rage; Pale stands the pilot who should help supply, He groans-he fighs-his art and courage die; 225 Till through a breach one wave its entrance speeds, And, where it enters, wave to wave succeeds: So when these noble three the walls had gain'd, An easy conquest for the rest remain'd; Fearless they press, and raise on every side A thousand ladders to the works apply'd. Meanwhile the battering rams with ruin shake The jointed stones, and many an opening make. Thus, pour'd through more than one defenceless part, Affistance came to noble Brandimart. 235 As when the king of floods, with deepening roar, In fudden deluge burfts his founding shore; Wide o'er the field his rushing tide is borne, The furrows drowns and sweeps the ripen'd corn; Whole flocks and sheep-cotes by the stream are tost, And dogs and shepherds in the waters lost; While wondering fish amid the branches glide, Where birds could late the yielding air divide: With fuch a fury, where the walls disclose A gaping breach, the martial current flows, Bibeld. Ee 3

Of shouting troops, with fword and brandish'd flame To fink the remnant of the Pagan name. Rapine and Murder, foul with gory stain, And Avarice, thirsting for another's gain, That flately city now in ruin lay, 250 The queen of Afric once and first in sway! With flaughter'd men is heap'd the groaning ground, .Th' innumerous streams that flow from every wound Swell to a pool, more difmal than the lake Which, circling Dis, Cocytus' waters make. 255 From freet to freet the hungry flames aspire, Domes, mosques, and portals feed the spreading fire; The pillag'd dwellings groans and shrieks repeat, And frequent hands the wretched bosom beat. Behold with piles of costly treasure borne, 260 The mournful victors through each gate return; With vafes fair, with vestments richly wrought, And maffy filver from the temples brought, Snatch'd from their fabled Gods-Sad mothers here Are dragg'd, and there the captive fons appear. 265

Ver. 255. Which, circling Dis,-] Dante, in his Inferno, feigns a river of red water, of which the four infernal streams are formed. Phlegethon, one of these, surrounds the city of Dis or Pluto.

Behold

Behold subjected to the soldiers' lust
Matrons and maids!—a thousand deeds unjust
To good Orlando told, but told in vain,
Which he nor duke Astolpho could restrain.
Brave Bucifaro, Algazieri's lord,
Was slain by gallant Olivero's sword.
All hopes of better fortune cast aside,
By his own weapon king Branzardo dy'd.
Soon with three wounds in death was Fulvo laid,
Whom sirst the noble duke had prisoner made.

275
When Agramant for France his arms prepar'd,
These three he left his Afric realms to guard.

King Agramant, who with Sobrino took
His hasty slight, and all his ships forsook,
Began with sighs Biserta to deplore,
280
The cause divin'd, when blazing from the shore
He view'd the slames; but when at full were known
The sufferings of his once imperial town,
Urg'd by despair, himself his life had clos'd,
But that Sobrino such dire thought oppos'd.
285

Sobrino thus—What couldst thou more bestow
To swell the triumph of thy haughty foe,
Than by thy death to give him hopes to gain
The quiet rule of Afric's wide domain?

Ee 4

To

424 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XL.

To him thy life, O king! must this deny, Thy life must cause of endless fears supply. Long, long ere Afric shall his laws confess: Thy death alone enfures his full fuccefs; That death which us of every hope deprives, Of hope, the only good that now furvives. Yet live-thou still shalt happier hours employ To turn our tears to fmiles, our grief to joy. If thou art lost-fure bondage is our fate, And Afric mourns a tributary state. If life thou wilt not for thyfelf prolong, Yet live, O king, to fave thy friends from wrong. Th' Egyptian Soldan, whose dominions lie So near thy own, will men and stores supply: Ill must he brook, in Afric thus o'er-run, To see the growing power of Pepin's son. 305 Thy kinfman Norandino will fustain A war so just thy kingdom to regain: And, would'ft thou feek their aid, thou foon may'ft. find

In aid of thee Armenians, Turks combin'd, With Medians, Persians, and Arabians join'd. 310

These soothing words the prudent sage address'd To waken comfort in his sovereign's breast;

But

But while with words his drooping lord he cheer'd,
In thought perchance far other end he fear'd.
The wretched state of him too well he knows, 315
How vain his hope, who, when by powerful foes
Opprest, beholds them seize his regal lands,
And slies for succour to Barbarian bands.
Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,
And many a name in storied annals told, 320
Example yield, and Ludovico (nam'd
Il Moro) in our time has since proclaim'd,
Who by another Ludovico fell:
This knows thy brother (great Alphonso) well,

Ver. 319. Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old,] Hannibal, being overcome by the great Scipio, took shelter first with Antiochus; but afterwards suspecting his saith, he went to Prusias king of Bithynia, who treacherously prepared to deliver him up to the Romans; of which Hannibal having intelligence, killed himself by poison. Jugurtha, trusting to the good saith of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, was by him delivered prisoner to Scylla.

Ver. 321. - Ludovico (nam'd

Il Moro)—] Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, who fell into the power of Lewis XII. king of France. See note, Book xxxiii. ver. 245.

Ver. 324. This knows thy brother—] The poet here addresses cardinal Hippolito, to whom his work is dedicated.

Who

Who deems the man to madness near ally'd, 325
That shall (O prince!) by adverse fortune try'd,
More in another than himself conside.

Hence, in that war where through the pontiff's ire
He saw such soes against his peace conspire,
Though in his feeble state, he little knew 330
To frame designs; though he, from whom he drew
His best desence, from Italy was driven,
And to his deadly soe the kingdom given;
Yet would he ne'er for threats or promise yield
His cause to others, or resign the field.

King Agramant, now steering from the west

His beaky prow, had through the waves address'd

His foamy course, when sudden from the shore

A dreadful tempest rose with hollow roar;

The pilot, at the helm, alost survey'd

340

The blackening skies, and instant thus he said.

I fee a gathering storm whose threaten'd rage
Not all my art suffices to engage:
If you, O chies! attend what I advise,
Near to the lest a lonely island lies,
Where we secure may safe at anchor keep,
Till past the sury that o'erhangs the deep.

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The king confenting, to the left they stand,

And safe from perils now, approach the land

Welcome

Welcome to seamen worn with length of toil, 350
'Twixt Afric plac'd, and Vulcan's fiery soil.

In this small island not a cot was found;

Pale juniper and myrrle shade the ground:

A pleasing solitude, from man remote,

Where breed the deer, the stag, the hare, and goat:

By sew but sishers known; here oft they came, 356

And cleansing from the ooze and briny stream,

On lowly shrubs their humid nets they dry'd,

While sishes slept beneath the quiet tide.

Arriv'd, another veffel here they view'd, 360
Like them by fortune sheltering from the flood:
This the great king of Sericana bore,
Who late embarking, sail'd from Arli's shore.
Together met, the kings with friendly grace
Receiv'd each other in a dear embrace.

For friends of old, and in one cause combin'd,
Before proud Paris' walls in arms they shin'd.
With deep concern Gradasso heard the sate
Of Agramant, and to his wretched state
Fair comfort gave, and, as a courteous prince, 370
His person offer'd in his friend's desence;

Ver. 363. Who late embarking,—] Gradaffo, king of Sericano, after finding Bayardo (see Book xxxiii. ver. 699) for which he had engaged in a duel with Rinaldo, left France to return to his native country.

But will'd him ne'er from Egypt's faithless power (A wandering exile) fuccours to implore. Enough of old was Pompey warn'd (he faid) Unhappy Pompey to his death betray'd. 375 But fince thou fay'ft Aftolpho, with the bands Of Æthiopia from Senapus' lands, Has Afric feiz'd, and (fword and fire employ'd) The capital of all thy realm destroy'd; And that Orlando, who with fenfeless mind 380 Late rov'd an outcast, him in arms has join'd; Methinks the means I fpy, which well purfu'd From present ill may work thy future good. For love of thee, and to maintain thy right, Orlando will I call to fingle fight: 385 Full well I know with me he ne'er can stand, His breast though adamant, though steel his hand. He once remov'd, the Christian church I hold, As to a hungry wolf the bleating fold. Then have I plann'd from Afric's realm to chace 390 (Nor hard I deem the task) the Nubian race,

Ver. 372. But will'd him ne'er—] Gradasso, to dissuade Agramant from seeking affistance of the Soldan of Egypt, as advised by Sobrino, sets before him the example of Pompey, who lost his life by trusting to the faith of the Egyptians.

308

slodT to return to his native country.

Those Nubians, whom the Nile's far-winding tides
From these disjoin, but more whose faith divides;
The Arabs and Macrobians, those with hoard
Of gold and jewels, these with coursers stor'd; 395
Chaldeans, Persians, many names that own
My regal sway, the subjects to my throne:
These, at my nod, on Nubia's realm shall fall,
And soon from Afric every band recal.

Unhappy Agramant full gladly clos'd 400
With what Gradasso's friendship last propos'd,
And deem'd his thanks to favouring Heaven were
due.

That to the defert isle the monarch drew.

But never could he yield (though fate once more Would on such terms Biserta's walls restore)

That in his cause, to his eternal shame,

Gradasso, in his stead, should combat claim.

If in the list Orlando must be try'd—

Be mine the trial—(Agramant reply'd)

Prepar'd I stand—and as by Heaven decreed,

Let death or victory the fight succeed.

Be still the combat mine (Gradasso cries)

And what I wish a sudden thought supplies;

Let thou and I together wage the fight

Against Orlando and some other knight.

415

Exclude

Exclude me not, I little shall complain

If last or first—(thus Agramant again)

How through the world such glory can I share,

Or find, like thine, a partnership in war?

Sobrino then—Must I remain behind?

Old as I seem, yet know with age declin'd

Experience dwells, and counsel oft avails

In danger most, where herve or courage fails.

Strong was Sobrino, and robust in years,

For deeds of valour sam'd above his peers:

425

Through all his veins the vigorous spirits flow'd

Through all his veins the vigorous spirits flow'd,
As prime of youth still warm'd his generous blood:
Just seem'd his suit—and for the destin'd way
A messenger was nam'd, on whom to lay

Th' important charge for Afric to repair, 430
And to Orlando's ear the challenge bear;

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And urge the knight, with two brave warriors more, In arms to meet the three, where round the shore

Of Lipadusas' isle the billows roar.

The messenger, as such commission needs, 435
With oars and sails to reach Biserta speeds;
There finds Orlando, who o'er all presides,
And 'midst his friends the spoils of war divides.
And now in public was the fight declar'd,
To which the Pagan king the Christians dar'd: 440
Such

Such joy Aglante's noble lord confess'd, With honour'd gifts the herald he carefs'd, And fair difmis'd him-from his friends he knew That bold Gradasso Durindana drew. Hence, through desire his weapon to regain, 445 He purpos'd once to cross the Indian main; Alone he deem'd Gradasso there to find, Whom fame declar'd by lands and feas disjoin'd From distant France: but now in happy hour He hopes that Fortune might his fword reftore; 450 With this he hopes to gain his valu'd horn (So long withheld) by fam'd Almontes borne; And Brigliadoro, from his lord detain'd, Which in the field Troyano's offspring rein'd. Orlando now t' engage the triple foes His faithful Brandimart and kinfman * chofe:

* OLIVERO.

Ver. 451. — bis valu'd horn] This horn, of which nothing particular is related in Ariofto, appears in the poem of Aspramonte to have been won by Orlando from Almontes, with his armour, and is said by Boyardo to have been afterwards stolen from Orlando by Brunello. Concerning the miraculous horns so frequently mentioned in romance, see note to Book xv. ver. 105.

Ver. 453. And Brigliadoro,—] After the death of Mandricardo, this horse was presented by Rogero to king Agramant.

Both

Both had he prov'd as those that knew not fear, And oft had prov'd each warrior held him dear. For him and for his friends fair steeds he fought, With armour try'd, and fwords of temper wrought, And joufting spears-for well to you is known 461 How from these knights had fortune reft their own. Orlando (as I told) in frantic mood His mail had piecemeal fcatter'd through the wood: Stern Rodomont from two their armour gain'd, 465 Which long the virgin sepulchre contain'd. Few arms and weapons now could Afric boaft. The best king Agramant for Gallia's coast Exhausted to supply his numerous host. Orlando bids from every part produce Such arms as best might serve their present use; And on the shore full oft the noble knight Confults his partners on th' expected fight.

One day, as distant from the camp he stood,
With eyes intent upon the billowy flood,
He saw a vessel with expanded sail
To Afric speed before the driving gale,
Without or seamen, passengers, or guide,
As fortune sped, or winds their breath supply'd:
With canvass stretch'd the vessel nearer bore

480
Her rapid way, and reach'd at length the shore.

But

But ere of these I surther can rehearse,
The love I bear Rogero claims the verse:
His story I resume, and haste to tell
What him and Clarmont's noble knight besel. 485
Of either warrior we the tale pursue
Who lately from the martial list withdrew;
The truce o'erturn'd by breach of every right,
And all the squadrons mix'd in mortal sight.
Of each they meet the champions seek to know 490
Who, lost to honour, could his faith forego:
From what sell cause such impious strife could spring;
From royal Charles, or from the Pagan king.

Meantime a servant of Rogero, nurs'd
In courts and camps, and faithful to his trust, 495
Who, while the conflict rag'd 'twixt either host,
Had ne'er, by sight, his dearest master lost,
Approach'd, and sudden to his hand convey'd
His sword and steed, to give the Pagans aid;
Rogero grasp'd the sword, his seat regain'd,
Soo But heedful from forbidden fields refrain'd.
He parted thence; yet ere he went, once more
Renew'd the oath he to Rinaldo swore:

Ver. 482. But ere of these-] He returns to Orlando, Book xli. ver. 179.

VOL. IV.

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If

If Agramant were first the truce to break,

Him and his sect for ever to forsake.

Of all he sought, and learnt alike from each,

That first from Agramant began the breach.

Him dear Rogero lov'd; and this could give

Small cause, he sear'd, his sovereign lord to leave.

Already have I told that, thousands slain,

Dispers'd and lost were Afric's broken train,

Low in the wheel's unstable motion hurl'd,

As she * decrees, whose empire rules the world.

Now held Rogero with himself debate T' abide in France, or share his monarch's fate; 515 When love, that held him with a powerful rein, From Afric's land would ftill his fteps detain; And dread of shame his other thoughts control'd, And bade him faith with good Rinaldo hold. No less reflection rankled in his breaft, 520 That thus to quit king Agramant distrest, Must argue fear-though just to some might seem The cause, yet others might his stay condemn; And urge the license such an oath to break, At first unlawful, and unjust to take. 525 That day and all the live-long night he mus'd, And all th' enfuing day in doubts confus'd; · FORTUNE.

B. XL. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 435

At length he fix'd to bid awhile adieu

To Gallia's realm, his fovereign to pursue.

Full well his soul love's potent rule obey'd, 530

But more his loyalty and honour sway'd.

He turn'd to Arli, hoping there to find

Some Turkish bark to speed his course design'd.

At sea or anchor not a bark he sound,

Nor Pagans saw, but lifeless on the ground; 535

For Agramant, what ships his need requir'd

Departing took, the rest in port he fir'd.

His aim deceiv'd, to reach the neighbouring strand Of fair Marseilles, Rogero pass'd by land, In hope some vessel there might wast him o'er, 540 To seek his lord, to Afric's distant shore.

The Dane who late at sea so bravely fought The Moorish sleet, his prisoners hither brought. Scarce could a grain be cast amidst the flood, So thick around th' innumerous navy rode: 545 So close each bulky ship to ship was join'd, Each ship with victors and with captives lin'd. The Pagan vessels, sav'd that fatal night From fire and wreck (save those that scap'd in slight) By Dudon taken, now Marseilles had gain'd, 550 With these, seven kings, who once in Afric reign'd,

Ff2

Who

436 ORLANDO FURIOSO. B. XL.

Who when they saw their kingdom's overthrow,
With their seven ships submitted to the soe.
That day had Dudon lest his deck to meet
His sovereign Charles, and landing from the sleet
His spoils and captives, rang'd in long array
556
The solemn triumph through the public way.
Abash'd and mute th' unhappy prisoners stand;
Around exult the conquering Nubian band;
While, caught from man to man, with loud acclaim
The neighbouring cliss resound with Dudon's name.

This fleet, for Agramant's, the warlike youth
At first believ'd, and eager for the truth
His courser spurr'd; but as he nearer drew,
Too soon his eyes the mournful captives knew. 565
The king of Nasamana there he view'd:
There Bambirago, Agricaltes stood;
There Ferraurantes, Rimedon renown'd;
Balastro, Manilardo there he sound. 569
All these, with looks declin'd deep anguish show'd,
While down each cheek the manly forrows flow'd.

Ver. 567. Agricaltes—] Here is an apparent slip of the poet's memory; for Puliano, king of Nasamana, and Agricaltes, were killed by Rinaldo in the xvith Book, and Balastro by Lurcanio in the xviiith Book.

Rogero

Rogero faw, nor faw with breaft unmov'd, The doleful state of those whom dear he lov'd; But well he knew entreaty here would fail, And aid, enforc'd by arms, alone prevail. 575 Against their guards his rested spear he drove, Nor fail'd his spear its wonted force to prove. His falchion next he drew, and round him flain A hundred fell, and groaning bit the plain. Dudon the tumult hears, beholds the blows 580 Rogero gives, nor yet the warrior knows: He fees his men, who turn their feet to fly, With many a groan, with many a fearful cry. In corflet, mail, and cuishes arm'd he stands, And swift his courfer, shield, and helm demands. 585 Lightly he mounts his feat, receives his lance, And shines confest a Paladin of France. He bids the troops on either hand recede, And goars with iron heel his foamy steed. A hundred now Rogero's arm had kill'd, 590 And rifing hopes each captive's bosom fill'd: When holy Dudon on his steed he view'd, As round on foot th' ignoble vulgar flood,

Ver. 592. When holy Dudon-] See Book xxxix, note to yer. 374.

He deem'd him leader of the powers, and flew To give the warrior-chief a warrior's due. Him Dudon met, but when approaching near, He faw Rogero come without his spear, His own he cast aside, as one in fight Who with advantage fcorn'd t' affail the knight. Rogero, when the courteous act he spy'd- 600 Sure yonder warrior (to himself he cry'd) Or much I err, is one of many nam'd The Paladins, in fields of battle fam'd: Fain would I, ere we join in combat, know The name and lineage of my gallant foe. 605 He ask'd; and by his fair reply was known Dudon the brave, the Dane Ugero's fon. To him good Dudon made the like request, Rogero equal courtefy express'd.

Against each other now (their names declar'd) 610 They hurl defiance, and for deeds prepar'd. That iron mace, which in a thousand fields Had giv'n him endless glory, Dudon wields:

With

Ver. 612. That iron mace-] The poet here arms Dudon with a mace, and Rogero with a fword, which may feem rather fingular, as it is not explained how fuch difference of weapons was confonant to the laws of chivalry, nor is there any

B. XL. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

439

With this full well his rightful claim he show'd To Danish valour and Ugero's blood. 615 That fword, which helm and cuirass can divide, Which fcarce is equall'd through the world beside, Rogero grasps, and while he grasps, displays Avirtue pair'd with noble Dudon's praise. But good Rogero fear'd, o'er every fear, 620 T' offend the virgin to his foul fo dear; Affur'd if by his hand the knight should bleed, Her hatred must attend the luckless deed. Skill'd in each noble house of France, he knew Dudon his birth from Armellina drew, 625 Sifter to Beatrice, of whom was born His Bradamant, whose gifts her fex adorn. Hence ne'er with point direct the thrust he bends, And feldom with its edge his blade descends: Still on his guard, as falls the ponderous mace, 630 The stroke he parries, or he shifts his place.

any other example of the kind in Ariosto or Boyardo, though it is here said that Dudon was celebrated for the use of this weapon. It is however certain, that the poet does not imply that any unsair advantage was taken, since he commends the courtesy of Dudon for casting away his spear to meet Rogero on equal terms. After all, the introduction of the mace might arise solely from a desire of giving more variety to the battle.

Well

440 ORLANDO FURIOSO, B.XL.

Well Turpin thinks that by Rogero slain
Had noble Dudon prest the sanguine plain;
But he, who sears th' advantage given to use,
Still sights with caution, nor his stroke pursues. 635
By turns Rogero in his skilful hand
With slat or edge his falchion can command:
Now whizzing round his rapid weapon slies,
And with such force assonish'd Dudon plies,
That scarce with dazzled eyesight can he rein 640
His frighted courser, or his seat retain.

But more henceforth—who deigns to lend an ear, Some future time the finish'd tale shall hear.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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Lishee ne'er with phint direct the thinth he bender

And Midora with its edge his blade defeeted

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